













THE WORKS  
OF  
JOHN WEBSTER.



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THE WORKS  
OF  
JOHN WEBSTER:

WITH  
SOME ACCOUNT OF THE AUTHOR, AND NOTES,

BY THE  
REV. ALEXANDER DYCE.

A NEW EDITION, REVISED AND CORRECTED

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## THE OLD DRAMATISTS AND THE OLD POETS.

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### THE OLD DRAMATISTS

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## NOTICE.

IN this re-impression of Webster's Works (which were first collected and edited by me in 1830) I have considerably altered both the Text and Notes throughout, and made some slight additions to the Memoir of the poet. I have also excluded from the present edition a worthless drama, which I too hastily admitted into the former one,—*The Thracian Wonder*, for though it was published by Kirkman as “written by John Webster and William Rowley,” internal evidence decides that Webster could no more have had a hand in it than in another play called *The Weakest goeth to the Wall*, a portion of which is ignorantly ascribed to him by Phillips see p. xv, note

A. DYCE.

DECEMBER, 1857



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Donated by  
SRI S C NANDY, M.A.  
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1955

SOME ACCOUNT  
OF  
JOHN WEBSTER AND HIS WRITINGS.

Seton has the happy good sense to lament a deficiency of materials than when engaged on the life of any of our environmentalists. Among the allusions I find four Wessels occupies a distinguished place, and yet so scanty is our information concerning him, that in the present essay I can do little more than comment on his different productions, and observe that he was not the author of certain prose pieces which have been attributed to him.

On the title page of his *Moniments et Honors*, &c., 1621, Webster is styled "Merchant-Taylor," and in the Dedication to that piece he describes himself as "one born's fice of the Merchant-Tailors' Company." Hence Mr. Collier conjectures

\* "Which favours done to one I may call my friend, and you my servant," &c. &c. &c. &c. That "*in company*" means the Merchant and his Company, as certain,—I know, who are, when W. B. L. adds, as, being "a night with the latter to the former."

It was, of course, desirable that the Court Records of the Merchant Tailors' Company should be preserved for the present work, and the manuscript more so, illustrative of personal history, which is related by wills, was accordingly used to correct what had been made in Doctors' Common. But we did not identify any of it with any of the Wills, of which none have been there discovered.

The following extracts from the Court Book of Merchant Tailors' Company were made by the Clerk, 26th Decr 1828, pursuant to a new regulation of the Company, not being all with respect to their documents.

Pin Count Book, vol 1 fol 57

“June X<sup>th</sup> de dec mbris 1571

"Item Anne Syver, Widdow, put in and made free John Webster her late Apprenti."

From Count Duck, vol. 11, fol. 48.

“Iunc XX die Januarij A° dm 1576

"Item John Palmer put in John Webster his Apprentice and also made the said Webster free"

From Court Book, vol. 11 f. 1633.

“Jahre Decima, Septimo die Novemb

“Ann, Dm 1617

"John Webster made free by Henry Clinckard his Mr."

that he was the son of the John Webster, Merchant-Tailor, to whom John and Edward Alleyn acknowledge themselves debtors in the following terms —

"All men shall know by these presents that we, John Allen, cytyssen and Inholder, of London, and Edward Allen, of London, gentleman, do owe and are indebted unto John Webster, cytyssen and merchanttailor of London, the somme of fyftene shyllinges of lawfull money of England, to be payed to the sayd John Webster, or his

From Index Book to Freeman,

"Webster John — [r] Annus Silver, wad 10 decembr 1571  
 Webster John — [r] John Primer, 20 Junij 1576  
 Webster Joshua — [r] Henricus Clockard, 17 Novembris 1617 "

There are no other entries about any John Webster between the years 1571 and 1617

The following memoranda are derived from the Prerogative Office

JOHN WEBSTER, clothworker, of London, made his will on the 5th August, 1625. He bequeaths to his sister, Jane Cheney, dwelling within seven miles of Norwich, 10*l*., with remainder, if she died, to her children, and if they died, to his sister Elizabeth Pyssing, to whom he also left 10*l*., with remainder to her children. To his sister Anne Webster, of Holford, in Yorkshire, the same sum, with remainder to her children. To his father in law, William Hatfield, of Whittington, in Derbyshire, 15*l*., and to his four children 1*l* each. To his cousin Peter Webster, and his wife, dwelling in Doncaster, 40*s* each. To his cousin, Peter Webster, of Whittington, in Derbyshire, he gives 10*l*., and if he died before it was paid, it was to be given to his brother, who was a protestant, "for I hear that one brother of my cousin Peter is a papist." To William Bradbury, of London, shoemaker, 5*l*. To Richard Matthew, his (the testator's) son in law, 10*l*. He mentions his father in law, Mr Thomas Pinner. He gives his cousin, Edward Curtis, 1*l* 2*s*. To his cousin, Edward Curtis, son of Edward Curtis, senior, 3*l*. He leaves the residue of his property to his brothers and sisters in law, by his wife, specially providing that Elizabeth Walker should be one. He constitutes Mr Rooert Aungel, and his cousin, Mr Francis Ash, citizens, his executors, and his cousins, Curtis and Taylor, overseers of his will,—which was proved by his executors on the 7th October, 1625.

JOHN WEBSTER, of St Botolph's without Aldgate, citizen and tallow chandler, of London, made his will on the 16th February, 1628, and orders by it, that his body should be buried in the churchyard of that parish, as near to his nephew, John Webster, as might be. To Katherine, his wife, he gives some freehold and copyhold lands in Clavering, in Essex, for life, with remainder to his nephew, James Webster, together with some property in Houndsditch, she paying 50*s* quarterly to Mary Lee, wife of James Lee, of London, Merchant-Tailor. To his nephew, James Webster, he bequeaths lands in Sabridgeworth, in Herts, with two thirds of his painted books, sword, pike, and other arms, when of full age, with reversion, if he died without heirs, to William Webster, alias Wilkinson. To his three sisters, Dorothy Wilkinson, Susan Nettleton, and Alice Brookes, his lands at Clavering, after the decease of his wife, they paying to Mary Wigge, Barbara Brend, Agnes Lovelund, widow, and Clement Crompton, his wife's four sisters, 4*l* each yearly. He afterwards describes the beforementioned William Webster, alias Wilkinson, as "the eldest son of my eldest sister, Dorothy Wilkinson, late wife of Richard Wilkinson, of Yorkshire." If the said William died without issue, the property so given him was to go to the testator's nephews, Thomas, son of Thomas Nettleton, and Edmund, son of Robert Brookes. He also mentions his nephew, Henry Wilkinson, his niece, Isabel Nettleton, then under age, his apprentice, John Wigge, his niece, Elizabeth Brend, and her father, George Brend. To the children of John Alderston, of Chelmsford, he gives 10*l* each, and to his cousin, Benjamin Crittree, 2*l* and directs that the beforementioned James Webster, when of age, shall surrender to Michael Wilkinson a close in Cuswood, in Yorkshire, which was the testator's father's, and fell, by descent, to his (the testator's) brother, James Webster, who sold it to Michael Wilkinson. He appoints Mr Thomas Overman, alderman and leather-seller, of London, the aforesaid John Alderston, and Thomas Santy, citizen and merchant tailor, of London, overseers, and his wife Katherine, executrix, of his will, who proved it on the 12th Nov., 1641.

It is evident that both these persons died without issue.

assignes, on the last day of September next meweinge the date hereof, wherto wee binde us, our heyres and assignes, by these presentes. Subscribed this xxv<sup>th</sup> day of July, 1591, and in the xxviii<sup>th</sup> of her Ma<sup>ties</sup> rygne

JOHN ALLEYN  
ED. ALLEYN<sup>us</sup>\*

We are told that our poet was clerk of St Andrew's, Holborn, and it is possible that during some period of his career he may have filled that office but the statement rests on a comparatively late and questionable authority †

From the researches of Mr Collier we learn (presuming the person mentioned to be the dramatist) that he "resided in Holywell Street, among the actors," and that "Alice Webster, his daughter, was baptized at St Leonard's on the 9th May, 1606" Mr Collier adds, "If the following, from the same registers, relate to his marriage, it must have occurred when he was very young —

'Married John Webster and Isbell Sutton, 25 July, 1590'

Our principal reason for thinking that it may refer to him is, that elsewhere in the register he is sometimes called merchant tailor, a designation himself assumed in his City Pageant of 1624" ‡

Like several others of his contemporaries, he was perhaps an actor as well as a dramatist, but when, in a tract (hereafter to be mentioned) called *Histo-mastix*, &c., Hall and his coadjutor speak of "Webster the quondam player," they appear to have used the word "player" as equivalent to "writer of plays"

The following notices of Webster as a dramatist occur in Henslowe's *Diary* —

"Lent unto W<sup>m</sup> Jube, the 3 of novmbr 1601, to bye stannell clothe  
for a clocke for *the Guesse—Webster* . . . . . } 11<sup>li</sup>"

"Lent unto the company, to lend the littell tayller, to bye fusthen  
and lynynge for the clockes for *the masques of France*, the some of } 11<sup>li</sup>"

"Lent unto the company, the 8 of novmbr 1601, to paye unto the  
littell tayller, upon his bill for mackynge of sewtes for *the guesse*, the  
some of . . . . . } 11<sup>li</sup>"

"Lent unto the companye, the 13 of novmbr 1601, to paye the littell  
tayllor, Radford, upon his bill for *the Guesse*, the some of } 11<sup>li</sup>"

\* *The Alleyn Papers*, &c, p 14, ed Shakespeare Soc

† "This Author [John Webster] was Clerk of St Andrew's Parish in Holbourne," &c Gildon's *Lives and Characters of the English Dram Poets*, 1698, p 146 — I searched the registers of St Andrew's Church, but the name of Webster did not occur in them, and I examined the MSS belonging to the Parish Clerks' Hall, in Wood street, with as little success

‡ *Memoirs of the Principal Actors in the Plays of Shakespeare* — *Introduct* p xxvii, ed Shakespeare Soc

"Pd at the poyntment of the compnye, unto the littell taylor,  
in fulle payment of his Bille for *the Guesse*, the 26 of novmbr 1601,  
some . . . . . } xxviij<sup>s</sup> 6<sup>d</sup> \*\*

The play which Henslowe in the above entries calls *The Guesse* or *The Massacre of France*, is mentioned by Webster himself, under the first title, as one of his "works"†. It has not come down to us, and therefore we cannot determine whether it was a refacimento of Marlowe's *Massacre at Paris* or an original piece — I am strongly inclined to believe that it was the latter — Again —

"Lent unto the compnye, the 22 of may 1602, to geve unto  
Antony Monday and Mihell Drayton, *Webster*, Myddelton and the  
Rest, in earneste of a Booke called *scors Falle*, the some of . } vi<sup>h</sup> ‡

We are naturally curious to know how these combined poets treated a subject which employed the pen of Shakespeare, but *Cæsar's Fall* has perished — Again —

"Lent unto Thomas Downton, the 29 of maye 1602, to paye  
Thomas Dickers, Drayton, Myddelton, and *Webster*, and Mondaye, in  
fulle paymente for their playe called *two Huitpes* [?], the some of } iiij<sup>h</sup> §

*The Two Huitpes* (if such be the correct title, which is far from certain) no longer exists — Again —

"Lent unto Thomas Hewode and *John Webster*, the 2 of novmbr  
1602, in earneste of a playe called *Crysmas comes but once a yeare*,  
the some of . . . . . } iiij<sup>h</sup> "

"Lent unto John Doweke, the 23 of novmbr 1602, to paye unto  
huys chettell and Thomas Deckers, in pte of paymente of a playe  
called *Crysmas comes but once a yeare*, the some of . . . . . } xxxv<sup>s</sup> "

"Pd at the poyntment of Thomas Hawode, the 26 of novmbr  
1602, to huys chettell, in fulle paymente of a playe called *Crysmas  
comes but once a yeare*, the some of } xxxv<sup>s</sup> "

"Layd out for the compnye, the 9 of novmbr [*December* ?] 1602,  
to buy ij callico sewtes and y buckram sewtes, for the playe of *Cryss-  
mas comes but once a yeare*, the some of . . . . . } xxxviij<sup>s</sup> 8<sup>d</sup> "

"Sowld unto the compnye, the 9 of decembr 1602, ij peces of  
cargable taffetic, to make a womones gowne and a robe, for the playe  
of *crysmas comes but once a yeare*, some of . . . . . } iiij<sup>h</sup> x<sup>s</sup> ||

*Christmas comes but once a year* is also lost — In the same *Diary*, under October

\* Henslowe's *Diary*, pp 262, 203, 204, ed Shakespeare Soc

† Dedication to *The Devil's Law case*,—p 105

‡ Henslowe's *Diary*, p 221

§ *Id* p 222

|| *Id* pp 243, 244, 245

1602,\* are three entries relating to a play in Two Parts, entitled *Lady Jane*, the First Part the joint-production of Chettle, Dekker, Heywood, Smith and Webster, the Second Part composed (it would seem) by Dekker alone. These entries will be found in the introductory remarks on *The Famous History of Sir Thomas Wyatt*, which drama, with its text miserably mutilated and corrupted, is evidently nothing more than an abridgement of the Two Parts of *Lady Jane*, for it embraces the story of Suffolk's unfortunate daughter from her forced accession to her death.

The second edition of Marston's *Malcontent* appeared in 1604, not only "augmented" by the original author, but "with additions" by Webster,—who was well qualified to supply them, resembling, as he did, Marston in the masculine character of his mind and style. How much he contributed to this vigorously written but unpleasant play, it is impossible to ascertain †

In 1607 were given to the press *The Famous History of Sir Thomas Wyatt* (which has been noticed above), and *Westward Ho*, and *Northward Ho*,—two comedies composed by Webster in alliance with Dekker.

*Westward Ho* and *Northward Ho* (the former of which was on the stage in 1605) ‡ are full of life and bustle, and remarkable for the light they throw on the manners and customs of the time. Though by no means pure, they are comparatively little stained by that grossness from which none of our old comedies are entirely free. In them the worst things are always called by the worst names: the licentious and the debauched always speak most strictly in character, and the rake, the bawd, and the counterjumper, are as odious in representation as they would be if actually present. But the public taste has now reached the highest pitch of refinement, and such coarseness is tolerated in our theatres no more. Some will perhaps maintain, that the language of the stage is purified in proportion as our morals have deteriorated, and that we dread the mention of the vices which we are not ashamed to practise, while our forefathers, under the sway of a less fastidious but a more energetic principle of virtue, were careless of words and only considerate of actions.

In 1612 *The White Devil* was printed, a play of extraordinary power. The story, though somewhat confused, is eminently interesting, and, though abounding in,—if not a little overcharged with,—fearful incidents, it has nothing which we are disposed to reject as incredible. What genius was required to conceive, what skill to embody, so forcible, so various, and so consistent a character as Vittoria! We shall not easily find, in the whole range of our ancient drama, a more effective scene than that in which she is arraigned for the murder of her husband. It is truth itself. Brachiano's flinging down his gown for his seat, and then, with impatient ostentation, leaving it behind him on his departure, the pleader's Latin exordium, the jesting interruption of the culprit, the overbearing intemperance of the

\* See p. 182

† See p. 322

‡ See p. 206

Cardinal—the prompt and unconquerable spirit of Vittoria,—all together unite in producing on us an impression as strong as could result from an event of real life. Lamb, in his *Specimens of English Dramatic Poets*, speaks of the “innocence-resembling boldness” of Vittoria.\* For my own part, I admire the dexterity with which Webster has discriminated between that simple confidence in their own integrity which the innocent manifest under the imputation of a great crime, and that forced and practised presence of mind which the hardened offender exhibits when brought to trial. Vittoria stands before her judges, alive to all the terrors that surround her, relying on the quickness of her wit, conscious of the influence of her beauty, and not without a certain sense of protection, in case of extreme need, from the interposition of Blachiano. She surprises by the readiness of her replies, but never, in a single instance, has the author assigned to her any words which were likely to have fallen from an innocent person under similar circumstances. Vittoria is undaunted, but it is by effort. Her intrepidity has none of the calmness which belongs to one who knows that a plain tale can put down his adversary; it is a high-wrought and exaggerated boldness,—a determination to outface facts, to brave the evidence she cannot refute, and to act the martyr though convicted as a criminal. Scattered throughout the play are passages of exquisite poetic beauty, which, once read, can never be forgotten.

*Three Eloges on the most lamented death of Prince Henry* appeared in 1613—the part of this tract written by Webster, entitled *A Monumental Column*, &c., contains some striking lines, but nothing characteristic of its author.

In 1623 were published *The Duchess of Malfi* (first produced about 1616†) and *The Devil's Law-case*. Of the latter of these plays the plot is disagreeable and far from probable, but portions of the serious scenes are not unworthy of Webster. Few dramas possess a deeper interest in their progress, or are more touching in their conclusion, than *The Duchess of Malfi*. The passion of the Duchess for Antonio, a subject most difficult to treat, is managed with infinite delicacy—in a situation of great peril for the author, she condescends without being degraded, declares to her dependant that he is the husband of her choice without losing anything of dignity and respect, and seems only to exercise the privilege of rank in raising merit from obscurity. We sympathize from the first moment in the loves of the Duchess and Antonio, as we would in a long-standing domestic affection, and we mourn the more over the misery that attends them because we feel that happiness was the natural and legitimate fruit of so pure and rational an attachment. It is the wedded friendship of middle life transplanted to cheer the cold and glittering solitude of a court—it flourishes but a short time in that unaccustomed sphere, and then is blasted for ever. The sufferings and death of the imprisoned Duchess haunt the mind like painful realities, but it is the less necessary to dwell on them here, as no part of our author's

\* See the quotation in p. 24, note, of the present work.

† See p. 54

writings is so well known to the generality of readers as the scenes where they are depicted. In such scenes Webster was on his own ground. His imagination had a fond familiarity with objects of awe and fear. The silence of the sepulchre, the sculptures of marble monuments, the knolling of church-bells, the ceremonies of the corpse, the yew that roots itself in dead men's graves, are the illustrations that most readily present themselves to his imagination. If he speaks of the force of love, his language is,—

“ This is flesh and blood, sir,  
'Tis not the figure cut in alabaster  
Kneels at my husband's tomb, ” \*

and when he tells us that

“ Glories, like glow worms, afar off shine bright,  
But look'd to near, have neither heat nor light, ” †

we are almost satisfied that the glow-worm which Webster saw, and which suggested the reflection, was sparkling on the green sod of some lowly grave.

*Monuments of Honour, &c. Invented and written by John Webster, Merchant-Taylor, 1624*, is the very rarest‡ of all our old city-pageants—it is not by any means the best.

In September 1624 Sir Henry Herbert licensed “ A new Tragedy, called *A late Murder of the Son upon the Mother*, written by Forde and Webster §”, of which, when we consider how well the terrible subject was suited to the powers of the two writers, we cannot fail to regret the loss.

*Appius and Virginia* was printed in 1634. This drama is so remarkable for its simplicity, its deep pathos, its unobtrusive beauties, its singleness of plot, and the easy unimpeded march of its story, that perhaps there are readers who will prefer it to any other of our author's productions.

I need hardly observe that *Appius and Virginia* must have been brought on the stage long before 1634—indeed at that date Webster was, in all probability, dead.

In 1651, Kirkman, the bookseller, published, from manuscripts in his possession, *A Cure for a Uckold* and *The Thracian Wonder*, both of them, according to the title-pages, “ Written by John Webster and William Rowley ”. Webster's hand may, I think, be traced in parts of the former play. Of any share in the concoction of the latter he certainly was guiltless ||

\* P. 65

† P. 36, and p. 88

‡ The only copy of this pageant known to exist, is in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire, who, with his usual liberality, allowed me to transcribe it.

§ Chalmers's *Supplemental Apology*, &c., p. 213

|| *The Thracian Wonder* (which I inconsiderately reprinted in the first edition of the present collection) is partly founded on the story of Caran and Argemule in Warner's *Albion's England*. A poetical tract, founded also on the same portion of Warner's work, appeared in 1617, written by a William Webster,



The following lines\* concerning our author are found in Henry Fitzgeffrey's *Notes from Blackjacks*, 1620,

"But li' st ' with him, crabbed Webster,  
The play wright, cast wright whether i either ' ho—  
No further Looko as yee'd bee look't into,  
But as ye woo'd be read Lord ! who woo'd know him ?  
Wiseer man so mingl'd with a poem ?  
See how he drives his mouth awry of late,  
How he scrubs, wrings his wrists, scratches his pate !  
A midwife ! helpe ! By his braines contrs  
Some Centaure strange, some huge Bucephalus,  
Or Pullus, sure, ingendred in his braine —  
Strike, Vulcan, with thy hammer once againe  
This is the critical that, of all the rest,  
I'de not haue view mee yet I feare him least  
Hee's not a word curiously I haue writ,  
But hee I industriously examine it,  
And in some 12 monthes hence, or thereabout,  
Set in a shamefull sheete my errors out  
But whitt ere I ' it will be so obscure  
That none shall vnderstand him, I am sure " Sig F 6

An inquiry now arises,—was John Webster, the dramatist, the same John Webster who was author of *The Saints' Guide*, of a celebrated tract called *Academy Examen or The Illumination of Academies*, and of a volume of sermons entitled *The Judgment set and the Books opened* ? Our dramatist, as we have seen, was a writer for the stage in 1601, and the first of the pieces just mentioned was printed in 1653 if he was only twenty-five when he composed *The Goose*, he must have been about seventy-seven when *The Saints' Guide* appeared. Those who are inclined to

and entitled *The most pleasant and delightfull Historie of Cusan, Prince of Danaski, and the fayre Princesse Cygentile, Daughter and Heire of Adalbryght, sometime King of Northumberland* and Mr Collier plausibly conjectures (*Poet Decan*, vol 1 p 268) that Kirkman's recollection of the poem by William Webster induced him to attribute the play to John Webster.

Kirkman was not scrupulous in such matters. He published, in 1657, *Justs Dominion, or The Lascivious Quern*, and put on the title page "Written by Christopher Marlowe, trant," though we have positive proof that it could not have been composed by that poet—see my *Account of Marlowe and his Writings*,—*Works*, i lvi.

In the "Introduction" to his edition of *The Dramatic Works of John Webster*, 1857, Mr Hazlitt announces his intention of including among them, not only *The Thracian Wonder* (which he justly describes as "a stream of dulness"), but *The Weakest goeth to the Wall*. The latter play he assigns to Webster "upon the authority of Winstanley", not being aware that when Winstanley wrote as follows in his *Lives of the most famous English Poets*, 1687, p 137, he was merely transcribing the blunders of Phillips in the *Theatrum Poetarum*, 1675. "He [Dekker] was also in associate with John Webster in several well entertain'd Plays, viz *Northward, hoe ! The Noble Stranger New Trick to cheat the Devil*, *Westward, hoe ! The Weakest goes to the Wall*, and *A Woman will have her will*." Here we have three plays confidently attributed to Dekker and Webster, of which we are certain that they did not write a word. *The Noble Stranger* is by Sharpe, *A New Trick to cheat the Devil*, by Devynport, and *A Woman will have her will*, by Houghton. So much for the "authority" of Winstanley, or rather, of Phillips. As to *The Weakest goeth to the Wall*,—from beginning to end it is written in a style utterly unlike that of Webster.

\* For verses by Sheppard on Webster's *White Devil*, see p 2, for verses by Middleton, W Rowley, and Ford, on his *Duchess of Malfi*, see p 56.

suppose that he was the author of that tract will not, of course, allow his advanced age to be employed as an argument against the probability of their hypothesis, and it must be confessed that some persons at as late a period of life have produced works indicating that they retained the full possession of their intellectual powers. I shall presently, however, show that he was neither the author of it, nor of the other two pieces noticed above in the meantime it is necessary to describe them more particularly

*The Saints Guide, or, Christ the Rule and Ruler of Saints Manifested by way of Positions, Consecrations, and Queries Wherin is contained the Efficacy of acquired Knowledge, the Rule of Christians, the Mission and Maintenance of Ministers, and the power of Magistrates in Spiritual things* By John Webster, late Chaplain in the Army, a 4to tract, was first printed in 1653 it was reprinted in the same form the following year, and also in 12mo in 1699 No trace of the eloquence of Webster the poet is visible in this dull and formal production In his peritatory address, "To all that love the Lord Jesus Christ in Truth and Sincerity," the author says, "For after the Lord, about eighteen years ago, had in his wonderfull mercy brought me to the sad experience of mine own dead, sinfull, lost, and damnable condition in nature, and fully shewed me the nothingness and helplessness of creaturely power, either without or within me," &c and Mr Collier, who endeavours to prove that the writer of *The Saints' Guide* and the dramatist are the same person, thinks that the words 'damnable condition,' which have just been quoted, "can hardly mean anything but his 'damnable condition' as a player." Surely, not in "damnable condition" there is no allusion to any profession the author might have followed, but merely to what he conceived to be his reprobate condition before he became a Saint

*Academiarum Examen, or the Examination of Academicks Wherin is discussed and examined the Matter, Method, and Customs of Academick and Scholastick Learning, and the insufficiency thereof discovered and laid open, As also some Expedients proposed for the Reforming of Schools, and the perfecting and promoting of all kind of Science Offered to the judgements of all those that love the profuence of Arts and Sciences, and the advancement of Learning* By Jo Webster *In nobilibus et institutis Academicum, Collegiorum, et simulacrum conventuum, quæ ad doctorum hominum sedes, & operas mutuas destinata sunt, omnia pro pressu scientiarum in ulterius adversamierunt* Franc Bacon *de Verulamio lib de cogitat & is par nuli 14*, appeared in 4to in 1654 That the John Webster who wrote *The Saints' Guide* wrote the *Acad Examen*, there can be no doubt both pieces were put forth by the same publisher, Giles Calvert;

\* The dedication to this edition is dated "April 28, 1663," which is doubtless an error of the printer for 1653, the two earlier editions, of which it is an exact copy, having the dedication dated April 28, 1653

† *Poetical Decameron*, vol 1 p 262

‡ "To conclude, the world may here see what stuffs still comes from Lane Giles Calvers shop, that forge of the Devil, from whence so many blasphemous, lying, scandalous Pamphlets, for many yeers past,

and a second edition of the former was printed during the year in which the latter came from the press. In an *Epistle to the Reader*, prefixed to the *Acad. Examen*, the author says, "I am no Dean nor Master, President nor Provost, Fellow nor Pensioner, neither have I tythes appropriate nor inappropriate, augmentation, nor State pay, nor all the levelling that hath been in these times hath not mounted nor raised me, nor can they make me fall lower, *Qui audit in terram, non habet unde cadat*. And he that would raise himself by the ruins of others, or warm himself by the burning of schools, I wish him no greater plague than his own ignorance, nor that he may ever gain more knowledge than to live to repent." Though the *Acad. Examen* contains a good deal of nonsense about the language of nature, astrology, &c., and though all the theological portion of it is as ridiculous and fanatical as *The Saints' Guide*, yet, taken as a whole, it manifests variety of learning and clearness of judgment.

To this tract, during the year of its publication, two answers were written. The first was by Seth Ward, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury, and Dr. John Wilkins of Wadham College\*, it is entitled, *Inducere Academicum, containing Some brief Animadversions upon Mr. Websters Book, stiled The Examination of Academics Together with an Appendix concerning what M. Hobbs and M. Dell have published on this Argument*. The authors had evidently never dreamed of their adversary being the once-celebrated dramatist. "I have heard from very good hands," says Wilkins, "that he [Webster] is suspected to be a Friar, his conversation being much with men of that way, and the true designe of this Booke being very suitable to one of that profession, besides that his superficial and confused knowledge of things is much about that elevation" p. 6. "In compliance therefore with your desire," says Ward, "I mean to runne over this reverend Authour" p. 9. "You know, Sir," he afterwards says, "and have observed in your Letter to mee, how vast a difference there is betwixt the Learning and Reputation of Mr. Hobbs and these two Gentlemen, and how scornfully he will take it to be ranked with a Linn [Webster] and an Enthusiast" p. 51. The second answer to the *Acad. Examen* is called† *Histrionicus Master. A whip for Webster (as 'tis conceived) the Quondam Player or, An examination of one John Websters delusive Examen of Academics, &c. In the end there is annexed an elaborate defence of Logick, by a very Learned Pen*. Mark how carefully the words "as 'tis conceived," are inserted here. One half of this answer is the production of Thomas Hall, the printer, of whom an account may

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have spread over the land, to the great dishonour of the Nation, in the sight of the Nations round about us, and to the provocation of Gods wrath against us, which will certainly breake forth, both upon the actors and tolerators of such intollerable errors, without speedy reformation and amendment."

*Histrionicus master, a Whip for Webster, &c.* 1654, p. 215.

\* Wilkins wrote only the Epistle to the Author, signed N S, the remainder is by Ward, signed H D the signatures are the final letters of their names.

† This piece forms part of a small duod. volume, the general title of which is *Inducere Laticorum, The Schools Guarded, &c. &c.* By Thomas Hall, B D and Pastour of Kings Norton.

be found in Wood's *Athenæ Oxonienses*, vol. iii. p. 677, ed. Bliss, the other half (the defence of Logic) is from the pen of a "reverend acute Logician," whose name is not given. "We see then," says Hall, addressing Webster, "who you are, viz. an Herculean Leveller, a Familisticall Lion, a dissembling Fryar, a Profane Stage Player, a professed friend to Judiciall Astrology and Astrologers," &c. p. 198. In this passage we must observe that Hall merely takes it for granted from what had been said before, that the author of the *Acad. Examen* was a player. The "reverend acute Logician" commences his defence of the Stagite thus: "This Mr Webster (as I suppose) is that Poet whose Glory was once to be the Author of Stage plays (as the Devils Law-cise) but now the Tutor of Universities. But because his Stage-Players [Stage-Playes] have been discontinued by one of the late Parliaments, does hee therefore addresse himselfe to the Army, for the like force, and as little favour in behalfe of all Humane Learning, for advancement whereof, the best way being already found, he that seeks for another, deserves worse (and so none at all), though he pretend to a Reformation. For my own part, I could wish that his Poetry still had flourished upon Mr Johnson's [Ben Jonson's] account, in his Epistle before one of his Playes (the Fox) to the two most equal Sisters, the Universities (a far better address then this here), but it is odious to be like the Fox in the Fable, who having lost his owne Ornament, envied his fellows theirs by pretending burthen or inconvenience" pp. 217-18. In those days there could have been no difficulty in ascertaining whether the author of the *Acad. Examen* was or was not the quondam dramatist, and we may be sure that the punitual Hall and his coadjutor must have made particular inquiries into the matter. If they had been in possession of the fact that their adversary had ever been guilty of play-writing or play-acting, they would not have left their readers in any doubt on the subject, they would never have used the expressions "as 'tis conceived," or "as I suppose," they would have charged Webster with his theatrical sins in the most direct terms, and they would have alluded to them over and over again, with many a coarse and bitter taunt. They were quite aware that their adversary was not the dramatist\*, and they had recourse to the supposition of his being that same person, as a likely means of bringing reproach upon him in times of canting and hypocrisy †.

\* Mr Hazlitt, after citing what I say above, proceeds as follows: "This, however, is perfectly clear to the present Editor, that the writers of *Histrio Martia* would not, for the very sake of their sneer, have 'conceived' or 'supposed' any such identity as that malignantly suggested, had not John Webster, the quondam player, been still alive, and had he not, also, been connected in some way with one of the universities—perhaps he had been a teacher of elocution there." *Introduct. to The Dram. Works of John Webster*, 1857, p. viii. Mr Hazlitt has previously remarked, "There remains to be mentioned one other occupation which Webster is said to have filled—that of College Tutor" p. vi.

That the dramatist was alive in 1651, I greatly doubt, that he never was a teacher of elocution at one of the universities, or a college-tutor, I am as certain as that he never was Archbishop of Canterbury.

† Mr Collier, in the work already quoted, compares two passages of the *Acad. Examen* with two from the plays of our author.

"On p. 3 of the *Examen* is this excellent sentence, 'So humane knowledge is good and excellent, and



*And to discover the Blasphemy of those that say,*

They are	{	Apostles, Teacher, Alive, Rich, Jewes,	}	but are	{	False Lyes, Deceivers, Dead, Poore, blind, naked, The Synagogue of Satan	}
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*In severall Sermons at Allhallows Lambard-street, By John Webster, A servant of Christ and his Church Micha 3 5 &c Thus saith the Lord, concerning the Prophets that make my people erre, that bite with their teeth, and cry peace and he that putteth not into their mouths, they prepare war against him Therefore night shall be upon them, that they shall not have Vision, &c The Sun shall goe down over the prophets, and the Day shall be dark Then Seers shall be ashamed, and the Driners confounded yea, they shall All cover their lips, for there is no answer of God Little information concerning the author is to be gathered from these tedious effusions, which in style resemble the *Saints' Guide*, and which were published at the desire of his hearers, who were greatly delighted with his preaching, "apprehending it," says an Address to the Reader, "to be the Bridegroomes voyce in him, and therefore savory to them\*" Webster was absent from London when they were printed "he being now," says the same Address, "at a great distance from the Presse" "Here," says a second Address to the Reader, "thou shalt not find Terms of Art, nor quibbles of humane Learning and Fallen Wisdom (though the party through whom it was conveyed excel in natural acquisitions as much as the most) but naked truth" "And hereby thou mayest see (if thou be not blind in the carnal conceits of thy earthly wisdom, as most of the Fathen Saints of our times are) what self-denial is wrought in this Creature, through which the Eternal Spirit hath breathed forth these ensuing precious Truths, that he having and enjoying all those humane Excellencies of Learning and knowledge which are so in the worlds account," &c To the volume is appended *A Responsum To certaine pretended Arguments against my Book called The Saints Guide**

We have already seen that an answer to the *Academiarum Examen* was written by Seth Ward, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury and Dr. Walter Pope, in his Life of that prelate, expressly states that the author of the *Examen* was "one Webster of Clitheroe†" In all matters connected with the Bishop, Dr. Pope's authority is

\* The Church of Allhallows Lambard Street, with all the documents belonging to it, was destroyed by the great fire of London in 1666 John Weston, the Rector, "was for his Loyalty sequestered by the Rebels, about 1642 [*Merc Rust* p. 253]" Newcourt's *Repertorium Ecclesiasticum Parochiale Londinense*, vol. 1 p. 255 "He [Weston] was sequestered by the House about July, 1643, at which time J. Cordell was, by the same authority, thrust in to succeed him" Walker's *Account of the Sufferings of the Clergy*, p. 180

† A monument was erected to the memory of Bishop Ward by his nephew, with a Latin inscription, which Dr. Pope characterises as long, erroneous, heavy, and tedious, but which he gives with what he calls a "sifted and garbled" translation the following passage of it—"contra ingruentem Fanaticorum

unquestionable "I am not," says he, "altogether unprovided for such a Work, having, during my long acquaintance with Him and his Friends, informed myself of most of the considerable Circumstances of his Life" *Life of Seth, Lord Bishop of Salisbury*, 1697, p. 2 "And now I have brought him to Oxford, where I first became acquainted with him, I can proceed upon more certain grounds, I promise not to put any thing upon the Reader now, but what either I know or have heard attested by those whom I could trust" *Id* p. 22

The two works next to be mentioned were indisputably written by John Webster of Clitheroe. One is *Metallographia* or, *An History of Metals* Wherein is declared the signs of Ores and Minerals both before and after digging, the causes and manner of their generations, their kinds, sorts, and differences, with the description of sundry new Metals, or Semi-Metals, and many other things pertaining to Mineral knowledge. As also, the handling and shewing of their Vegetability, and the discussion of the most difficult Questions belonging to Mystical Chymistry, as of the Philosophers Gold, their Mercury, the Liquor Alkalest, Aurum potable, and such like Gathered forth of the most approved Authors that have written in Greek, Latine, or High-Dutch, With some Observations and Discoveries of the Author himself By John Webster Practitioner in Physick and Chirurgery Qui principia naturalia in seipso ignoraverit, hic jam multum remotus est ab arte nostra, quoniam non habet radicum viam supra quam intentionem suam fundit Geba Sum perfect 1 c 1 p. 21.

Sed non ante datus telluris operta subire,  
Aure omnes quam quis decerpserit arboris fetus

Lug. Incul 1 6

London, Printed by A. C. for Walter Kettelby at the Bishops-Head in Ducklane\*, 1671, 4to. The other is *The Displaying of supposed Witchcraft* Wherein is affirmed that there are many sorts of Deceivers and Impostors And Divers persons under a passive Delusion of Melancholy and Fancy But that there is a Corporeal League made betwixt the Devil and the Witch, Or that he sucks on the Witches Body, his Carnal Copulation, or that Witches are turned into Cats, Dogs, raise Tempests, or the like, is utterly denied and disproved Wherein also is handled, the Existence of Angels and Spirits, the truth of Apparitions, the Nature of Astral and Sydereal Spirits, the force of Charms and Philters, with other abstruse matters By John Webster, Practitioner in Physick *Falsæ etenim opiniones Hominum preoccupantes, non solum surdos, sed & cecos faciunt, ita ut*

barbariem quâ litteris ubique prestatant, vindictæ agnoscent Academiae," Pope renders thus, "he wrote also a Vindication of the Universities, in reply to one Webster of Clitheroe, who had writ a Pamphlet to prove them useless" *Life of Seth, Lord Bishop of Salisbury*, 1697, pp. 185, 188 In an earlier part of the work just quoted we are told, "Whilst he [Ward] continued in that Chair, besides his Public Lectures, he wrote several Books one, in English and a jocose stile, against one Webster, assailing the Usefulness of the Universities" p. 27

\* Instead of "Ducklane" some copies have "St Paul's Church-yard"

*videre nequeant quæ alius perspicua apparent* Galen lib 8 de Comp Med, London, Printed by J M and are to be sold by the Booksellers in London, 1677, folio Now, Dr Henry More has attacked John Webster's *Displaying of supposed Witchcraft* in his *Opera Philosophica*, and in the "*Præfatio Generalissima*" prefixed to that collection, 1679, he alludes as follows, not only to it, but also to another production of the same writer, which is manifestly the *Academiurum Examen* "De modo autem quo in Scholis eos exceperim qui nostra impugnaverunt, est sane, festivus licet aliquando & jocosus, perpetuo tamen benignus Nec certe severi offensique animi larvam contra quemquam indui præterquam unum Websterum Quem non sic trictasse præter decorum profecto futurum fuisset, & omnino præterisse pigrum quid æ ignavum Quis cum ferre potuit hominem Fatuum virorum optimorum doctissimorumque memorie tanto cum supercilio ac fastu insultantem & tanta præterea cum insectia & imperitia? Quis summis Philosophis summisque Legislatoribus, Mose ipso non excepto, classe ignorantie Notum, etiam eis in rebus de quibus statuerunt, turpiter impudentique inuentem? Quis Theologum si placet, & in sacris, ut gloriatur, a Reverendo Episcopo, D<sup>no</sup> M, Ordinebus olim institutum, ad Castra quasi Atheorum omnes Angelos mere corporeos faciendo transfigentem, et Animam tamen humanam, non nimis obvium & expositum censuris hominum se redderet, fucato subdoleque profitendo immatrem? sedumque passim sæculi hujus Somatistæ Pueritium se gerentem et Gnatlionem? Ut taceam quam indigne & quam imperite interim ac imbecilliter nostra vellicaverit, beneque a me provisæ diligenterque explorata Principia quam impotenter, sed irrito proisus opere labefactare conatus sit, et cum ne intelligeret quidem quæ scripsi (ut videre est ex ineptis illius Objectionibus), quo usum tamen honestissimorum meorum studiorum fructumque in publicum frustari posset, non objicientis solum sed & vincentis speciem, ad vulgo imponendum, ausus sit dare Talem, inquam, nactus Adversarium, Academiarum porro nostrarum, eis temporibus quibus spes aliqua suberat nocendi, importunum Calumniatorem & Sycophantam, nunc vero abjectissimum Somatistarum Pueritium, miserumque sed impudentem Laniarium Putionum, parum profecto putabam Objectiones ejus diluere, quod facillimo fit negotio, argumentaque allata confutare, nisi insulsam præter hominis temeritatem intolerandamque insolentiam castigarem Sic enim fas est & sic oportet fieri in hoc genus hominum, qui sanctissimum Philosophiæ nomen usurpantes, omnes bonos Philosophiæ lucis misera sua immiscendo commenta subvertunt" p. xvi†

Not is evidence wanting in the works themselves that the *Academiurum Examen*, *The Displaying of supposed Witchcraft*, and the *Metallographia* were written by the same individual

\* See the second quotation from the *Displaying of supposed Witchcraft* in p. xxiv

† This passage was kindly pointed out to me by my learned friend, Mr James Crossley of Manchester.



The author of the *Acad Examen* was educated at Cambridge \* "On the 12th of October, 1653," says Antony Wood, "he [i.e. William Ebury] with John Webster, sometimes a Cambridge scholar, endeavoured to knock down learning and the ministry together, in a disputation that they then had against two ministers in a church in Lombard Street in London" *Athen Oxon* vol iii p 361, ed Bliss We must bear in mind while we read the preceding extract that the Sermons of the author of the *Acad Examen* were preached in All-Hallows, Lombard Street "As for Dell [who also attacked the Universities, and to whom Seth Ward wrote an answer, published together with his reply to Webster], he had been educated in Cambridge, and Webster, who was then, or lately, a chaplain in the parliament army, had, as I conceive, been educated there also" *Id* vol iv p 250 Webster of Clitheroe, we may gather from the following passage, had been educated at the same seat of learning "But I that then [i.e. in my youth] was much guilty of curiosity, and loth to be imposed upon in a thing of that nature, then also knowing the way and manner how all the common Jugglers about Cambridge and London (who make a Trade of it) did perform their 'Tricks,' &c *The Displaying of supposed Witchcraft*, p 62

The author of the *Acad Examen* was a preacher Webster of Clitheroe, "practitioner in physic," had also received holy orders "Dr Thomas Morton, then Bishop of Coventry and Lichfield to whose memory I cannot but owe and make manifest all due respect, because he was well known unto me, and by the imposition of whose hands I was ordained Presbyterian when he was Bishop of Durham" *The Displaying of supposed Witchcraft*, p 275 "About the year 1634, it came to pass that this said Boy was brought unto the Church of Kildwick, a large parish Church, where I (being then Curate there) was preaching in the afternoon" *Id* p 277

The author of the *Acad Examen* had been in army-chaplain Webster of Clitheroe, it may be inferred from the following passage, had served in the same capacity. "And it will as for foul, that wounded bodies, that have been slain in the wars, after the natural heat be gone, will upon motion bleed any flesh or crimson blood at all, for we ourselves in the late times of Rebellion have seen some thousands of dead bodies, that have had divers wounds, and lying naked and being turned over and over, and by ten or twelve thrown into one pit, and yet not one of them have issued any fresh and pure blood" *The Displaying of supposed Witchcraft*, p 306

The author of the *Acad Examen* was a believer in astrology, so was Webster of Clitheroe The author of the *Acad Examen* was a devoted admirer of the mystic chemistry of Paracelsus, Helmont, &c, so was Webster of Clitheroe

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\* I could find no mention of any John Webster in the Indices to Cole's voluminous MS collections in the Brit Museum

I proceed to exhibit some striking parallel passages from the *Academiarum Examen*, *The Displaying of supposed Witchcraft*, and the *Metallographia*

"And it is true that supposed difficulty, and impossibility, are great causes of determent from attempting or trying of new discoveries and enterprises, for the sloathful person usually cryeth, go not forth, there is a Lion or Bear in the way, and if *Columbus* had not had the spirit to have attempted, against all seeming impossibilities and discouragements, never had he gained that immortal honour, nor the Spaniards been Masters of the rich *Indies*, for we often admire why many things are attempted which appear to us as impossible, and yet when attained, we wonder they were no sooner set upon and tried, so though the means here prescribed may seem weak and difficult to be put into use, yet being practised may be found easy and advantageous. And I hope newness need not be a brand to any endeavor or discovery, seeing it is but a meer relative to our intellects, for that of which we were ignorant being discovered to us, we call new, which ought rather to mind us of our imbecility and ignorance, than to be any stain or scandal to the thing discovered. for doubtlessly he said well that accounted Philosophy to be that which taught us *nil admirari*, and admiration is alwaies the daughter of ignorance" *Acad. Examen, Epistle to the Reader*

"Antiquity and Novelty are but *relationes quoad nostrum intellectum, non quoad naturam*, for the truth, as it is fundamentally in things *extra intellectum*, cannot be accounted either old or new. And an opinion, when first found out and divulged, is as much a truth then, as when the current of hundreds or thousands of years have passed since its discovery. For it was no less a truth, when in the infancy of Philosophy it was holden, that there was generation and corruption in Nature in respect of Individuals, than it is now. so little doth Time, Antiquity, or Novelty alter, change, confirm, or overthrow truth, for *veritas est temporis filia*, in regard of its discovery to us or by us, who must draw it forth *è puteo Democriti*. And the existence of the *West Indies* was as well before the discovery made by *Columbus* as since, and our ignorance of it did not impeach the truth of its being, neither did the novelty of its discovery make it less verity, nor the years since make it more. so that we ought simply to examine, whether an opinion be possible or impossible, probable or improbable, true or false, and if it be false, we ought to reject it, though it seem never so venerable by the white hairs of Antiquity, nor ought we to refuse it, though it seem never so young or near its birth. For, as *St Cyprian* said *Error vetustatis est vetustas erroris*" *The Displaying of supposed Witchcraft*, p 15

"What shall I say of the Science or art of Astrology? Shall the blind fury of Misotechnists and malicious spirits deter me from giving it the commendations that it deserves? shall the Academics who have not only sleighted and neglected it, but

also scoffed at it, terrifie me from expressing my thoughts of so noble and beneficial a Science? . . . And therefore I cannot, without detracting from worth and vertue, pass without a due Elogy in the commendation of my learned and industrious Countymen, M<sup>r</sup> Ashmole, M<sup>r</sup> William Lilly, M<sup>r</sup> Booker, M<sup>r</sup> Sanders, M<sup>r</sup> Culpepper, and others, who have taken unweari'd pains for the resuscitation and promotion of this noble Science, and with much patience against many unworthy scandals have laboured to propagate it to posterity, and if it were not beyond the present scope I have in hand, I should have given sufficient reasons in the vindication of Astrology" *Acad Examen*, p 51

"And that there is and may be a lawful use of Astrology, and many things may be foretold by it, few that are judicious are ignorant" *The Displaying of supposed Witchcraft*, p 28 "And that there are great and hidden virtues both in Plants and Minerals, especially in Metals and Precious Stones, as they are by Nature produced, by Mystical Chymistry prepared and exalted, or commixed and insculped in their due and fit constellations, may not only be proved by the instances foregoing, but also by the reasons and authorities of persons of great judgment and experience in the secrets of nature, &c . . . Neither are those arguments of that learned person Gallicotus Martius, for defending the natural and lawful effects of Planetary Signalls, when prepared forth of agreeable matter, and made in their due constellations, of such small weight as some insipid ignorants have pretended, but are convincing to any considerate and rational person" *Id* p 161

"What shall I say of Staticks, Architecture, Pneumathimic, Statisthmetrie, and the rest enumerated by this expert and learned man, Dr John Dee, in his *Preface before Euclide*?" *Acad Examen*, p 52

"Another of our Countymen, Dr John Dee, the greatest and ablest Philosopher, Mathematician, and Chymist that his Age (or it may be ever since) produced, could not evade the censure of the Monster-headed multitude, but even in his life time was accounted a Conqueror, of which he most sadly (and not without cause) complaineth in his most learned *Preface to Euclid*" *The Displaying of supposed Witchcraft*, p 7.

"Was not Magick amongst the Persians accepted for a sublime Sapience, and the science of the universal consent of things? And were not those men (supposed Kings) that came from the East styled by that honourable name *Mayoi*, Magi, or Wisemen, which the Holy Ghost gives unto them, thereby to denote out that glorious mystery of which they were made partakers by the revelation of that spirit of life and light? Neither do I here Apologize for that impious and execrable Magick, that either is used for the hurt and destruction of mankind, or pretends to gain knowledge from him who is the grand enemy of all the sons of Adam, no, that I truly

abominate . But that which I defend is that noble and laudable Science," &c. *Acad. Examen*, p. 69

"It was not in vain superstitious Magick (wherewith, as Coulingius laboureth to prove, they were much infected), but in the laudable Sciences of Arithmetick, Politicks, Geometry, Astronomy, and then Hieroglyphick learning, which doubtless contained natural and lawful Magick (such as those Magicians were partakers of, that came to worship Christ, whose learning all the Fathers and Interpreters do justifie to be good, natural, and lawful), the Art of Medicine, and knowledge of natural and artificial things, as in the next Branch we shall more at large make appear" *Metallographia*, p. 8

"Paracelsus, that singular ornament of Germany" *Acad. Examen*, p. 70

"That totius Germanæ decus, Paracelsus" *The Displaying of supposed Witchcraft*, p. 9

"Now how false the Aristotelian Philosophy is in itself is in put made cleer, and more is to be said of it hereafter, and therefore truth and experience will declare the imperfection of that medicinal knowledge that stands upon no better a basis. For Galen, then great Coryphaeus and Antesignanus, hath laid down no other principles to build medicinal skill upon, than the doctrine of Aristotle, For this same author

hath said enough sufficiently to confute and overthrow the whole Fabrick of the Galemeal learning, which here I forbear to insert. And therefore it is very strange that the Schools, nay, in a manner, the whole world, should be enchanted and infatuated to admire and own this ignorant Pagan [Galen], who being ambitious of erecting his own fame," &c. *Acad. Examen*, pp. 72-3. "That neither antiquity nor novelty may take place above verity, lest it debarre us from a more diligent search after truth and Science. Neither that universality of opinion be any president or rule to sway our judgements from the investigation of knowledge, for what matter is it whether we follow many or few, so the truth be our guide? for we should not follow a multitude to do evil, and it is better to accompany verity single, than falsity and error with never so great a number. Neither is it fit that Authority (whether of Aristotle or any other) should enchain us, but that there may be a general freedome to try all things, and to hold fast that which is good, that so there might be a Philosophicall liberty to be bound to the authority of none but truth itself, then will men take pains, and arts will flourish" *Id.*, pp. 109-10

"If the comparison I use be thought too large, and the rule be put only as to the greater part of the Learned that are in Europe, yet it will hold good that the greatest part of the Learned are not to be adhered to because of their numerousness, nor that the rest are to be rejected because of their paucity. did not the greatest number of the Physicians in Europe altogether adhere to the Doctrine of Galen, though now in Germany, France, England, and many other

Nations, the most have exploded it? And was not the Aristotelian Philosophy embraced by the greatest part of all the Learned in Europe? And have not the Cartesians and others sufficiently now manifested the errors and imperfections of it? . . . So that, multitude, as multitude, ought not to lead or sway us, but truth itself . . . It is not safe nor rational to receive or adhere to an opinion because of its Antiquity nor to reject one because of its Novelty" *The Displaying of supposed Witchcraft*, p 14

"Especially since our never-sufficiently honoured Countryman Doctor Harvey discovered that wonderful secret of the bloods cunculary motion" *Acad Examen*, p 74

"Our learned and most industrious Anatomist Dr Harvey, who (notwithstanding the late cavils of some) first found forth and evidenced to the World that rare and profitable discovery of the Circulation of the blood" *The Displaying of supposed Witchcraft*, p 3

"Our learned Countryman Dr Fludd" *Acad Examen*, p 74

"Our Countryman Dr Flud, a person of much learning" *The Displaying of supposed Witchcraft*, p 319

"Secondly, they are as ignorant in the most admirable and soul-ravishing knowledge of the three great Hypostatical principles of nature, Salt, Sulphur, and Mercury, first mentioned by Basilus Valentinus, and afterwards clearly and evidently manifested by that miracle of industry and pains Theophrastus Paracelsus . . . . And though Helmont, with the experiments of his Gehemal fire and some other solid arguments, labour the labefaction of this truth, yet doth he not prove that they are not Hypostatical principles, but onely that they are not the ultimate reduction that the possibility of art can produce, which he truly proves to be water" *Acad Examen*, p 76

"The ancient Chymical Philosophers held that the matter out of which the Metals were generated, were Sulphur and Mercury, but Basilus Valentinus, Paracelsus, and the latter Chymists, have added Salt as a third" *Metallographia*, p 72 "Sometimes (and perhaps not untruly) they affirm the Metals to be generated of the element of Water, as Helmont, who proves not onely that metallick bodies, but also all other Concretes to have then rise from thence, and demonstrateth the immutability of elemental Water" *Id*, p 79 [78]

"Another is no less faulty and hurtful than the precedent, and that is their too much admiring of, and adhering to antiquity, or the judgement of men that lived in ages far removed from us, as though they had known all things, and left nothing for the discovery of those that came after in subsequent ages. . . . And indeed we

usually attribute knowledge and experience to men of the most years, and therefore these being the latter ages of the world should know more, for the grandevity of the world ought to be accounted for antiquity, and so to be ascribed to our times, and not to the Junior ago of the world, wherein those that we call the antients did live, so that *antiquitas sæculi, juvenus mundi.*" *Acad. Examen*, pp 93-4

"In regard of Natural Philosophy and the knowledge [*sic*] of the properties of created things, and the knowledge of them, we preposterously reckon former Ages, and the men that lived in them, the Ancients, which in regard of production and generation of the Individuals of their own Species are so, but in respect of knowledge and experience this Age is to be accounted the most ancient For as the learned Lord Bacon saith Indeed to speak truly, *Antiquitas sæculi, juvenus mundi*, Antiquity of time is the youth of the World Certainly our times are the ancient times, when the World is now ancient, and not those which we count ancient, *ordine retrogrado*, by a computation backward from our own times, and yet so much credit hath been given to old Authors as to invest them with the power of Dictators, that their words should stand, rather than admit them as Consuls to give advice" *The Displaying of supposed Witchcraft*, p 15.

It is certain, therefore, that John Webster the dramatist, and John Webster of Clitheroe, were different persons the former was a writer for the stage as early as 1601, the latter was not born till 1610, and died in 1682 \*

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\* See Whitaker's *Hist of Whalley and Clitheroe*, pp 235, 493, ed 1818 Dr Whitaker seems never to have suspected that Webster of Clitheroe, on whose learning and talents he bestows just praise, was the author of the *Academiae Examen*

I may notice that *A Declaration of the Lords and Commons*, dated July 6th, 1644, was put forth against a John Webster and others as "Incendiaries between the United Provinces and the Kingdom and Parliament of England," and that all the said "Incendiaries" were *merchants*



## ADDENDUM

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IN the prefatory remarks on *The White Devil* I have accidentally omitted to mention (what was obligingly communicated to me in a letter from Mr Jourdain de Gutwick, June 19th, 1852) that "it is taken from the Life of Sixtus V<sup>th</sup>, the husband of Vittoria being the nephew of the Pope"—Vide *Buogr Univ* sub "Accoramboni (Vignuc)" —in the same work, sub "Sixte Quint," is a reference to a publication, which I have not seen, entitled "*L'Histoire de Vittoria Accorambona*, 3<sup>e</sup> edition, par M Adry "





THE WHITE DEVIL;

OR,

VITTORIA COROMBONA.

*The White Devil, or the Tragedy of Paulo Cornaro Ursus Duke of Brachiano, With the Life and Death of Vittoria Corombona the famous Venetian Courtesan Acted by the Queens Maiesties Servants Written by John Webster Non inferiora secutus London, Printed by N O for Thomas Archer, and are to be sold at his Shop in Popes head Pallace, neere the Rowall Exchange 1612 4to*

*The White Devil, or, the Tragedy of Paylo Corniano Ursus Duke of Brachiano, With the Life, and Death, of Vittoria Corombona the famous Venetian Courtesan Acted by his divers times Acted, by the Queens Maiesties servants, at the Phoenix, in Drury lane Written by John Webster Non inferiora secutus London, Printed by I N for Hugh Perry, and are to be sold at his shop at the signe of the Harrow in Baitains burse 1631 4to*

There were also editions in 1667, and 1672, and in alteration of it by N Tate called *Injured Love, or the Cruel Husband*, appeared in 1707 It has been reprinted in the different editions of Dodsley's *Collection of Old Plays*, and in the *Ancient British Drama*

The reader who is familiar with original editions of our early poets will not be surprised to learn that some copies of the 4to of 1612 differ slightly in several places from other copies of the same edition a collation of my own copy with that in the Garrick collection (vol II 22) has furnished some various readings which I have given in the course of my notes such differences arose no doubt from alterations having been made in the text after a portion of the impression had been worked off\* I have not thought it necessary to set down every minute variation found in the 4tos of 1667 and 1672 as though they in several places rectify the errors of the two earliest 4tos they are comparatively of little authority The notes which have the names of Reed, Stevens, Gilchrist, and Collier attached to them, are taken from the second and third editions of Dodsley's *Collection of Old Plays*

In a rare volume of poetry *Trigrams theological, philosophical, and romantic, Six books, also the Socratick Session or the Arrangement and Contrition of Julius Scaurus, with other select Poems By S Sheppard, 1661, 8vo, are the following lines*

"On Mr Webster's most excellent Tragedy, called the White Devil

"Wee will no more admire I amperes,  
Nor praise the Tragicke strokes of Sophocles,  
For why † thou in this Tragedie hast fram'd  
All well worth that euen in them be nam'd  
How lively are thy persons fitted and  
How pretty are thy lines! thy Voices stand  
Like unto precious Jewels set in gold  
And give thy silent Prose I once was told  
By one well skill'd in Arts, he thought thy Play  
Was onely worthy Eune to beare away  
From all before it Brachianos III  
Murdering his Dutchesse both by thy rare skill  
Made him renown'd Flamenco such another,  
The Devils during Murtherer of his brother,  
His part most strange (given him to Act by thee)  
Doth gaine him Credit, and not Calumnie  
Vittoria Corombona, that fild Whore,  
Desp'ite Lucio weltring in his gore,  
Subtile Francisco all of them shall bee  
Crown'd it as Comets by Posteritie  
And thou meane time with never withering Byes  
Shalt Crowned bee by all that read thy Layes"

Lib V Epig 27, pp 133, 134

From *A Funeral Play on the death of the famous actor Richard Burbadge* (printed in Mr Collier's *Memoirs of the principal actors in the plays of Shakspeare*, p 52, ed Shakes Soc) we learn that the part of Brachiano in *The White Devil* was performed by Burbadge

\* This is also the case with the old copies of some other of our authors plays Gifford discovered similar variations in some of the early 4tos of *Missingen*, into his Introduction, p cii ed 181 see too the prefatory remarks to *Pauls Honors of the Garter* in my ed of his Works

† For why] i. e. Because, for the reason that

## TO THE READER.

IN publishing this tragedy, I do but challenge to myself that liberty which other men have taken before me: not that I affect praise by it, for *non hunc norimus esse nihil*,\* only, since it was acted in so dull a time of winter, presented in so † open and black a theatre, ‡ that it wanted (that which is the only grace and setting out of a tragedy), a full and understanding auditory, and that, since that time, I have noted most of the people that come to that play house resemble those ignorant asses, who, visiting stationers' shops, their use is not to inquire for good books, but new books, I present it to the general view with this confidence,—

*Nec ranchos metues malignorum,  
Nec scombris tunicas dabis molantes §*

If it be objected this is no true dramatic poem, I shall easily confess it, *non potes in nugas dicere plura meas ipse ego quam dixi* || Willingly, and not ignorantly, in this kind have I faulted for, should a man present to such an auditory the most sententious tragedy that ever was written, observing all the critical laws, as height of style, and gravity of person, enrich it with the sententious Chorus, and, as it were, given death in the passionate and weighty Nuntius, yet, after all this divine rapture, *O dura messorum terra*, ¶ the breath that comes from the uncapable multitude is able to poison it, and, ere it be acted, let the author resolve to fix to every scene this of Horace,

*Ille porcis hodie comedenda relinquet \*\**

To those who report I was a long time in finishing this tragedy, I confess, I do not write with a goose quill winged with two feathers, and if they will needs make it my fault, I must answer them with that of Euripides to Alcestides, †† a tragic writer Alcestides objecting that Euripides had only, in three days, composed three verses, whereas himself had written three hundred, "Thou tellest truth," quoth he, "but here's the difference,—thine shall only be read for three days, whereas mine shall continue three ages"

Detraction is the sworn friend to ignorance: for mine own part, I have ever truly cherished my good opinion of other men's worthy labours, especially of that full and heightened style of Master Chapman, the laboured and understanding works of Master Jonson, the no less worthy composesures of the both worthily excellent Master Beaumont and Master Fletcher, and lastly (without wrong last to be named), the right happy and copious industry of Master Shakespeare, Master Dekker, and Master Heywood, wishing what I write may be read by their light, protesting that, in the strength of mine own judgment, I know them so worthy, that though I rest silent in my own work, yet to most of theirs I dare (without flattery) fix that of Martial,

*Non norunt hęc momēta mori ††*

\* *Non hęc, &c* ] Martial, viii 2

† *dull a time of winter presented in so*] These words are found only in the 4to of 1612

‡ *black a theatre*] "I think we should read *black* i.e. vacant, unsupplied with articles necessary toward theatrical representation" STEEVENS—"Qy black?" MS note by Malone

§ *Nec ranchos, &c* ] Martial, iv 37

|| *non potes, &c* ] Martial viii 3

¶ *O dura, &c* ] Horace, Epod iii

\*\* *Hęc porcis &c* ] Epist I 7

†† *that of Euripides to Alcestides &c* ] "Itaque etiam quod Alcestidi tragico poetę [Euripides] respondit, probabile apud quem cum quireretur quod eo triduo non ultra tres versus maximo impensio labore deducere potuisset, atque 2880 centum perfacile scriptis proflaretur 'hęc hęc,' inquit, 'interest, quod tui in triduum tantummodo, mei vero in omne tempus sufficiunt'" Valerius Maximus, Lib iii 7,—where the word "Alcestidi" is very questionable

‡‡ *Non norunt, &c* ] x 2

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

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MONTICERVO, a cardinal afterwards Pope  
FRANCISCO DE MEDICI Duke of Florence  
BRACHIANO otherwise Paulo Giordano Orsini, Duke of Brachiano, husband to ISABELLA  
GIOVANNI, his son  
COUNT LUDOVICO  
CAMILLO husband to VITTORIA  
FLAMINIO, brother to VITTORIA, secretary to BRACHIANO  
MARCELO brother to VITTORIA, attendant on FRANCISCO DE MEDICI  
HORENSIO  
ANTONELLI  
GASPARO  
FARNESI  
CARLO  
PEDRO  
DORRÓN  
CONJURER  
JAWYER  
JAQUES  
JULIO  
CHRISTOPHERO

ISABELLA, sister to FRANCISCO DE MEDICI, wife to BRACHIANO  
VITTORIA CORONBONA married first to CAMILLO, afterwards to BRACHIANO  
CORNELIA, mother to VITTORIA  
ZANCK, a Moor, waiting woman to VITTORIA  
Matron of the House of Conventites

Ambassadors, Physicians, Officers Attendants, &c.

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*In mentem auctoris*  
*Scripsi tibi quid sit mulier, quo periclit oratio*  
*In tibi, & sapientia, cum sate, mille sales*  
J WILSON

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\* These lines are not found in the two earliest 4tos. In the 4to of 1665 they have the initials J W subjoined to them in that of 1672 they are signed J W Wilson

# THE WHITE DEVIL;

OR,

VITTORIA COROMBONA.

*Enter Count Lodovico,\* ANTONELLI, and GASPINO*

*Lod* Banish'd!

*Ant* It griev'd me much to hear the sentence

*Lod* Ha, ha! O Democritus, thy gods  
That govern the whole world 'countly reward  
And punishment Fortune's a right whore  
If she give aught, she deals it in small parcels,  
That she may take away all at one swoop &  
'Tis 'tis to have great enemies --God quit them!  
You wolf no longer seems to be a wolf  
Thou when she's hungry

*Gasp* You term those enemies  
Are men of princely rank

*Lod* O, I pray for them  
The violent thunder is mov'd by those  
Are push'd & in pieces by it

*Ant* Come, my lord,  
You are justly doom'd look but a little back  
Into your former life, you have in three years  
Run'd the noblest earldom

*Gasp* Your followers  
Have swallow'd you like mummies, and, being sick

With such unnatural and horrid physie,  
Vomit you up i'the kennel

*Ant* All the damnable degrees  
Of drinkings have you stagger'd through one  
citizen

Is lord of two fair manors call'd you master  
Only for wine

*Gasp* Those noblemen  
Which were invited to your prodigal feasts  
(Wherein the phoenix scarce could scape your  
throats)

Laugh at your misery, as fore-deeming you  
An idle meteor, which, drawn forth the earth,  
Would be soon lost i'the air

*Ant* Jest upon you,  
And say you were begotten in an earthquake,  
You have run'd such fair lordships.

*Lod* Very good  
This well goes with two buckets I must tend  
The pouring out of either

*Gasp* Worse than these,  
You have acted certain murders here in Rome,  
Bloody and full of horror

*Lod* 'Las, they were flea-bitings  
Why took they not my head, then?

*Gasp* O, my lord,  
The law doth sometimes mediate thinks it good  
Not even to steep violent sins in blood  
This gentle penance may both end your crimes,  
And in the example better these bad times

*Lod* So, but I wonder, then, some great men  
scapo

This banishment their's Paulo Giordano Ursini,

now consumeth Mummies is become merchandise, Miz-  
raim cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsams." *Ura Burial*, p. 28 ed 1658

\* *Enter Count Lodovico, &c* ] Scene Rome A street[']  
† *all at one swoop*] "So Shakespeare,

"Whit, all my pretty chickens and their dam,  
At one fell swoop." *Macbeth*, act iv sc 3. STEPHENS  
† *quit*] i.e. requite

§ *push'd*] The 4tos of 1665 and 1672 'dash' — The  
meaning of *push* and *dash* are thus rightly distinguished  
by Gifford "the latter signifies to throw one thing  
with violence against another the former, to strike a  
thing with such force as to crush it to pieces." Note on  
*Messinger's Virgin Martyr* act ii sc 2

|| *mummies*] The most satisfactory account of the  
different kinds of mummy formerly used in medicine,  
is to be found in a quotation from Hill's *Materia Medica*,  
in Johnson's Dictionary, v. *mummy*, to which I refer the  
reader — "The Egyptian mummies," says Sir Thomas  
Brown, "which Cambyases or time hath inspired, advance

The Duke of Brachiano, now lives in Rome,  
And by close panderism seeks to prostitute  
The honour of Vittoria Corombona,  
Vittoria, she that might have got my pardon  
For one kiss to the duke

*Ant* Have a full man within you  
We see that trees bear no such \* pleasant fruit  
There where they grew first as where they are  
now set

Perfumes, the more they are chaf'd, † the more  
they render

Their pleasing scents, and so affliction  
Expresseth virtue fully, whether true  
Or else adulterate

*Lod* Leave your painted comforts  
I'll make Italian cut-works ‡ in then guts,  
If over I remain

*Gasp* O, sir!

*Lod* I am patient

I have seen some ready to be executed  
Give pleasant looks and money, and grown familiar  
With the knave hangman so do I I thank  
them,

And would account them nobly merciful,  
Would they despatch me quickly

*Ant* Fare you well

We shall find time, I doubt not, to repeal  
Your banishment

*Lod* I am ever bound to you  
This is the world's alms, pray, make use of it  
Great men sell sheep thus to be cut in pieces,  
When first they have shorn them bare and sold  
their fleeces

[*Exeunt*

*Scenet § Enter BRACHIANO, || CAMILLO FLAMINIO,  
VITTORIA COROMBONA, and Attendants*

*Brach* Your best of rest!

*Vit Cor* Unto my lord, the duke,

The best of welcome!—More lights! attend the  
duke

[*Recount CAMILLO and VITTORIA COROMBONA*

*Brach* Flaminio,—

*Flam* My lord?

*Brach* Quite lost, Flaminio

*Flam* Pursue your noble wishes, I am prompt  
As lightning to your service O, my lord,  
The fair Vittoria, my happy sister, [*Whisper*—  
Shall give you present audience—Gentlemen,  
Let the caroch go on, and 'tis his pleasure  
You put out all your torches, and depart

[*Recount Attendants*,

*Brach* Are we so happy?

*Flam* Can't be otherwise?

Observ'd you not to night, my honour'd lord,  
Which way so'er you went, she threw her eyes?  
I have dealt already with her chamber-maid,  
Zauche the Moor, and she is wondrous proud  
To be the agent for so high a spirit

*Brach* We are happy above thought, because  
'bove merit

*Flam* 'Bove merit!—we may now talk freely  
—'bove merit! What is't you doubt? her coy-  
ness? that's but the superficial of lust most  
women have yet why should ladies blush to  
hear that named which they do not fear to  
handle? O, they are politic they know our desire  
is increased by the difficulty of enjoying, whereas  
satiety is a blunt, weary, and drowsy passion \*  
If the battery hatch at court stood continually  
open, there would be nothing so passionate  
crowding, nor hot suit after the beverage

*Brach* O, but her jealous husband

*Flam* Hang him! a gelder that hath his brains  
perished with quick silver is not more cold in the  
liver the great barriers moulted not more  
feathers † than he hath shed hairs, by the con-  
fession of his doctor an Irish gambster that will  
play himself naked, ‡ and then wage all downwards  
at hazard, is not more venturous so unable to

\* whereas satiety is a blunt, weary, and drowsy passion  
"Fie on this satiate, 'tis a dull, blunt weary, and drowsy  
passion" Marston's *Parasitaster* or the *Tawney*, 1606,  
Sig. F 4

† the great barriers moulted not more feathers " " " e  
more feathers were not dislodged from the helmets of  
the combatants at the great tilting match " *STEEVENSON*

‡ an Irish gambster that will play himself naked " *Bar-*  
*naby Rhee* in his *New Description of Ireland* 1610, p. 38,  
says, "There is (I e in Ireland) a certain brotherhood,  
called by the name of *Karroses* and these be common  
gambsters, that do only exercise playing at cards, and  
they will play away their mantles and their shirts from  
their backs, and when they have nothing left them, they  
will truss themselves in straw this is the life they lead,  
and from this they will not be reclaimed " *REED*

\* such] Some copies of the 4to of 1612 "sweet"

† *Perfumes, the more they are chaf'd, &c*] Compare Lord  
Bacon's *Essays* "Certainly virtue is like precious odours  
most fragrant when they are incensed or crushed, for  
prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth  
best discover virtue" *Of Adversity*

Our author in *The Duchess of Malfi* has—

"Man, like to cresset, is prov'd best, being brul'd"

Act III sc 5

‡ cut-works] Todd, in his additions to Johnson's *Dic-*  
*tionary*, wrongly explains *cutwork* to be "work in em-  
broidery" it is a kind of open work, made by cutting  
out or stamping

§ *Scenet*] i o a particular sounding of trumpets or  
cornets, not a flourish, as it has sometimes been ex-  
plained.—In the 4tos this portion of the stage-direction  
is put on the margin opposite the preceding speech of  
Lodovico, and given thus "Enter Senate"

|| *Enter Brachiano, &c*] Scene The same An outer  
apartment in Camillo's house.

ple use a woman, that, like a Dutch doublet, all his back is shrunk into his breeches  
Shrowd you within this closet, good my lord  
Some trick now must be thought on to divide  
My brother in law from his fair bed-fellow

*Brach* O, should she fail to come?

*Flam* I must not have your lordship thus unwisely amorous I myself have loved a lady, and pursued her with a great deal of unregretted protestation, whom some three or four gullants that have enjoyed would with all their hearts have been glad to have been rid of 'tis just like a summer bud-cage in a garden, the birds that are without despair to get in, and the birds that are within despair, and are in a consumption, for fear they shall never get out. Away, away, my lord!

[*Exit BRACHIANO*]

See, here he comes This fellow by his apparel  
Some men would judge a politician,  
But eil his wit in question, you shall find it  
Merely an ass in's foot cloth \*

*Re enter CAMILLO †*

How now, brother!

What, travelling to bed to your kind wife?

*Cam* I assure you, brother, no my voyages lies  
More northerly, in a far colder climate  
I do not well remember, I protest,  
When I last lay with her

*Flam* Strange you should lose your count

*Cam* We never lay together, but ere morning  
Thereto grew a flaw ‡ between us

*Flam* 'Thad been your part  
To have made up that flaw

*Cam* True, but she loathes  
I should be seen in't

*Flam* Why, sir, what's the matter?

*Cam* Tho duke your master visits me, I thank him,

And I perceive how, like an earnest bowler,  
He very passionately leans that way  
He should have his bowl run

\* in's foot cloth) i.e. in his housings. See notes of the commentators on Shakespeare's *Richard III* Act III sc 4

† *Re enter Camillo*] It is hardly possible to mark with any certainty the stage business of this play. Though Brachiano, who has just withdrawn into a "closet," appears again at p. 9 when Flamenco calls him—it would seem that the audience were to imagine that a change of scene took place here,—to another apartment of the house (at p. 8 Flamenco says, "Sister, my lord attends you in the banquetting-house") In our author's days there was no painted movable scenery, and consequently a great deal was left to the imagination of the spectators

‡ *flaw* 'Flaw' anciently signified a *gust*, or *blast* [—a sense in which it is still used by seamen —D] it here means a quarrel "REED

*Flam* I hope you do not think—

*Cam* That noblemen bowl booty? faith, his cheek

Hath a most excellent bias,\* it would fain  
Jump with my mistress

*Flam* Will you be an ass,  
Despite your† Aristotle? or a cuckold,  
Contrary to your Ephemerides,  
Which shows you under what a smiling planet  
You were first swaddled?

*Cam* Few wew, sir, tell not me  
Of planets nor of Ephemerides  
A man may be made a cuckold in the day-time,  
When the stars' eyes are out

*Flam* Sir, God bless you ‡  
I do commit you to your pitiful pillow  
Stuff'd with horn-shavings

*Cam* Brother,—

*Flam* God refuse me,§  
Might I advise you now, your only course  
Were to lock up your wife

*Cam* Twere very good

*Flam* Bar her the sight of revellers

*Cam* Excellent

*Flam* Let her not go to church, but like a hound  
In lyam|| at your heels

*Cam* 'Twere for her honour

*Flam* And so you should be certain in one  
fortnight,

Despite her chastity or innocence,  
To be cuckolded, which yet is in suspense  
Thus is my counsel, and I ask no fee for't

*Cam* Come, you know not where my night cap  
wings me

*Flam* Were it o' the old fashion, let your

\* faith, his cheek  
Hath a most excellent bias] "So in *Troilus and Cressida*,  
Act IV s 5,

'Blow, villain, till thy spher'd bias cheek

Out swell the coils of lust! Aquilon " REED

† you] Both the earliest eds "you"

‡ God bless you] In the 4tos (as it is frequently spelt in old plays) "God bless you"

§ God refuse me] A fashionable imprecation at the time this play was written "would so in my case," says Taylor the water poet, "in their desperate madness desire God to Damn them to Renounce them to forsake them, to Confound them, to Sink them, to Refuse them?" "*Against Curious and Swearing*," Works, 1630, p. 45 Compare also Middleton's *Family of Love*

"My P And what do they swear by, now their money is gone"

Club Why, by

), and God refuse them "

|| *lyam*, n 122, ed Dyce  
(In the passage just quoted the old copy has a break between brackets as given here)

|| *lyam*] All the 4tos have "*Leon*", which Steevens (as he well might) suspected to be an error of the press for *leam* (or *lyam*), i.e. leish



large ears come through, it will be more easy — nay, I will be biter — bar your wife of her entertainment women are more willingly and more gloriously chaste, when they are least restrained of their liberty. It seems you would be a fine capricious mathematically jealous coxcomb, take the height of your own horns with a Jacob's staff, afore they are up. These politic inclosures for paltzy mutton make more rebellion in the flesh than all the provocative elcetrinary doctors have uttered \* since last jubilee.

*Cam* This doth not physic me.

*Flam* It seems you are jealous. I'll show you the error of it by a familiar example. I have seen a pair of spectacles fashioned with such perspective ut, that, lay down but one twelve pence o' the board, 'twill appear as if there were twenty now, should you wear a pair of these spectacles, and see your wife tying her shoe, you would imagine twenty hands were taking up of your wife's clothes, and this would put you into a horrible causeless fury.

*Cam* The fault there, sir, is not in the eye sight.

*Flam* True, but they that have the yellow jaundice think all objects they look on to be yellow †. Jealousy is worse — her fit present to a man, like so many bubbles in a basin of water, twenty several crabbed faces, many times makes his own shadow his cuckold maker. See, she comes.

*Re-enter VITTORIA COROMBONA.*

What reason have you to be jealous of this creature? what an ignorant ass or flattering knave might he be counted, that should write sonnets to her eyes, or call her brow the snow of Ida or ivory of Cornith, or compare her hair to the black bird's bill, when 'tis liker the black bird's feather! This is all too wise, I will make you friends, and you shall go to bed together. Marry, look you, it shall not be your seeking, do you stand upon that by any means walk you aloof, I would not have you seen in t. [*CAMILLO retires*] Sister, my lord attends you in the banquetting house. Your husband is wondrous discontented.

*Vit Cam* I did nothing to displease him. I carved to him at supper time ‡.

\* uttered † i e vended

† — they that have the yellow jaundice think all objects they look on to be yellow. "This thought is adopted by Pope.

"All seems infected that th' infected spy,

As all looks yellow to the jaundiced eye." STEEVENS. So also Flecknoe, "As all things seem yellow to those infected with the jaundice, so all things seem of the colour of her suspicions." *Emblematical Characters*, 1665, p. 56.

‡ I carved to him at supper time. Boswell, in a note on

*Flam* You need not have carved him, in faith, they say he is a capon already. I must now seemingly fall out with you. Shall a gentleman so well descended as Camillo, — a honest slave, that within this twenty years rode with the black guard \* in the duke's carriage, 'mongst spits and dripping-pans, —

*Cam* Now he begins to tickle her.

*Flam* An excellent scholar, — one that hath a head filled with calves brains without any sage in them, — come crouching in the luns to you for a night's lodging? — that hath an itch in's ham, which like the fire at the glass house hath not gone out this seven years — is he not a comely gentleman? — when he wears white satin, one would take him by his black muzzel to be no other creature than a maggot — You are a goodly fool, I confess, well set out — but covered with a false stone, you counterfeit diamond †.

*Cam* He will make her know what is in me.

*Flam* Count, my lord attends you, thou shalt go to bed to my lord —

*Cam* Now he comes to t.

*Flam* With a relish as curious as a vintner going to taste new wine — I am opening your case hard. [*To CAMILLO*]

*Cam* A virtuous brother, o' my credit!

*Flam* He will give thee a ring with a philosopher's stone in it.

*Cam* Indeed, I am studying alchemy.

*Flam* Thou shalt lie in a bed stuffed with turtles' feathers, swoon in perfumed linen, like the fellow was smothered in roses. So perfect shall be thy happiness, thit, as men at sea think

Shakespeare's *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act I. sc. 3 (where I am confident, the word "capers" is not used in its common acceptation), quotes the present passage of Webster and observes, "it seems to have been considered as a mark of kindness when a lady carved to a gentleman." In *The Returne from Parnassus*, 1600, Sir Radenck says, "what do men marry for, but to stocke their ground and to live here to look to the hinnen, sit at the upper end of the table, and carver up a capon?" Sig. F. 2.

\* the black guard] i e the meanest drudges in royal residences and great houses, who rode in the vehicles which carried the furniture and domestic utensils from mansion to mansion. See Gifford's note, *Ben Jonson's Works*, vol. II. p. 169.

† but covered with a false stone, you counterfeit diamond.] So some copies of the 4to of 1612, other copies "but cover with a false stone your counterfeit diamond." the 4to of 1631, "but covered with a false stone you counterfeit diamond." the 4to of 1665 has the reading of some of the copies of that of 1612, followed in my text. the 4to of 1672 agrees with that of 1611. — The full meaning appears to be, "but [you, the goodly fool, are] covered with a false stone, [i e your husband Camillo,] you counterfeit diamond."

land and trees and ships go that way they go, so both heaven and earth shall seem to go your voyage. Shall't meet him, 'tis fixed with nails of diamonds to inevitable necessity.

*Vit Cor* How shall's rid him hence?

*Flam* I will put [the] brace on's tail,—set him gadding presently —[*To CAMILLO*] I have almost wrought her to it, I find her coming but, might I advise you now, for this night I would not lie with her, I would cross her humour to make her more humble.

*Cam* Shall I, shall I?

*Flam* It will show in you a supremacy of judgment.

*Cam* True, and a mind differing from the tumultuary opinion, for, *que negata, grata*.

*Flam* Right you are the adamant\* shall draw her to you, though you keep distance off.

*Cam* A philosophical reason.

*Flam* Walk by her on the nobleman's fashion and tell her you will lie with her at the end of the progress†.

*Cam* [coming forward] Vittoria, I cannot be induced, or, as a man would say, invited—

*Vit Cor* To do what, sir?

*Cam* To lie with you to-night. Your silk worm useth to fast every third day, and the next following spins the better. To-morrow at night I am for you.

*Vit Cor* You'll spin a fair thread, trust to't.

*Flam* But, do you hear, I shall have you steal to her chamber about midnight.

*Cam* Do you think so? why, look you, brother, because you shall not think I'll gull you, take the key, lock me into the chamber, and say you shall be sure of me.

*Flam* In troth, I will, I'll be your galei once. But have you ne'er a false lock?

*Cam* A pox on't, as I am a Christian. Tell me to-morrow how scurvily she takes my unkind parting.

*Flam* I will.

*Cam* Didst thou not mark‡ the jest of the silk worm? Good night. In faith, I will use this trick often.

*Flam* Do, do, do. [*Exit CAMILLO, and FLAMINIO locks the door on him*] So now you are safe—Ha, ha! thou outangl'st thyself in

thine own work like a silk worm\*—Come, sister, darkness hides your blush. Women are like civilt dogs civility† keeps them tied all day time, but they are let loose at midnight, then they do most good, or most mischief—My lord, my lord!

*Re-enter BRACHIANO* ZANCHE brings out a carpet, spreads it, and lays on it two fair cushions.

*Brach* Give credit I could wish time would stand still,

And never end this interview, this hour  
But all delight doth itself soonst devour.

*Enter CORNELIA behind, listening*

Let me into your bosom, happy lady,  
Pour out, instead of eloquence, my vows  
Loose me not, madam, for, if you forgo me,  
I am lost eternally.

*Vit Cor* Sir, in the way of pity,  
I wish you heart whole.

*Brach* You are a sweet physician.

*Vit Cor* Sure, sir, a loathed cruelty in ladies  
Is as to doctors many funerals,  
It takes away their credit.

*Brach* Excellent creature!  
We call the cruel fair—what name for you  
That art so merciful?

*Zan* See, now they close.

*Flam* Most happy union.

*Cor* My fears are fall'n upon me. O, my heart!  
My son the powder! now I find our house  
Sinking to ruin. Earthquakes leave behind,  
Where they have tyranniz'd, non, lead,‡ or stone,  
But, woe to ruin, violent lust leaves none!

*Brach* What value is this jewel?

*Vit Cor* 'Tis the ornament  
Of a weak fortune.

*Brach* In sooth, I'll have it, nay, I will but  
change.

My jewel for your jewel.

*Flam* Excellent!

His jewel for her jewel—well put in, duke.

*Brach* Nay, let me see you wear it.

*Vit Cor* Here, sir!

*Brach* Nay, lower, you shall wear my jewel  
lower.

*Flam* That's better, she must wear his jewel  
lower.

\* thou entanglest thyself in thine own work like a silk-worm] 'Thus Pope,

'The silk worm thus spins sine his little store,

And throuns till he clouds himself all over.' STEEVENS

† civility] The 4to. of 1631, 'cruelty.'

‡ lead] The 4to. of 1612, 'or lead.'

\* adamant] i. e. magnet.

† the progress] i. e. the travelling of the sovereign and count to different parts of the kingdom.

‡ mark] So the 4to. of 1672—The earlier 4tos. "make."

*Vit Cor* To pass away the time, I'll tell you  
grace

A dream I had last night

*Brach* Most wishedly

*Vit Cor* A foolish tale dream

Methought I walk'd about the mid of night  
Into a church yard, where a goodly yew tree  
Spread her large root in ground Under that yew,  
As I sat sadly leaning on a grave  
Chequer'd with cross sticks, there came stealing  
in

Your duchess and my husband one of them  
A pack-re hore, the other a rusty spade,  
And in rough terms they gan to challenge me  
About this yew

*Brach* That tree?

*Vit Cor* This harmless yew

They told me my intent was to root up  
That well grown yew, and plant in the stead of it  
A wither'd black thorn, and for that they vow'd  
To bury me alive My husband strught  
With pick axe gan to dig, and your fell duchess  
With shovel, like a Friar, voided out  
The earth, and scatter'd bones Lord, how,  
methought,

I trembled! and yet, for all this terror,  
I could not pray

*Flam* No, the devil was in your dream

*Vit Cor* When to my rescue there arose, me  
thought,

A whirlwind, which let fall a massy urn  
From that strong plant,  
And both were struck dead by that sacred yew,  
In that base shallow grave that was their due

*Flam* Excellent devil! she hath taught him in  
a dream

To make away his duchess and her husband

*Brach* Sweetly shall I interpret this your  
dream

You are lodg'd within his arms who shall protect  
you

From all the fevers of a jealous husband,  
From the pool envy of our phlegmatic duchess  
I'll seat you above law, and above scandal,  
Give to your thoughts the invention of delight,  
And the fruition, nor shall government  
Divide me from you longer than a cue  
To keep you great you shall to me at once  
Be dukedom, health, wife, children, friends, and  
all

*Cor* [coming forward] Woe to light hearts,  
they still fore run our fall!

*Flam* What Fury rais'd thee up!—Away,  
away!

[Exit ZANCHE]

*Cor* What make you here, my lord, this dead  
of night?

Never dropp'd mildew on a flower here  
Till now

*Flam* I pray, will you go to bed, then,  
Lest you be blasted?

*Cor* O, that this fair garden  
Had with \* all poison'd herbs of Thessaly  
At first been plant'd, made a nursery  
For witchcraft, rather than † a burial plot  
For both your honours!

*Vit Cor* Dearest mother, hear me

*Cor* O, thou dost make my brow bend to the  
earth,

Sooner than nature! See, the curse of children! In  
life they keep us frequently in tears,  
And in the cold grave leave us in pale fears

*Brach* Come, come, I will not hear you

*Vit Cor* Dear, my lord,—

*Cor* Where is thy duchess now, adulterous  
duke?  
Thou little dreamst this night she is come to  
Rome

*Flam* How! come to Rome!

*Vit Cor* The duchess!

*Brach* She had been better—

*Cor* The lives of princes should like dials move,  
Whose regular example is so strong,

They make the times by them go right or wrong

*Flam* So, have you done?

*Cor* Unfortunate Camillo!

*Vit Cor* I do protest, if any chaste denial,  
If any thing but blood could have allay'd  
His long suit to me—

*Cor* I will join with thee,  
To the most woeful end ever mother kneel'd  
If thou dishonour thus thy husband's bed,  
Be thy life short as are the funeral tears  
In great men's—

*Brach* Fie, fie, the woman's mad

*Cor* Be thy act, Judas like,—betray in kissing  
Myst thou be envied during his short breath,  
And pitied like a wretch after his death!

*Vit Cor* O mo accus'd! [Exit]

*Flam* Are you out of your wits, my lord?  
I'll fetch her back again

*Brach* No, I'll to bed  
Send Doctor Julio to me presently—  
Uncharitable woman! thy rash tongue  
Hath rais'd a fearful and prodigious storm  
Be thou the cause of all ensuing harm [Exit]

\* *with*] Omitted in both the earliest 4tos.

† *than*] Omitted in both the earliest 4tos

*Flam* Now, you that stand so much upon your honour,

Is this a fitting time o' night, think you,  
To send a duke home without e'er a man?  
I would fain know where lies the mass of wealth  
Which you have hoarded for my maintenance,  
That I may bear my beard out of the level  
Of my lord's stirrup

*Cor* What! because we are poor  
Shall we be vicious?

*Flam* Pray, what means have you  
To keep me from the galleys or the galleys?  
My father prov'd himself a gentleman,  
Sold all's land, and, like a fortunate fellow,  
Died ere the money was spent You brought  
me up

At Padua, I confess, where, I protest,  
For want of means (the university judge me)  
I have been fain to heel my tutor's stockings,  
At least seven years conspiring with a beard,  
Made me a graduate, then to this duke's service  
I visited the court, whence I returned  
More courteous, more lecherous by far,  
But not a suit the richer and shall I,  
Having a path so open and so free  
To my preferment, still return your milk  
In my pale forehead? no, this face of mine  
I'll arm, and fortify with lusty wine,  
Against shame and blushing

*Cor* O, that I neer had borne thee!

*Flam* So would I,  
I would the common'st courtesan in Rome  
Had been my mother, rather than thyself  
Nature is very pitiful to whores,  
To give them but few children, yet those children  
Plurality of fathers they are sure  
They shall not want Go, go,  
Complains unto my great lord cardinal  
Yet\* may be he will justify the act  
Lyeurgs wonder'd much men would provide  
Good stallions for their wives and yet would  
suffer

Then sin wives to be barren

*Cor* Misery of miseries! [*Exit*]

*Flam* The duchess come to court! I like not  
that

We are engag'd to mischief, and must on  
As rivers to find out the ocean  
Flow with crook bendings beneath forced banks,  
Or as we see, to aspire some mountain's top,  
The way ascends not straight, but imitates  
The subtle foldings of a winter's† snake,

So who knows policy and her true aspect,  
Shall find her ways winding and indirect [*Exit*]

*Enter FRANCISCO DE MEDICIS,\* Cardinal MONTICELLO,  
MARCELLO, ISABELLA, young GIOVANNI, with little  
JAQUES the Monk*

*Fran de Med* Have you not seen your husband  
since you arriv'd?

*Isab* Not yet, sir

*Fran de Med* Surely he is wondrous† kind  
If I had such a dove house as Canullo's,  
I would set fire on't, were it but to destroy  
The pole cats that haunt to it—My sweet cousin I  
*Gior* Lord uncle, you did promise me a horse  
And armour

*Fran de Med* That I did, my pretty cousin—  
Marcello, see it fitted

*Mw* My lord, the duke is here

*Fran de Med* Sister, away! you must not yet  
be seen

*Isab* I do beseech you,  
Entreat him mildly, let not your rough tongue  
Set us at louder variance all my wrongs  
Are freely pardon'd, and I do not doubt,  
As men, to try the precious unicorn's horn,‡  
Make of the powder a preservative cure,  
And in it put a spider, so these arms  
Shall charm his poison, force it to obeying,  
And keep him chaste from an infected straying

*Fran de Med* I wish it may Be gone, void  
the chamber

[*Exeunt ISABELLA, GIOVANNI and JAQUES*]

*Enter BRACHIA O and LAMINIO*

You are welcome will you sit?—I pray, my lord,  
Be you my orator, my heart's too full,  
I'll second you anon

*Mont* Ere I begin,

Let me entreat your grace forgo all passion,  
Which may be raised by my free discourse

*Brach* As silent as the church you may  
proceed

*Mont* It is a wonder to your noble friends,  
That you, having,§ as 'twere, enter'd the world  
With a free sceptre in your able hand,

\* *Inter Francisco de Medicis, &c.] Scene—The same.  
A room in Francisco's palace*

† *wondrous]* The 4to of 1631 "wonderful"

‡ *unicorn's horn]* "The substance vendid is such used  
to be esteemed a counter poison Andria Ricci a  
physician of Florence, affirms the pound of 16 ounces to  
have been sold in the apothecaries' shops for 16 crowns  
when the same weight of gold was only worth 14  
crowns" Chambers's *Diet* See also Sir Thomas Brown's  
*Vulgar Errors* B 3 C 22" R. 1111

§ *having]* So all the 4tos except that of 1612, which has  
"have"

\* *Yet]* The 4to of 1631 "at"

† *winter's]* The 4to of 1631 "winter"

And to the use of nature \* well applied  
 High gifts of learning, should in your prime age  
 Neglect your awful throne for the soft down  
 Of an insatiate bed O, my lord,  
 The drunkard after all his lavish cups  
 Is dry, and then is sober so at length,  
 When you awake from this lascivious dream,  
 Repentance then will follow, like the sting  
 Plac'd in the adder's tail † Wretched no princes  
 When fortune blasteth but a petty flower  
 Of their unwieldy crowns, or ravisheth  
 But one pearl from their sceptres ‡ but, alas,  
 When they to wilful shipwreck lose good fame,  
 All princely titles perish with their name †

*Brach* You have said, my lord

*Mont* Enough to give you taste

How far I am from fluttering your greatness

*Brach* Now you that are his second, what say  
 you?

Do not like young hawks fetch a course about  
 Your game flies fast and for you

*Fran de Med* Do not fear it

I'll answer you in your own hawking phrase  
 Some eagles that should gaze upon the sun  
 Seldom soar high, but take their lustful ease,  
 Since they from dunghill birds their prey can seize  
 You know Vittoria!

*Brach* Yes

*Fran de Med* You shift your shirt there,  
 When you retire from tennis?

*Brach* Happily §

*Fran de Med* Her husband is lord of a poor  
 fortune,

Yet she wears cloth of tissue

*Brach* What of this?

Will you urge that, my good lord cardinal,  
 As part of her confession at next shrift,  
 And know from whence it sails?

*Fran de Med* She is your strumpet

*Brach* Uncivil sir, there's hemlock in thy  
 breath,

And that black slander Were she a whore of  
 mine,

All thy loud cannons, and thy borrow'd Switzers,||

\* And to the use of nature, &c.] All the 4tos "And  
 have to the use of nature" &c. I have omitted "have"  
 as unnecessary, rather than alter it to *having*, which  
 the sense requires

† Repentance then will follow, like the sting

Plac'd in the adder's tail.] † So Thomson says,

'Amid the roses fierce repentance rears

Her snaky crest'

spring, l. 992 "REED

‡ sceptres] The 4to of 1612 "scepter"

§ Happily] Is frequently, as here, used for *happily* by  
 our old writers

|| borrow'd Switzers] "The early dramatists appear to

Thy galleys, nor thy sworn confederates,  
 Durst not supplant her

*Fran de Med* Let's not talk on thunder

Thou hast a wife, our sister would I had given  
 Both her white hands to death, bound and lock'd  
 fast

In her last winding sheet, when I gave thee  
 But one!

*Brach* Thou hadst given a soul to God, then

*Fran de Med* Time

Thy ghostly father, with all's absolution,  
 Shall ne'er do so by thee

*Brach* Spit thy poison

*Fran de Med* I shall not need, lust carries  
 her sharp whip

At her own girdle Look to it, for our anger  
 Is making thunder bolts

*Brach* Thunder! in fath,

They are but crickets

*Fran de Med* We'll end this with the cannon

*Brach* Thoult get naught by it but iron in  
 thy wounds,

And gunpowder in thy nostrils

*Fran de Med* Better that,

Than change perfumes for plasters

*Brach* Pity on thee

'Twere good you'd show your slaves or men con-  
 demn'd

Your new plough'd \* forehead defiance † and I'll  
 meet thee,

Even in a thicket of thy ablest men

*Mont* My lords, ‡ you shall not word it any  
 further

Without a middle limit

*Fran de Med* Willingly,

*Brach* Have you proclaim'd a triumph, that  
 you but

A hon thus?

*Mont* My lord!

*Brach* I am tame, I am tame, sir

*Fran de Med* We send unto the duke for con-  
 ference

'Bout levies against the pirates, my lord duke  
 Is not at home we come ourselves in person,  
 Still my lord duke is busied But we fear,

have delighted in making themselves merry with the  
 Swiss mercenaries whose poverty, perhaps, rather than  
 their natural inclination, induced them to lend their  
 military services to their wealthy and contending neigh-  
 bours, till, as Osborn cleverly expresses it, 'they be-  
 came the cudgels with which the rest of the world dul  
 upon all occasions but one another' (431 Edit 1682)'

O Circumst

\* plough'd] Spelt in all the 4tos 'plow'd' Qy  
 "plum'd"

‡ lords] The 4to of 1631 "lord"

When Tiber to each prowling passenger  
Discovers flocks of wild ducks, then, my lord,  
'Bout moulting time I mean, we shall be certain  
To find you sure enough, and speak with you  
*Brach* Ha!

*Fran de Med* A mere tale of a tub, my words  
are idle,

But to express the sonnet by natural reason,—  
When stags grow melancholic, you'll find the  
season

*Mont* No more, my lord here comes a  
champion  
Shall end the difference between you both,—

*Re-enter GIOVANNI*

Your son, the prince Giovanni See, my lords,  
What hopes you store in him this is a casket  
For both your crowns, and should be held like  
dear

Now is he apt for knowledge, therefore know,  
It is a more direct and even way  
To train to virtue those of princely blood  
By examples than by precepts if by example,  
Whom should he rather strive to imitate  
Than his own father? be his pattern, then,  
Leave him a stock of virtue that may last,  
Should fortune rend his souls and split his mast

*Brach* Your hind, boy growing to a soldier?

*Giov* Give me a pike

*Fran de Med* What, practising your pike so  
young, for war?

*Giov* Suppose me one of Homer's frogs, my  
lord,

Tossing my bull rush thus Pray, sir, tell me,  
Might not a child of good discretion  
Be leader to an army?

*Fran de Med* Yes, cousin, a young prince  
Of good discretion might

*Giov* Say you so?

Indeed, I have heard, 'tis fit a general  
Should not endanger his own person oft,  
So that he make a noise when he's o' horse  
back,

Like a Dansk† drummer,—O, 'tis excellent! —  
He need not fight —methinks his horse is well  
Might lead an army for him If I live,  
I'll charge the French foe in the very front  
Of all my troops, the foremost man

*Fran de Med* What, what?

*Giov* And will not bid my soldiers up and  
follow,  
But bid them follow me

*Brach* Forward lap wing! \*  
He flies with the shell on's head

*Fran de Med* Pretty cousin!

*Giov* The first year, uncle, that I go to war,  
All prisoners that I take I will set free  
Without their ransom

*Fran de Med* Ha, without then ransom!  
How, then, will you reward your soldiers  
That took those prisoners for you?

*Giov* Thus, my lord,  
I'll marry them to all the wealthy widows  
That fall that year

*Fran de Med* Why, then, the next year  
following,

You'll have no men to go with you to war

*Giov* Why, then, I'll press the women to the war,  
And then the men will follow

*Mont* Witty prince!

*Fran de Med* See, a good habit makes a child  
a man,

Whereas a bad one makes a man a beast  
Come, you and I are friends

*Brach* Most wishedly,  
Take bones which, broke in sunder, and well set,  
Knit the more strongly

*Fran de Med* Call Camillo hither

[*Exit MARCELLO*]

You have receiv'd the rumour, how Count Lodo-  
wick

Is bound captive?

*Brach* Yes

*Fran de Med* We are now preparing  
Some ships to fetch him in Behold your  
duchess

We now will leave you, and expect from you  
Nothing but kind entreaty

*Brach* You have charm'd me

[*Enter FRANCESCO DE MEDICIS, MONTEFALCO,  
and GIOVANNI FLAMINIO attend*]

*Re-enter ISABELLA*

You are in health, we see

*Isab* And above health,  
To see my lord well

*Brach* So I wonder much  
What amorous whirlwind hurried you to Rome

*Isab* Devotion, my lord

*Brach* Devotion!

Is your soul charg'd with my grievous sin?

*Isab* 'Tis burden'd with too many, and I think,

\* Forward lap wing!

He flies with the shell on's head] "So Horatio says in  
*Hamlet*, A. 5. S. 2. 'Thus lap wing runs away with the  
shell on his head' See Mr Stevens's note thereon"

REED

\* a] Omitted in the 4to of 1612

† Dansk] i. e. Danish

The oftener that we cast our reckonings up,  
Our sleeps will be the sounder

*Brach* Take your chamber

*Isab* Nay, my dear lord, I will not have you  
angry

Doth not my absence from you, now \*two months,  
Merit one kiss?

*Brach* I do not use to kiss

If that will dispossess your jealousy,  
I'll swear it to you

*Isab* O my lov'd lord,

I do not come to chide my jealousy!

I am † to learn what that Italian means.

You are as welcome to these longing arms

As I to you a virgin

*Brach* O, your breath!

Out upon sweet meats and continual physie,—  
The plague is in them!

*Isab* You have oft, for these two lips,  
Neglected casin or the natural sweets  
Of the spring violet they are not yet much  
wither'd

My lord, I should be merry these your frowns

Show in a helmet lovely, but on me,

In such a peaceful interview, methinks

They are too too roughly knit

*Brach* O, dissemblance!

Do you bandy factions 'gainst me? have you learnt  
The trick of impudent baseness, to complon  
Unto your kindred?

*Isab* Never, my dear lord

*Brach* Must I be hunted ‡ out? or wast your  
trick

To meet some amorous gallant here in Rome,

That must supply our discontinuance?

*Isab* I pray, sir, burst § my heart, and in my  
death

Turn to your ancient pity, though not love

*Brach* Because your brother is the corpulent  
duke,

That is, the great duke, death, I shall not shortly

Racket away five hundred crowns at tennis,

But it shall rest upon record! I scorn him

Like a shav'd Polack ¶ all his reverend wit

Lies in his wardrobe, he's a discreet fellow

\* now] Omitted in the two earliest 4tos

am] The 4to of 1612 "come"

hunted] The three earliest 4tos "haunted"

§ burst] 1 o break

¶ shav'd Polack] "1 e Polander See the Notes of  
Mr Pope Dr Johnson Mr Steevens, on *Hamlet*, A 1  
8 1 In Morison's *Inventory* 1617, pt 3 p 170 it is  
said, 'The Polonians shave all their heads close, except-  
ing the hure of the forehead, which they nourish very  
long, and cast backe to the hinder part of the head'"

RRED

When he is made up in his robes of state  
Your brother, the great duko, because h's  
galleys,

And now and then ransacks a Turkish fly-boat,

(Now all the hellish Furies tike his soul!)

First made this match accus'd be the priest  
That sang the wedding mass, and ovon my  
issue!

*Isab* O, too too far you have curs'd!

*Brach* Your hand I'll kiss,

This is the latest ceremony of my love

Henceforth I'll never lie with thee, by this,

This wedding ring, I'll no'er more lie with thee

And this divorce shall be as truly kept

As if the judge had doom'd it. Fare you well

Our sleeps are sever'd

*Isab* Forbid it, the sweet union

Of all things, blessed! why, the saints in heaven

Will knit their brows at that

*Brach* Let not thy love

Make thee an unbeliever, this my vow

Shall never, on my soul, be satisfied

With my repentance, let thy brother rage

Beyond a horrid tempest or sea-sight,

My vow is fix'd

*Isab* O my winding sheet!

Now shall I need thee shortly—Dear my lord,

Let me hear once more what I would not hear

Never!

*Brach* Never

*Isab* O my unkind lord! may your sins find  
mercy,

As I upon a woful widow'd bed

Shall pray for you, if not to turn your eyes

Upon your wretched wife and hopeful son,

Yet that in time you'll fix them upon heaven!

*Brach* No more go, go complain to the great  
duke

*Isab* No, my dear lord, you shall have prese int  
witness

How I'll work peace between you I will make

Myself the author of your curs'd vow,

I have some cause to do it, you have none

Conceal it, I beseech you, for the weal

Of both your dukedoms, that you wrought the  
means

Of such a separation let the fault

Remain with my supposed jealousy,

And think with what a piteous and rent heart

I shall perform this sad ensuing part

*Re-enter FRANCISCO DE MEDICIS and MONTICELSO*

*Brach* Well, take your course—My honour  
able brother!

*Fran de Med* Sister!—This is not well, my lord—Why, sister!—  
She merits not this welcome.

*Brach* Welcome, say!  
She hath given a sharp welcome

*Fran de Med* Are you foolish?  
Come, dry your tears is this a modest course,  
To better what is naught, to rail and weep?  
Grow to a reconciliation, or, by heaven,  
I'll ne'er more deal between you

*Isab* Sir, you shall not,  
No, though Vittoria, upon that condition,  
Would become honest.

*Fran de Med* Was your husband loud  
Since we departed?

*Isab* By my life, sir, no,  
I swear by that I do not care to lose  
Are all these ruins of my former beauty  
Laid out for a whore's triumph?

*Fran de Med* Do you hear?  
Look upon other women, with what patience  
They suffer these slight wrongs, with what justice  
They study to requite them take that course  
*Isab* O, that I were a man, or that I had power  
To execute my apprehended wishes!

I would whip some with scorpions  
*Fran de Med* What! turn'd Fury!  
*Isab* To dig the strumpets eyes out, let  
her lie

Some twenty months a dying, to cut off  
Her nose and lips, pull out her rotten teeth,  
Preserve her flesh like mummies, for trophies  
Of my just anger! Hell to my affliction  
Is mere snow-water By your favour, sir,—  
Brother, draw near, and my lord cardinal,—  
Sir, let me borrow of you but one kiss  
Henceforth I'll never lie with you, by this,  
This wedding-ring

*Fran de Med* How, no'er more lie with him!

*Isab* And this divorce shall be as truly kept  
As if in throng'd court a thousand ears  
Had heard it, and a thousand lawyers' hands  
Seal'd to the separation.

*Brach* Ne'er lie with me!

*Isab* Let not my former dotage  
Make thee an unbeliever this my vow  
Shall never, on my soul, be satisfied  
With my repentance, *manet alta mente repostum*\*

*Fran de Med* Now, by my birth, you are a  
foolish, mad,  
And jealous woman

*Brach* You see 'tis not my seeking

\* *manet alta, &c* ] Virgil, *Æn* 1 26

*Fran de Med* Was this your circle of pure  
unicorn's hair  
You said should charm your lord? now, horns  
upon thee,

For jealousy deserves them! Keep your vow  
And take your chamber

*Isab* No, sir, I'll presently to Padua,  
I will not stay a minute

*Mont* O good madam!  
*Brach* 'Twere best to let her have her humour  
Some half day's journey will bring down her  
stomach,

And then she'll turn in post

*Fran de Med* To see her come  
To my lord cardinal for a dispensation  
Of her rash vow, will beget excellent laughter

*Isab* Unkindness, do thy office, poor heart,  
break

Those are the killing griefs which dare not speak\*  
[Exit

*Re enter MARCELLO with CAMILLO*

*Mar* Camillo's come, my lord

*Fran de Med* Whence the commission?

*Mar* 'Tis here

*Fran de Med* Give me the signet

[FRANCISCO DE MEDINA, MONTICELLO, CAMILLO,  
and MARCELLO, retire to the back of the stage]

*Fiam* My lord, do you mark their whispering?  
I will compound a medicine, out of their two  
heads, stronger than garlic, deadlier than stibium†  
the cantharides, which are scarce seen to stick  
upon the flesh when they work to the heart,  
shall not do it with more silence or invisible  
cunning

*Brach* About the murder?

*Fiam* They are sending him to Naples, but I'll  
send him to Candy

*Enter Doctor*

Here's another property too

*Brach* O, the doctor!

*Fiam* A poor quack salving knave, my lord,  
one that should have been lashed for's lechery,  
but that he confessed a judgment, had an execution  
laid upon him, and so put the whip to a  
*non plus*

*Doc* And was cozened, my lord, by an

\* *Those are the killing griefs which dare not speak*] "So  
in *Macbeth*, A 4 S 3

† *Givo sorrow words the grief that does not speak,*  
*Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it break.*  
*Cure lues loquuntur, ingentes stupent* [Seneca, *Hippol*  
607.] SIBYLLAS

‡ *stibium*] "An ancient name for antimony, now sel-  
dom used" REED



arranter knave than myself, and made pay all the colourable execution

*Flam* Ho will shoot pills into a man's guts shall make them have more ventages than a cornet or a lamprey, he will poison a kiss, and was once nunded, for his master-piece, because Ireland breeds no poison,\* to have prepared a deadly vapour in a Sprimard's fut, that should have poisoned all Dublin

*Brach* O, Saint Anthony's fire

*Doc* Your secretary is merry, my lord

*Flam* O thou cursed antipathy to nature!—Look, his eye's bloodshed, like a needle a chururgeon stitcheth a wound with—Let me embrace thee, lord, and love thee, O thou abominable loathsome† garguism, that will fetch up lungs, lights, heart, and liver, by scruples!

*Brach* No more—I must employ thee, honest doctor

You must to Pulna, and by the way, Use some of your skill for us

*Doc* Sir, I shall ‡

*Brach* But, for Cumillo?

*Flam* He dies this night, by such a politic strum,

Men shall suppose him by's own engine stru But, for your duchess' death—

*Doc* I'll make her sure

*Brach* Small mischiefs are by greater made secure

*Flam* Remember this, you slave, when knaves come to preferment, they use as gillows are rused in the Low Countries, one upon another's shoulders

[*Exeunt BRACHIANO, FLAMINIO, and Doctor*]

*Mont* Hero is an emblem, nephew, pry peruse it

'Twas thrown in at your window

*Cum* At my window!

Here is a stag my lord, hath shed his horns, And, for the loss of them, the poor beast weeps The word, § *Inopem me copia fecit* ||

*Mont* That is,

Plenty of horns hath made him poor of horns

*Cum* What should this mean?

\* because Ireland breeds no poison] Various old writers tell us that all venomous creatures were exterminated in Ireland by the prayers of St. Patrick

† loathsome] Some copies of the 4to of 1612 'I than

‡ *Doc* Sir, I shall] Omitted in some copies of the 4to of 1612

§ The word] i.e. the motto So 'Idleleton "The device, a purse wide open, and the mouth downward the word, *Alenx ecce crumenis*" Your Five Gallants,—Works, ii. 313, ed. Dyce

|| *Inopem, &c.*] Ovid, *Metam* iii. 466

*Mont* I'll tell you 'tis given out You are a cuckold

*Cum* Is it\* given out so?

I had rather such report as that, my lord, Should keep within doors

*Fran. de Med* Have you any children?

*Cum* None, my lord!

*Fian. de Med* You are the happier I'll tell you a tale

*Cum* Pray, my lord

*Fran. de Med* An old tale,

Upon a time Phœbus, the god of light, Or him we call the Sun, would needs† be married The gods gave their consent, and Mercury Was sent to voice it to the general world But what a piteous cry there straight arose Amongst smiths and felt makers, brewers and cooks,

Reapers and butter women, amongst fishmongers, And thousand other trades, which are annoy'd By his excessive heat! 'twas lamentable They came‡ to Jupiter all in a sweat, And do forbid the sun § A great fit cook Was made their speaker, who enticats of Jove That Phœbus might be gilded for, if now, When there was but one sun, so many men Were like to perish by his violent heat, What should they do if he were married, And should beget more, and those children Make fire works like them father? So say I, Only I will apply it to your wife Her issue, should not providence prevent it, Would make both native, time, and man repent it

*Mont* Look you, cousin, Go, change the an, for shame, see if your absence Will blast your cornucopia Minello Is chosen with you joint commissioner For the relieving our Italian coast From pirates

*Mar* I am much honour'd in't

*Cum* But, sir,

For I return, the stag's horns may be sprouted Greater than those† are shed

*Mont* Do not fear it

I'll be your ranger

\* *Is it*] The 4to of 1611 "*It is*"

† *needs*] The 4to of 1612 "*need*"

‡ *came*] So, no doubt our author wrote,—not "*come*" See before and after in this speech

§ *bars*] The 4tos have "*bars*", and in the first edition of this work I allowed that spelling to stand but I now think that it ought to be retained only in passages where the rhyme requires it

|| *those*] The 4to. of 1612, "*these*"

*Cam* You must watch i'the nights,  
Then's the most danger

*Fran de Med* Farewell, good Marcello  
All the best fortunes of a soldier's wish  
Bring you a ship board!

*Cam* Were I not best, now I am turn'd soldier,  
Ere that I leave my wife, sell all she hath,  
And then take leave of her?

*Mont* I expect good from you,  
Your parting is so merry

*Cam* Merry, my lord! o' the captain's humour  
right,

I am resolv'd to be drunk this night

[*Exeunt CAMILLO and MARCELLO*]

*Fran de Med* So, 'twas well fitted now shall  
we discern

How his wish'd absence will give violent war  
To Duke Brachiano's lust

*Mont* Why, that was it,  
To what second purpose else should we make  
choice

Of him for a sea captain? and, besides,  
Count Lodowick, which was rumour'd for a pirate,  
Is now in Padua

*Fran de Med* Is it true?

*Mont* Most certain

I have letters from him, which are suppliant  
To work his quick repeal from banishment  
He means to address himself for pension  
Unto our sister duchess.

*Fran de Med* O, 'twas well

We shall not want his absence past six days  
I fain would have the Duke Brachiano run  
Into notorious scandal, for there's naught  
In such curs'd dotage to repair his name,  
Only the deep sense of some deathless shame

*Mont* It may be objected, I am dishonourable  
To play thus with my kinsman, but I answer,  
For my revenge I'd stake a brother's life,  
That, being wrong'd, durst not avenge himself

*Fran de Med* Come, to observe this strumpet

*Mont* Curse of greatness!

Sure he'll not leave her?

*Fran de Med* There's small pity in't  
Like misletoe on sear elms spent by weather,  
Let him cleave to her, and both rot together

IV

[*Exeunt*]  
*Enter BRACHIANO,\* with a Conjuror*

*Brach* Now, sir, I claim your promise 'tis  
dead midnight,

\* *Enter Brachiano, &c*] Scene The Same A room  
in the house of Camillo (In p 18, the Conjuror after  
exhibiting in dumb-show the murder of Camillo, says

"We are now

Beneath her [Vittoria's] roof")

The time prefix'd to show me, by your art,  
How the intended murder of Camillo  
And our loath'd duchess grow to action

*Con* You have won me by your bounty to a deed  
I do not often practise Some there are  
Which by sophistic tricks assume that name,  
Which I would gladly lose, of necromancers,  
As some that use to juggle upon cards,  
Seeming to conjure, when indeed they cheat,  
Others that raise up their confederate spirits  
'Bout wind mills, and endanger their own neck,  
For making of a squib, and some there are  
Will keep a curtain\* to show juggling tricks,  
And give out 'tis a spirit, besides these,  
Such a whole realm† of almanac makers, figure  
fingers,

Fellows, indeed, that only live by stealth,  
Since they do merely lie about stol'n goods,  
They'd make men think the devil were fast and  
loose,

With speaking fustian Latin Pray, sit down  
Put on this night cap, sir, 'tis chamber'd, and now  
I'll show you, by my strong commanding art,  
The circumstance that breaks your duchess' heart

#### A dumb show

*Enter suspiciously JULIO and CHRISTOPHERINO then draw a  
curtain where BRACHIANO'S picture is then put on  
spectacles of glass which cover their eyes and now as if  
then burn perfumes afore the picture, and wash the lips  
of the picture that done quenching the fire and putting  
off their spectacles, they depart laughing*

*Enter ISABELLA in her night gown as to bed ward with  
lights after her, Count LODOVICO GIOVANNI, GUIDO  
ANTONIO, and others waiting on her she kneels down as  
to prayers then draws the curtain of the picture does  
three reverences to it, and kisses it thrice she faints, and  
will not suffer them to come near it dies sorrow ex-  
pressed in GIOVANNI and in Count LODOVICO she is  
conveyed out solemnly*

*Brach* Excellent! then she's dead!

*Con* She's poison'd

By the fum'd picture 'Twas her custom nightly,  
Before she went to bed, to go and visit  
Your picture, and to feed her eyes and lips  
On the dead shadow Doctor Julio,  
Observing this, infects it with an oil  
And other poison'd stuff, which presently  
Did suffocate her spirits

\* *Will keep a curtain, &c*] "This was said of Rome's  
celebrated horse so often mentioned in ancient writers"

REFD

† *realm*] The etos have "reame,"—which was frequently  
the old spelling of "realm" even when the latter spelling  
was given, the *r* was frequently not sounded—see the  
note in my ed of Marlowe's *Works* on "Give me a ream  
of paper we'll have a kingdom of gold for it" *Jew of  
Malle*, act iv

*Brach.* Methought I saw  
Count Lodowick there.

*Con.* He was and by my art  
I find he did most passionately dote  
Upon your duchess. Now turn another way,  
And view Camillo's far more politic fate \*—  
Strike louder, music, from this charmed  
ground,  
To yield, as fits the act, a tragic sound!

*The second dumb show*

*Enter FLAMINEO MARCELLO, CAMILLO, with four more, as Captains they drink healths, and dance a vaulting-horse is brought into the room MARCELLO and two more whispered out of the room while FLAMINEO and CAMILLO strip themselves into their shirts, as to vault they compliment who shall begin as CAMILLO is about to vault, FLAMINEO pucth him upon his neck, and, with the help of the rest, writhes his neck about seems to see if it be broke, and lays him folded double, as 'twere, under the horse makes shoves to call for help MARCELLO comes in laments sends for the Cardinal and Duke, who come forth with armed men wonder at the art command the body to be carried home, apprehend FLAMINEO MARCELLO, and the rest, and go, as 'twere, to apprehend VITTORIA.*

*Brach* 'Twas quaintly done, but yet each circumstance

I taste not fully

*Con.* O, 'twas most apparant  
You saw them enter, churg'd with their deep healths

To their boon voyage, and, to second that,  
Flumineo calls to have a vaulting horse  
Maintain their sport, the virtuous Marcello  
Is innocently plotted forth the room,  
Whilst your eye saw the rest, and can inform you  
The engine of all

*Brach* It seems Marcello and Flamineo  
Are both committed

*Con* Yes, you saw them guarded,  
And now they are come with purpose to apprehend

Your mistress, fair Vittoria. We are now  
Beneath her roof 'twere fit we instantly  
Make out by some back-postern.

*Brach* Noble friend,  
You bind me ever to you this shall stand  
As the firm seal annexed to my hand;  
It shall enforce a payment

*Con* Sir, I thank you. [*Exit BRACHIANO*]  
Both flowers and weeds spring when the sun is  
warm,  
And great men do great good or else great harm

[*Exit*]

\* [note] So the 4to. of 1672 the earlier 4tos have  
"face," which, though obviously a misprint, is followed  
in all modern editions

*Enter FRANCISCO DE MEDICIS,\* and MONTICELLO, their  
Chancellor and Register*

*Fran. de Med.* You have dealt discreetly, to  
obtain the presence  
Of all the grave heger ambassadors,†  
To hear Vittoria's trial.

*Mont* 'Twas not ill,  
For, sir, you know we have naught but circum-  
stances

To charge her with, about her husband's death  
Their approbation, therefore, to the proofs  
Of her black lust shall make her infamous  
To all our neighbouring kingdoms I wonder  
If Brachiano will be here

*Fran de Med* O fie  
'Twere impudence too palpable [*Exeunt*]

*Enter FLAMINEO; and MARCELLO guarded, and a  
Lawyer*

*Lawyer* What, are you in by the week?‡ so, I  
will try now whether thy wit be close prisoner  
Methinks none should sit upon thy sister but  
old whore masters

*Flam* Or cuckolds, for your cuckold is your  
most terrible tackler of lechery Whore masters  
would serve, for none are judges at tilting but  
those that have been old tilters.

*Lawyer* My lord duke and she have been very  
private

*Flam* You are a dull ass, 'tis threatened they  
have been very public

*Lawyer* If it can be proved they have but  
kissed one another—

*Flam* What then?

*Lawyer* My lord cardinal will ferret them

*Flam* A cardinal, I hope, will not catch comies

*Lawyer* For to sow kisses (mark what I say),  
to sow kisses is to reap lechery, and, I am sure,  
a woman that will endure kissing is half won

*Flam* True, her upper part, by that rule if  
you will win her nether part too, you know what  
follows.

*Lawyer* Hark! the ambassadors are lighted.

\* *Enter Francisco de Medicis, &c* ] Scene The Same.  
Perhaps the court of the house where the trial of Vittoria  
is to take place,—the mansion, it would seem, of Monticello,  
for afterwards, p. 19, he says,

"This business by his holiness is left  
To our examination"

and compare Brachiano's speech, p. 22, "Thou hast, 'twas  
my stool," &c

† *lucer ambassadors*] i.e. resident ambassadors

‡ *Enter Flamineo, &c* ] Perhaps this is not a new scene.

§ *What, are you in by the week?* ] "This phrase appears  
to signify an engagement for a time limited. It occurs  
in *Love's Labour's Lost*, A 5 S 2. See note thereon."

*Flam. [aside].* I do put on this feign'd garb of mirth  
To gull suspicion

*Mar* O my unfortunate sister !  
I would my dagger-point had cleft her heart  
When she first saw Brachiano you, 'tis said,  
Were made his engine and his stalking-horse,  
To undo my sister

*Flam.* I am a kind of path  
To her and mine own preferment

*Mar* Your ruin

*Flam.* Hum ! thou art a soldier,  
Follow'at the great duke, feed'at his victories,  
As witches do their serviceable spirits,  
Even with thy prodigal blood what hast got,  
But, like the wealth of captains, a poor handful,  
Which in thy palm thou bear'st as men hold  
water ?

Seeking to gripe it fast, the frail reward  
Steals through thy fingers \*

*Mar* Sir !

*Flam.* Thou hast scarce maintenance  
To keep thee in fresh shamois †

*Mar* Brother !

*Flam.* Hear me —  
And thus, when we have even pour'd ourselves  
Into great fights, for their ambition  
Or idle spleen, how shall we find reward ?  
But as we seldom find the mistletoe  
Sacred to physic, or the builder oak, ‡  
Without a mandrake by it, so in our quest of gain,  
Alas, the poorest of their forc'd dislikes  
At a limb proffers, but at heart it strikes !  
This is lamented doctrine

*Mar* Come, come.

*Flam.* When age shall turn thee  
White as a blooming hawthorn——

*Mar* I'll interrupt you —  
For love of virtue bear an honest heart,  
And stride o'er every politic respect,  
Which, where they most advance, they most  
infect  
Were I your father, as I am your brother,

\* Which in thy palm thou bear'st as men hold water ?  
Seeking to gripe it fast, the frail reward  
Steals through thy fingers] "Dryden has borrowed this  
thought in *All for Love* or, *The World will Love*, A 5  
'Oh, that I less could fear to lose this being,  
Which, like a snow ball, in my coward hand  
The more 'tis grasp'd, the faster melts away'" REFD  
† shamois] "Le shoes made of the wild goat's skin  
Chamois, Fr" STEEVENS  
‡ the builder oak] "The epithet of 'builder oak' is  
originally Chaucer's,  
'The builder oak, and eke the hardy ashe,  
The pillar elme,' &c — *Assemble of Fowles*" COLLIER.

I should not be ambitious to leave you  
A better patrimony.

*Flam* I'll think on't —  
The lord ambassadors

*Here there is a passage of the larger Ambassadors  
over the stage severally \**

*Lawyer* O my sprightly Frenchman !—Do you  
know him ? ho's an admirable tilter

*Flam* I saw him at last tilting he showed  
like a pewter candlestick, fashioned † like a man  
in armour, holding a tilting staff in his hand, little  
bigger than a candle of twelve t'he pound

*Lawyer* O, but he's an excellent horseman

*Flam* A lame one in his lofty tricks he sleeps  
a-horseback, like a poulter ‡

*Lawyer* Lo you, my Spaniard !

*Flam* He carries his face in's ruff, as I have  
seen a serving man carry glasses in a cypress hat  
band, monstrous steady, for fear of breaking he  
looks like the claw of a black bird, first salted,  
and then broiled in a candle [Exit

#### The Arraignment of VITTORIA §

*Enter FRANCISCO DE MEDICIS, MONTCEISO, the six || larger  
Ambassadors, BRACHIANO, VITTORIA COROMBONA,  
FRAMINEO, MARCELLO, Lawyer, and a Guard*

*Mont* Forbear, my lord, here is no place assign'd  
you

This business by his holiness is left  
To our examination

*Brach* May it thrive with you !

[Lays a rich gown under him

*Fran de Med* A chair there for his lordship !

*Brach* Forbear your kindness an unbidden  
guest

Should travel as Dutch women go to church,  
Bear their stools with them

*Mont* At your pleasure, sir —

Stand to the table, gentlewoman ¶—Now, signior,  
Fall to your plea

\* I have here omitted, as superfluous, some notices,  
"Enter French Ambassador," &c

† a pewter candlestick, fashioned, &c] See an engraving  
of such a candlestick in Malone's *Shakespeare* (by Boswell)  
vol xvii p 410

‡ poulter] i.e. poulterer "The Poulterers send us in  
fowls" Heywood's *King Edward the Fourth, Part First*,  
Sig B ed 1619

§ The Arraignment of Vittoria] A new accusation See note",  
p 18

¶ arr] Was altered by Reed to "four" but from a sub-  
sequent scene, where Lodovico enumerates their various  
orders of knighthood, it is evident that there were "six"  
ambassadors.—It is not a little extraordinary that all the  
editors should let the name of Isabella (whose death has  
been shown by the Conjuror) remain in this stage direc-  
tion

¶ gentlewoman] Both the earliest stoc. "gentlewomen"  
c 2

*Lawyer* Domine iudex, converte oculos in hanc pestem, mulierum corruptissimam

*Vit Cor* What's he?

*Fran de Med* A lawyer that pleads against you

*Vit Cor* Pray, my lord, let him speak his usual tongue,

I'll make no answer else

*Fran de Med* Why, you understand Latin

*Vit Cor* I do, sir, but amongst this auditory Which come to hear my cause, the half or more May be ignorant in't

*Mont* Go on, sir

*Vit Cor* By your favour,

I will not have my accusation clouded In a strange tongue all this assembly Shall hear what you can charge me with

*Fran de Med* Signior,

You need not stand out much, pray, change your language

*Mont* O, for God sake!—Gentlewoman, your credit

Shall be more famous by it

*Lawyer* Well, then, have at you!

*Vit Cor* I am at the mark, sir I'll give aim\* to you,

And tell you how near you shoot

*Lawyer* Most literated judges, please your lordships

So to connive your judgments to the view Of this debauch'd and diversivolt woman, Who such a black† concatenation Of mischief hath effected, that to extirp The memory of't, must be the consummation Of her and her projections,—

*Vit Cor* What's all this?

*Lawyer* Hold your peace

Exorbitant sins must have exulceration

*Vit Cor* Surely, my lords, this lawyer hero‡ hath swallow'd

Some apothecaries'§ bills, or proclamations, And now the hard and undigestible words Come up, like stones we use give hawks for physic Why, this is Welsh to Latin

*Lawyer* My lords, the woman

Knows not her tropes nor figures,|| nor is perfect

\* *I'll give aim*] "He who gave aim was stationed near the butts, and pointed out after every discharge, how wide, or how short, the arrow fell of the mark" See Gifford's note on the expressions *give aim* and *give aim*, Massinger's *Bondman*, act 1 sc 3

† *black*] Omitted in the 4to of 1631

‡ *hero*] Omitted in the 4to of 1631

§ *apothecaries*] The 4to of 1631 "apothecaries"

|| *nor figures*] Omitted in the 4to of 1631

In the academic derivation

Of grammatical elocution

*Fran de Med* Sir, your pains

Shall be well spar'd, and your deep eloquence Be worthily applauded amongst those

Which understand you

*Lawyer* My good lord,—

*Fran de Med* Sir,

Put up your papers in your fustian bag,—

[FRANCISCO speaks thus as in scorn]

Cry morey, sir, 'tis buckram,—and accept

My notion of your learn'd verbosity

*Lawyer* I most gradually thank your lordship

I shall have use for them elsewhere

*Mont* I shall be plainer with you, and paint out

Your follies in more natural red and white

Than that upon your cheek

*Vit Cor* O, you mistake

You raise a blood as noble in this cheek

As ever was your mother's

*Mont* I must spare you, till proof cry "whore" to that—

Observe this creature here, my honour'd lords, A woman of a most prodigious spirit, In her effected.

*Vit Cor* Honourable my lord,\*

It doth not suit a reverend cardinal

To play the lawyer thus

*Mont* O, your title instructs your language—

You see, my lords, what goodly fruit she seems,

Yet, like those apples† travellers report

To grow where Sodom and Gomorrah stood,

I will but touch her, and you straight shall see

She'll fall to soot and ashes

*Vit Cor* Your envenom'd

Pothecary‡ should do't

*Mont* I am resolv'd,§

\* *Honourable my lord*] The 4to of 1631 "My honorable Lord" but compare, in a later scene, "Noble my lord, most fortunately welcome," &c

† *Yet, like those apples, &c*] "This account is taken from Maundeville's *Travels* See Edition, 1725, p 122 'And also the Cytees there weren lost, because of Synne And there besyden grown trees, that becom fulle faire Apples, and faire of colour to beholde but whose brekthe hem, or cuteth hem in two, he schulle fynde within hem Coles and Cyndres in tokens that, be Wrath of God, the Cytees and the Lond weren bronte and sunken into Helle Sum men clepen that See, the Lake Dalfotides, summe the Flom of Doveles, and sume that Flom that is ever stynkyng And in to that See sonken the 5 Cytees, be Wrath of God, that is to sayne, Sodom, Gomorre, Aldama, Sebeym, and Segor'" REED

‡ *Pothecary*] The 4to of 1631 "Apothecary"

§ *resolv'd*] i.e. convinced.

Were there a second Paradise to lose,

This devil would betray it.

*Vit Cor* O poor charity!

Thou art seldom found in scarlet.

*Mont* Who knows not how, when several night  
by night

Her gates were chok'd with coaches, and her rooms

Outbrav'd the stars with several kind of lights,

When she did counterfeit a prince's court

In music, banquets, and most riotous surfeits?

This whore, forsooth, was holy

*Vit Cor* Ha! whore! what's that?

*Mont* Shall I expound whoro to you? sure, I  
shall,

I'll give their perfect character They are first,  
Sweet meats which rot the eater,\* in man's  
nostrils†

Poison'd perfumes they are cozening alchymy,

Shipwrecks in calmest weather What are whores!

Cold Russian winters, that appear so barren

As if that naturo had forgot the spring

They are the true material fire of hell

Worse than those tributes the Low Countries paid,

Exactions upon meat, drink, garments, sleep,

Ay, even on man's perdition, his sin

They are those brittle evidences of law

Which forfeit all a wretched man's estate

For leaving out one syllable What are whores!

They are those flattering bells have all one tune,

At weddings and at funerals Your rich whores

Are only treasures by extortion fill'd,

And emptied by curs'd riot They are worse,

Worse than dead bodies which are begg'd at  
gallows,‡

And wrought upon by surgeons, to teach man

Wherein he is imperfect What's a whore!

She's like the guilty & counterfeit'd coin

Which, whoso'er first stamps it, brings in trouble

All that receive it.

*Vit Cor* This character escapes me

*Mont* You, gentlewoman!

Take from all beasts and from all minerals

Their deadly poison—

*Vit Cor* Well, what then?

*Mont* I'll tell thee,

I'll find in thee a pothecary's shop,

To sample them all

\* Sweet-meats which rot the eater] So Dekker,

"What gives she me? good words,

Sweet meats that rot the eater"

The Whore of Babylon, 1607, Sig. I. 2

† nostrils] The 4to of 1612 "nostril."

‡ gallows] The 4to of 1631 "th' gallows."

§ guilty] The 4to of 1631 "guilt"

|| a pothecary's] The 4to of 1631 "an apothecary's."

*Pr Am* She hath liv'd ill.

*Eng Am* True, but the cardinal's too bitter

*Mont* You know what whore is Next the  
devil adultery,

Enters the devil murder

*Fran. de Med* Your unhappy

Husband is dead

*Vit Cor* O, he's a happy husband

Now he owes nature nothing

*Fran. de Med* And by a vaulting-engine.

*Mont* An active plot, he jump'd into his grave

*Fran. de Med* What a prodigy was't

That from some two yards' height\* a slender man  
Should break his neck!

*Mont* The rushes!†

*Fran. de Med* And what's more,

Upon the instant lose all use of speech,

All vital motion, like a man had lain

Wound up three days Now mark each circum-  
stance

*Mont* And look upon this creature was his  
wife

She comes not like a widow, she comes arm'd

With scorn and impudence is this a mourning  
habit?

*Vit Cor* Had I foreknown his death, is you  
suggest,

I would have bespoke my mourning

*Mont* O, you are cunning

*Vit Cor* You shame your wit and judgment,

To call it so What! is my just defence

By him that is my judge call'd impudence?

Let me appeal, then, from this Christian court‡

To the uncivil Tartar

*Mont* See, my lords,

She scandals our proceedings

*Vit Cor* Humbly thus,

Thus low, to the most worthy and respected

Liege ambassadors,§ my modesty

And woman hood I tender, but withal,

So entangled in a curs'd accusation,

That my defence, of force, like Perseus,||

\* height] The 4to of 1631 "high"

† the rushes] With which floors were formerly strewed,  
before the introduction of carpets

‡ Christian court] "We have here an instance of the  
introduction of terms into one country, which peculiarly  
belong to another In England the Ecclesiastical Courts,  
where causes of adultery are cognizable, are called Courts  
Christian" REED

§ Liege ambassadors] i. e. resident ambassadors

|| Perseus] A corruption, for which I know not what  
to substitute Can "Portia" be the right reading?  
("Portia, the wife of Brutus and daughter of Cato  
she feared not with her womanish spirit to imitate  
(if not exceed) the resolution of her father in his

Must personate masculine virtue To the point.  
Find me but guilty, sever head from body,  
We'll part good friends I scorn to hold my life  
At yours or any man's entreaty, sir

*Eng Am* She hath a brave spirit

*Mont* Well, well, such counterfeit jewels  
Make true ones oft suspected

*Vit Cor* You are deceiv'd  
For know, that all your strict combin'd heads,  
Which strike against this mine of diamonds,  
Shall prove but glassen hammers,—they shall  
break

These are but feign'd shadows of my evils  
Terrify babes, my lord, with painted devils, \*  
I am past such needless palay For your names  
Of whore and murderers, they proceed from you,  
As if a man should spit against the wind,  
The filth returns in's face

*Mont* Pray you, mistress, satisfy me one  
question

Who lodg'd beneath your roof that fatal night  
Your husband brake his neck?

*Brach* That question

Enforceth me break silence I was there  
*Mont* Your business?

*Brach* Why, I came to comfort her,  
And take some course for settling her estate,  
Because I heard her husband was in debt  
To you, my lord

*Mont* He was

*Brach* And 'twas strangely fear'd  
That you would coven her

*Mont* Who made you overseer?

*Brach* Why, my charity, my charity, which  
should flow

From every generous and noble spirit  
To orphans and to widows

*Mont* Your lust

*Brach* Cowardly dogs bark loudest sirrah  
priest,

I'll talk with you hereafter Do you hear?

The sword you frame of such an excellent temper  
I'll sheathe in your own bowels.

There are a number of thy coat resemble  
Your common post boys

*Mont* Ha!

*Brach* Your mercenary post boys  
Your letters carry truth, but 'tis your guise  
To fill your mouths with gross and impudent lies.

death," &c,—says Heywood, *Hist of Women*, p 136,  
ed. 1624)

\* *Terrify babes, my lord, with painted devils* "So in  
*Macbeth*, A 2 S 2

'tis the eye of childhood

That fears a painted devil' REED

*Serv* My lord, your gown

*Brach* Thou liest, 'twas my stool

Bestow't upon thy master, that will challenge  
The rest o' the household-stuff, for Brachiano  
Was ne'er so beggarly to take a stool  
Out of another's lodging let him make  
Vallance for his bed on't, or a demi-foot-cloth \*  
For his most reverend moil† Monticelsio,  
*Nemo me impune lacessit.* [Exit

*Mont* Your champion's gone

*Vit Cor* The wolf may prey the better.

*Fan de Med* My lord, there's great suspicion  
of the murder,

But no sound proof who did it For my part,  
I do not think she hath a soul so black  
To act a deed so bloody if she have,  
As in cold countries husbandmen plant vines,  
And with warm blood manure them, even so  
One summer she will bear unsavoury fruit,  
And ere next spring wither both branch and root  
The act of blood let pass, only descend  
To matter of incontinence

*Vit Cor* I discern poison

Under your gilded pills

*Mont* Now the duke's gone, I will produce a  
letter,

Wherein 'twas plotted he and you should meet  
At an apothecary's summer-house,  
Down by the river Tiber,—view't, my lords,—  
Where, after wanton bathing and the heat  
Of a lascivious banquet,—I pray read it,  
I shame to speak the rest

*Vit Cor* Grant I was tempted,  
Temptation to lust proves not the act  
*Casta est quam nemo rogavit* ‡

You read his hot love to me, but you want  
My frosty answer

*Mont* Frost i'the dog days! strange!

*Vit Cor* Condemn you me for that the duke  
did love me?

So may you blame some fair and crystal river  
For that some melancholic distracted man  
Hath drown'd himself in't.

*Mont* Truly drown'd, indeed

*Vit Cor* Sum up my faults, I pray, and you  
shall find,

That beauty, and gay clothes, a merry heart,  
And a good stomach to [a] feast, are all,  
All the poor crimes that you can charge me with  
In faith, my lord, you might go pistol flies,  
The sport would be more noble

\* *demi foot-cloth* i.e. demi housing

† *moil* i.e. mule

‡ *Casta est, &c* [Ovid, *Amor* I 8.]

*Mont* Very good.

*Vit Cor* But take you your course it seems  
you have beggar'd me first,  
And now would fain undo me I have houses,  
Jewels, and a poor remnant of *crusadoes* \*  
Would those would make you charitable!

*Mont* If the devil  
Did ever take good shape, behold his picture  
*Vit Cor* You have one virtue left,—  
You will not flatter me

*Fran de Med* Who brought this letter?

*Vit Cor* I am not compell'd to tell you

*Mont* My lord duke sent to you a thousand  
ducats

The twelfth of August.

*Vit Cor* 'Twas to keep your cousin  
From prison I paid use for't

*Mont* I rather think,  
'Twas interest for his lust

*Vit Cor* Who says so  
But yourself! if you be my accuser,  
Pray, cease to be my judge come from the bench,  
Give in your evidence 'gainst me, and let these  
Be moderators My lord cardinal,  
Were your intelligencing ears as loving  
As to my thoughts, had you an honest tongue,  
I would not care though you proclaim'd them all

*Mont* Go to, go to  
After your goodly and vain glorious banquet,  
I'll give you a choke pear.

*Vit Cor* O' your own grafting?

*Mont* You were born in Venice, honourably  
descended

From the Vittelli 'twas my cousin's fate,—  
Ill may I name the hour,—to marry you  
He bought you of your father

*Vit Cor* Ha!

*Mont* He spent there in six months  
Twelve thousand ducats, and (to my acquaintance)  
Receiv'd in dowry with you not one *gilio* †  
'Twas a hard penny worth, the ware being sought.  
I yet but draw the curtain, now to your picture  
You came from thence a most notorious strumpet,  
And so you have continu'd

*Vit Cor* My lord,—

*Mont* Nay, hear me,  
You shall have time to prate My Lord Brachiano—  
Alas, I make but repetition  
Of what is ordinary and *Rialto* talk.

\* *crusadoes*] The Portuguese coin, called *Crusado* from the cross on one side of it, has varied in value, at different times, from 2s 3d to 10s

† *gilio*] "A coin of about six pence value Morysoul, in the Table prefixed to his Itinerary, calls it a *Gulio* or *Paolo*" REED

And ballated, and would be play'd o' the stage,  
But that vice many times finds such loud friends  
That preachers are charm'd silent —  
You gentlemen, Flaminceo and Marcello,  
The court hath nothing now to charge you with  
Only you must remain upon your suetities  
For your appearance

*Fran de Med* I stand for Marcello

*Fiam* And my lord duke for me

*Mont* For you, Vittoria, your public fault,  
Join'd to the condition of the present time,  
Takes from you all the fruits of noble pity,  
Such a corrupted trial have you made  
Both of your life and beauty, and been styl'd  
No less an\* ominous fate than blazing stars  
To princes heart your sentence, you are confin'd  
Unto a house of convertites, and your bawd ‡—

*Fiam* [aside] Who, I?

*Mont* The Moor

*Fiam* [aside] O, I am a sound man again

*Vit Cor* A house of convertites! what's that?

*Mont* A house  
Of penitent whores

*Vit Cor* Do the noblemen in Rome  
Erect it for their wives, that I am sent  
To lodge there?

*Fran de Med* You must have patience

*Vit Cor* I must first have vengeance  
I fain would know if you have your salvation  
By patent, that you proceed thus

*Mont* Away with her!

Take her hence

*Vit Cor* A rape! a rape!

*Mont* How!

*Vit Cor* Yes, you have ravish'd justice,  
Forc'd her to do your pleasure

*Mont* Fie, sho's mad!

*Vit Cor* Die with these § pills in your most  
cursed maw ||

Should bring you health! or while you sit o' the  
bench,

Let your own spittle choke you!—

\* an] The 4to of 1612 "in"

† hear] The 4to of 1612 "hears," i e, perhaps, "here's"

‡ Unto a house of convertites, &c.] Both the earliest 4tos give this line to Vittoria. The 4to of 1631 here, as well as elsewhere, changes "convertites" into "converts" ("and your bawd the Moor," i e, along with your bawd the Moor [Zancho])

§ these] So the two earliest 4tos In a later 4to "those" was substituted but our old writers very frequently use "these" and "those" indiscriminately

|| maw] So the 4to of 1631 The 4to of 1612 "mawes" but she is speaking to Monticello only, see in her next speech "leave you the same devil" &c



*Mont* She's turn'd Fury

*Vit Cor* That the last day of judgment may  
so find you,

And leave you the same devil you were before !  
Instruct me, some good horse leech, to speak  
treason,

For since you cannot take my life for deeds,  
Take it for words O woman's poor revenge,  
Which dwells but in the tongue ! I will not weep ;  
No, I do scorn to call up one poor tear  
To fawn on your injustice bear me hence  
Unto this house of—what's your mitigating title ?

*Mont* Of convettites

*Vit Cor* It shall not be a house of convettites,  
My mind shall make it honest to me  
Than the Pope's palace, and more peaceable  
Than thy soul, though thou art a cardinal  
Know this, and let it somewhat raise your spite,  
Through darkness diamonds spread their richest  
light \*

[*Exeunt VITTORIA COROMBONA Lawyer, and Guards*]

*Re enter BRACHIANO*

*Brach* Now you and I are friends, sir, we'll  
shake hands

In a friend's grave together, a fit place,  
Being the emblem of soft peace, to atone† our  
hatred

*Fran de Med* Sir, what's the matter ?

*Brach* I will not chase more blood from that  
lov'd cheek,

You have lost too much already fare you well

[*Exit*]

*Fran de Med* How strange these words sound !  
what's the interpretation ?

*Fiam* [*aside*] Good, this is a preface to the  
discovery of the duchess' death he carries it  
well Because now I cannot counterfeit a whining  
passion for the death of my lady, I will feign a  
mad humour for the disgrace of my sister, and  
that will keep off idle questions Treason's

\* "This White Devil of Italy sets off a bad cause so  
speciously and pleads with such innocence resembling  
boldness, that we seem to see that matchless beauty of  
her face which inspires such gay confidence into her  
and are ready to expect, when she has done her plead-  
ings, that her very judges her accusers the grave am-  
bassadors who sit as spectators, and all the court will  
rise and make proffer to defend her in spite of the utmost  
conviction of her guilt, as the shepherds in Don Quixote  
make proffer to follow the beautiful shepherdes Mar-  
celle, 'without reaping any profit out of her manifest  
resolution made there in their hearing'

'So sweet and lovely does she make the shame,  
Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,  
Does spot the beauty of her budding name '"

C Lamb (*Spec of Eng Dram Poets*, p 229)  
† alone] 'I do reconcile' STEVENS.

tongue hath\* a villanous palsy in't I will talk  
to any man, hear no man, and for a time appear  
a politic madman [*Exit*]

*Enter GIOVANNI, Count Lodovico, and Attendant*

*Fran de Med* How now, my noble cousin !  
what, in black !

*Giov* Yes, uncle, I was taught to imitate you  
In virtue, and you must imitate me  
In colours of your garments My sweet mother  
Is—

*Fran de Med* How ! where ?

*Giov* Is there, no, yonder indeed, sir, I'll  
not tell you,

For I shall make you weep.

*Fran de Med* Is dead ?

*Giov* Do not blame me now,  
I did not tell you so

*Lod* She's dead, my lord

*Fran de Med* Dead !

*Mont* Bless'd lady, thou art now above thy  
woes !—

Wilt please your lordships to withdraw a little ?

[*Exeunt Ambassadors*]

*Giov* What do the dead do, uncle ? do they  
eat,

Hear music, go a hunting, and be merry,

As we that live ?

*Fran de Med* No, nor, they sleep

*Giov* Lord, Lord, that I were dead !

I have not slept these six nights—When do  
they wake ?

*Fran de Med* When God shall please

*Giov* Good God, let her sleep ever !†

For I have known her wake an hundred nights,

When all the pillow where she laid her head

Was brine wet with hot tears I am to complain  
to you, sir,

I'll tell you how they have us'd her now she's  
dead

They wrapp'd her in a cruel fold of lead,

And would not let me kiss her

*Fran de Med* Thou didst love her

*Giov* I have often heard her say she gave me  
suck,

And it should seem by that she dearly lov'd me,  
Since princes seldom do it

*Fran de Med* O, all of my poor sister that  
remains !—

Take him away, for God's sake !

[*Exeunt GIOVANNI and Attendant*]

*Mont* How now, my lord !

\* *hath*] The 4to of 1631 "with"

† Both the earliest 4tos give this line to Francisco.

*Fran de Med* Believe me, I am nothing but  
her grave,  
And I shall keep her blessed memory  
Longer than thousand epitaphs.

[*Exeunt FRANCISCO DE MEDICIS and MONTICELSO*]

*Re-enter FLAMINEO as distracted*

*Flam* We endure the strokes like anvils or  
hard steel,  
Till pain itself make us no pain to feel  
Who shall do me right now? is this the end of  
service? I'd rather go weed garlic, travel through  
France, and be mine own ostler, wear sheep-skin  
linings, or shoes that stink of blacking, be  
entered into the list of the forty thousand ped-  
lers in Poland

*Re-enter Ambassadors*

Would I had rotted in some surgeon's house at  
Venice, built upon the pox as well as on piles,  
ere I had served Brachiano!

*Savoy Amb* You must have comfort

*Flam* Your comfortable words are like honey,  
they relish well in your mouth that's whole, but  
in mine that's wounded they go down as if the  
sting of the bee were in them. O, they have  
wrought their purpose cunningly, as if they  
would not seem to do it of malice! In this a  
politician imitates the devil, as the devil imitates  
a cannon, wheresoever he comes to do mischief,  
he comes with his backside towards you.

*French Amb* The proofs are evident

*Flam* Proof! 'twas corruption. O gold, what  
a god art thou! and O man, what a devil art  
thou to be tempted by that cursed mineral!  
Your diversivolt lawyer, mark him knaves  
turn informers, as maggots turn to flies, you  
may catch gudgeons with either. A cardinal!  
I would he would hear me there's nothing so  
holy but money will corrupt and putrify it, like  
victual<sup>†</sup> under the line. You are happy in  
England, my lord here they sell justice with  
those weights they press men to death with. O  
horrible salary!

*Eng Amb* Fie, fie, Flammeo!

[*Exeunt Ambassadors*]

*Flam* Bells ne'er ring well, till they are at  
their full pitch, and I hope yon cardinal shall  
never have the grace to pray well, till he come  
to the scaffold. If they were racked now to

know the confederacy,—but your noblemen are  
privileged from the rack, and well may, for a  
little thing would pull some of them a-pieces  
 afore they came to their arraignment. Religion,  
O, how it is commedled\* with policy! The first  
bloodshed in the world happened about religion.  
Would I were a Jew!

*Mar* O, there are too many

*Flam* You are deceived there are not Jews  
enough, priests enough, nor gentlemen enough

*Mar* How?

*Flam* I'll prove it, for if there were Jews  
enough, so many Christians would not turn  
usurers, if priests enough, one should not have  
six benefices, and if gentlemen enough, so many  
early mushrooms, whose best growth spring  
from a dunghill, should not aspire to gentility.  
Farewell let others live by begging, be thou  
one of them practise the art of Wolner in  
England,† to swallow all's given thee, and yet  
let one purgation make thee as hungry again as  
fellows that work in a saw pit. I'll go hear the  
screech owl

[*Exit*]

*Lod* [*aside*] This was Brachiano's pander,  
and 'tis strange

That, in such open and apparent guilt  
Of his adulterous sister, he dare utter  
So scandalous a passion. I must wind him

\* commedled] "i.e. commingled. To muddle incidently  
signified to mix or mingle." STEPHENS

† the art of Wolner in England] The exploits of this  
glutton, and the manner of his death, are mentioned by  
Mr *Moffet* who wrote in Queen Elizabeth's time. See  
his Treatise, entitled 'Health's Improvement, or, Rules  
comprising and discovering the nature, method and  
manner of preparing all sorts of foods used in this nation.  
Republished by Oldys and Dr James, 12mo 1746.  
' Neither was our country always void of a *Wolner*, who  
living in my memory in the court seemed like another  
*Pandarus*, of whom Antonius Liberalis writeth thus  
much, that he had obtained this gift of the Goddess  
Ceres, to eat iron, glass, oyster shells, raw fish, raw  
flesh, raw fruit, and whatsoever else he would put into  
his stomach, without offence. P 376. 'Other fish being  
citron raw, is harder of digestion than raw beef, for  
Diogenes died with eating of raw fish, and *Wolner* (our  
English *Pandarus*) digesting iron, glass, and oyster-  
shells, by eating a raw ool was overmastered.' P 123.  
He is also mentioned by Taylor the Water Poet, in his  
account of *The Great Feat of Auld*, p 145. 'Milo the  
Crotolian could hardly be his equal, and *Wolner* of  
Windsor was not worthy to beo his footman.' In the  
books of the Stationers' company, in the year 1567, is the  
following entry 'Rec of Henry Denham, for his lyeence  
for the pryntinge of a booke intituled Pleasaunte Tales  
of the lyf of Rychard Wolner, &c.' REED

The seventh chapter of *The Life of Long Meg of West-  
minster*, 1635, relates "how she used *Wolner* the ringing  
man of Windsor, that was the great eater, and how she  
made him pay for his breakfast."

† a] Omitted in the 4to of 1612.

\* *Re-enter Flammeo, &c*] This is not a new scene, for  
Lodovico and Marcello are still on the stage, and speak  
presently

† Four] The three earliest 4tos "You."

† victual] The 4to of 1691 "victuals."

Re-enter FLAMINEO

Flam [andc.] How dares this banish'd count  
return to Rome,

His pardon not yet purchas'd! I have heard  
The deceas'd duchess gave him pension,  
And that he came along from Padua  
I tho' train of the young prince There's some  
what in't

(Physicians, that cure poisons, still do work  
With counter poisons

Mar Mark this strange encounter

Flam The god of melancholy turn thy gall to  
poison,  
And let the stigmatic\* wrinkles in thy face,  
Like to the boisterous waves in a rough  
tide,

One still overtake another

Lod I do thank thee,  
And I do wish ingeniously† for thy sake  
The dog days all year long

Flam. How croaks the raven?  
Is our good duchess dead?

Lod Dead

Flam O fate!  
Misfortune comes, like the coroner's business,  
Huddle upon huddle

Lod Shalt thou and I join house keeping?

Flam Yes, content  
Let's be unsociably sociable

Lod Sit some three days together, and dis-  
course

Flam Only with making faces lie in our  
clothes

Lod With faggots for our pillows

Flam And be lousy

Lod In taffat's linings, that's genteel melan-  
choly

Sleep all day

Flam Yes, and, like your melancholic ‡ hare,  
Feed after midnight—

We are observ'd see how yon couple grieve! §

Lod What a strange creaturo is a laughing  
fool!

\* stigmatic] "10 marked as with a brand of infamy"  
STEEVENS.

So Heywood,

"Print in my face

The most stigmaticke title of a villainus"

A Woman Kilde with Kindness, 1617, Sig C 4  
† ingeniously] By writers of Webster's time *ingenious*  
and *ingenuous* are often confounded.

‡ melancholic] The 4to of 1631 "*melancholy*"—On the  
melancholy of a hare see the notes of Shakespeare's com-  
mentators, *First Part of Henry IV* act i so 2

§ we how yon couple grieve] Probably he alludes to  
Francisco and Monticello but they certainly are not on  
the stage at present.

As if man were created to no use  
But only to show his teeth

Flam I'll tell thee what,—

It would do well, instead of looking glasses,  
To set one's face each morning by a\* saucer  
Of a witch's congeal'd blood

Lod Precious gue!†

We'll never part

Flam Never, till the beggary of courtiers,  
The discontent of churchmen, want of soldiers,  
And all the creatures that hang manacled,  
Worse than strappado'd, on the lowest felly  
Of Fortune's wheel, be taught, in our two lives,  
To scorn that world which life of means deprives.

Enter ANTONELLI and GASPARO

Anto My lord, I bring good news. The Pope,  
on's death bed,

At the earnest suit of the Great Duke of Florence,  
Hath sign'd your pardon, and restor'd unto  
you—

Lod I thank you for your news—Look up  
again,

Flamineo, see my pardon

Flam Why do you laugh?

There was no such condition in our covenant

Lod Why!

Flam You shall not seem a happier man than I  
You know our vow, sir, if you will be merry,  
Do it r'the like posture as if some great man  
Sate while his enemy were executed,  
Though it be very lechery unto thee,  
Do't with a crabbed ‡ politician's face

Lod Your sister is a damnable whore

Flam Ha!

Lod Look you, I spake that laughing

Flam Dost ever think to speak again?

Lod Do you hear?

Wilt sell me forty ounces of her blood  
To water a mandrake?

Flam Poor lord, you did vow  
To live a lousy creature

Lod Yes

Flam Like one

That had for ever forfeited the day-light  
By being in debt.

Lod Ha, ha!

\* a] The 4to of 1631 "*the*"

† gue] So some copies of the 4to of 1612, other copies  
*grine rouge* "the 4to of 1631 "*gue* " the 4tos. of 1665  
and 1672 "*rogue*"—*Gue* (from the Fr *guez*) means a rogue,  
a sharper Nares (*Gloss* in v) was not aware of the pre-  
sent passage, when, after citing two examples of the  
word from Brathwaite's *Honest Ghost*, he expressed a  
suspicion that "*gue*" was "an affectation" of Brathwaite  
‡ crabbed] The 4to of 1631 "*sabby*"

*Flam.* I do not greatly wonder you do break,  
Your lordship learn'd 't long since But I'll tell  
you,—

*Lod* What?

*Flam* And 't shall stick by you,—

*Lod* I long for it

*Flam* This laughter scurvily becomes your  
face

If you will not be melancholy, be angry

*[Strikes him]*

See, now I laugh too

*Mar* You are to blame I'll force you hence

*Lod* Unhand me

*[Exeunt MARCELLO and FIAMINIO]*

That e'er I should be forc'd to right myself

Upon a pander!

*Anto* My lord,—

*Lod* Had been as good met with his fist a  
thunderbolt.

*Gas* How this shows!

*Lod* Uds'death, how did my sword miss him?

These rogues that are most weary of their lives

Still scape the greatest dangers

A pox upon him! all his reputation,

Nay, all the goodness of his family,

Is not worth half this earthquake

I learn'd it of no fencer to shake thus

Come, I'll forget him, and go drink some wine

*[Exeunt]*

*Enter FRANCISCO DE MEDICIS\* and MONTICELSO*

*Mont* Come, come, my lord, untie your folded  
thoughts,

And let them dangle loose as a bride's hair †

Your sister's poison'd

*Fran. de Med* Far be it from my thoughts  
To seek revenge

*Mont* What, are you turn'd all marble?

*Fran. de Med* Shall I defy him, and impose a  
war

Most burdensome on my poor subjects' necks,

Which at my will I have not power to end?

You know, for all the murders, rapes, and thefts,

Committed in the horrid lust of war,

He that unjustly caus'd it first proceed

Shall find it in his grave and in his seed

*Mont* That's not the course I'd wish you, pray,  
observe me

\* *Enter Francisco de Medicis, &c.* Scene. The Same  
An apartment in the palace of Francisco

† —untie your folded thoughts,

And let them dangle loose, as a bride's hair] "Brides  
formerly walked to church with their hair hanging loose  
behind Anne Bullen's was thus dishevelled when she  
went to the altar with King Henry the Eighth"

STEEVENS

We see that undermining more prevails  
Than doth the cannon Bear your wrongs  
conceal'd,

And, patient as the tortoise, let this camel

Stalk o'er your back unbruised sleep with the lion,

And let this brood of secure foolish mice

Play with your nostrils, till the time be ripe

For the bloody audit and the fatal gripe

Am like a cunning fowler, close one eye,

That you the better may your game espy

*Fran. de Med* Free me, my innocence, from  
treacherous acts!

I know there's thunder yonder, and I'll stand

Like a safe valley, which low bends the knee

To some aspiring mountain, since I know

Treason, like spiders weaving nets for flies,

By her foul work is found, and in it dies

To pass away these thoughts, my honour'd lord,

It is reported you possess a book,

Wherein you have quoted,\* by intelligence,

The names of all notorious offenders

Lurking about the city

*Mont* Sir, I do,

And some there are which call it my black book

Well may the title hold, for though it teach not

The art of conjuring, yet in it lurk

The names of many devils.

*Fran. de Med* Pray, let's see it

*Mont* I'll fetch it to your lordship *[Exit]*

*Fran. de Med* Monticelso,

I will not trust thee, but in all my plots

I'll rest as jealous as a town besieg'd

Thou canst not reach what I intend to act

Your flax soon kindles, soon is out again,

But gold slow heats, and long will hot remain

*Re enter MONTICELSO, presents FRANCISCO DE MEDICIS  
with a book*

*Mont* 'Tis here, my lord

*Fran. de Med* First, your intelligencers, pray,  
let's see

*Mont* Their number rises strangely, and some  
of them

You'd take for honest men Next are panders,—

These are your pirates, and these following leaves

For base rogues that undo young gentlemen

By taking up commodities, † for politic bankrupts,

\* quoted] "I e noted" REED

† —that undo young gentlemen

By taking up commodities] "It was the practice of  
usurers formerly, and has been continued by their suc-  
cessors even to the present times, to defraud the neces-  
sitous who borrow money by furnishing them with  
goods and wares, to be converted into cash at a great loss  
to the borrower This was done to avoid the penal  
Statutes against Usury It was called taking up com-

For fellows that are bawds to their own wives,  
Only to put off horses, and slight jewels,  
Clocks, defac'd plate, and such commodities,  
At birth of their first children

*Fran. de Med.* Are there such?

*Mont.* These are for impudent bawds  
That go in men's apparel, for usurers  
That share with scrivener's for their good re-  
portage,

For lawyers that will antedate their writs  
And some divines you might find folded there,  
But that I shup them o'er for conscience' sake  
Here is a general catalogue of knaves  
A man might study all the prisons o'er,  
Yet never attain this knowledge

*Fran. de Med.* Murderers!

Fold down the leaf, I pray  
Good my lord, let me borrow this strange doctrine

*Mont.* Pray, use't, my lord

*Fran. de Med.* I do assure your lordship,  
You are a worthy member of the state,  
And have done infinite good in your discovery  
Of these offenders

*Mont.* Somewhat, sir

*Fran. de Med.* O God!

Better than tribute of wolves paid in England \*  
'Twill hang their skins o'the hedge

*Mont.* I must make bold

To leave your lordship

*Fran. de Med.* Dearly,† sir, I thank you  
If any ask for me at court, report  
You have left me in the company of knaves

[*Exit MONTICELLO*]

I gather now by this, some cunning fellow  
That's my lord's officer, one‡ that lately skipp'd  
From a clerk's desk up to a justice's chair,  
Hath made this knavish summons, and intends,  
As the Irish rebels wont were || to sell heads,  
So to make prize of these And thus it happens,

*modice*, and is often noticed in our ancient writers  
See several instances in the notes of Mr Steevens and  
Dr Farmer to *Measure for Measure*, A 4 b 4. REED

\* *Better than tribute*, &c.] ' This tribute was imposed  
on the Welsh by King Edgar, in order that the nation  
might be freed from these ravenous and destructive  
beasts Drayton, in *Polyolion*, Song 9th, says

'Thrice famous Saxon King, on whom time ne'er shall  
prey,

O Edgar! who compeldst our Ludwal hence to pay  
Three hundred wolves a year for tribute unto thee  
And for that tribute paid, as famous may'st thou be,  
O conquer'd British king, by whom was first destroy'd  
The multitude of wolves, that long this land annoy'd "

REED

† *Dearly*] The 4to of 1631, "dear"

‡ *one*] Some copies of the 4to of 1612 "and"

§ *justice*] The 4to of 1631, "justice's"

|| *wont were*] The 4to of 1631, "were wont"

Your poor rogues pay for't which have not the \*  
means

To present bribe in fist the rest o'the band  
Are raz'd out of the knaves' record, or else  
My lord he winks at them with easy will,  
His man grows rich, the knaves are the knaves still  
But to the use I'll make of it, it shall serve  
To point me out a list† of murderers,  
Agents for any villany Did I want  
Ten leash of courtezans, it would furnish me,  
Nay, laundress three armies That in so little  
paper

Should be the undoing of so many men ‡  
'Tis not so big as twenty declarations  
See the corrupted use some make of books  
Divinity, wrested by some factious blood,  
Draws swords, swells battles, and o'erthrows all  
good

To fashion my revenge more seriously,  
Let me remember my dead sister's face  
Call § for her picture? no, I'll close mine eyes,  
And in a melancholic thought I'll frame

[*Enter ISABELLA's ghost*]

Her figure 'fore me Now I ha't —how strong ||  
Imagination works! how she can frame  
Things which are not! Methinks she stands  
afore me,

And by the quick idea of my mind,  
Were my skill pregnant, I could draw her picture  
Thought, as a subtle juggler, makes us deem  
Things supernatural, which yet ¶ have caus'd  
Common as sickness. 'Tis my melancholy —  
How can'st thou by thy death? —How idle am I  
To question mine own idleness! —Did ever  
Man dream awake till now? —Remove this object,  
Out of my brain with't what have I to do  
With tombs, or death beds, funerals, or tears,  
That have to meditate upon revenge?

[*Exit Ghost*]

So, now 'tis ended, like an old wife's story  
Statesmen think often they see stranger sights  
Than madmen Come, to this weighty business

\* *the*] Omitted in the 4to of 1631

† *list*] Some copies of the 4to of 1612, "life" —perhaps  
a misprint for "file"

‡ — That in so little paper

§ *Call*] Some copies of the 4to of 1612, "Look"

|| *Now I ha't —how strong*] Some copies of the 4to of 1612,

"Now I—d'foot how strong,"

¶ *ye*] Omitted in the two earliest 4tos, and first in-  
serted in that of 1665

My tragedy must have some idle mirth in't,  
Else it will never pass I am in love,  
In love with Corombona, and my suit  
Thus halts to her in verse — [Writes  
I have done it rarely O the fate of princes!  
I am so us'd to frequent flattery,  
That, being alone, I now flatter myself  
But it will serve, 'tis seal'd

Enter Servant \*

Bear this

To the house of convertites,† and watch your  
leisure

To give it to the hands of Corombona,  
Or to the matron, when some followers  
Of Brachiano may be by Away! [Exit Servant  
He that deals all by strength, his wit is shallow  
When a man's head goes through, each limb will  
follow

The engine for my business, bold Count Lodo-  
wick

'Tis gold must such an instrument procure,  
With empty fist no man doth† falcons lure  
Brachiano, I am now fit for thy encounter  
Like the wild Irish, I'll ne'er think thee dead  
Till I can play at football with thy head  
*Flectere si nequeo superos, Acheronta movebo*‡

Enter the Matron || and FLAMINEO

Matron Should it be known the duke hath  
such recourse

To your imprison'd sister, I were like  
To incur much damage by it

Flam Not a scruple

The Pope lies on his death bed, and their heads  
Are troubled now with other business  
Than guarding of a lady

Enter Servant

Servant Yonder's Flammineo in conference  
With the matron — Let me speak with you,  
I would entreat you to deliver for me  
This letter to the fair Vittoria

Matron I shall, sir.

Servant With all care and secrecy  
Hereafter you shall know me, and receive  
Thanks for this courtesy [Exit

Flam How now! what's that?

\* Enter Servant] I may observe that occasionally in  
old plays Servants enter, as here, without being sum-  
moned, just at the moment they happen to be wanted

† convertites] See note †, p. 23

‡ doth] The 4to of 1631, "do"

§ Flectere, &c.] Virgil, *Æn.* vii. 312.

|| Enter the Matron, &c.] Scene The Same A room  
in the House of Convertites

Matron A letter

Flam To my sister! I'll see't deliver'd

Enter BRACHIANO

Brach. What's that you read, Flammineo?

Flam Look

Brach. Ha! [reads] "To the most unfortunate,  
his best respected Vittoria" —

Who was the messenger?

Flam I know not

Brach. No! who sent it?

Flam Ud'sfoot, you speak as if a man  
Should know what fowl is coffin'd in a bak'd  
meat

Afore you cut it up

Brach. I'll open't, were't her heart — What's  
here subscrib'd!

"Florence" — this juggling is gross and palpable  
I have found out the conveyance — Read it,  
read it

Flam [reads] "Your tears I'll turn to triumphs,  
be but mine

Your prop is fall'n I pity, that a vine,  
Which princes heretofore have long'd to gather,  
Wanting supporters, now should fade and wither" —

Wine, I futh, my lord, with lees would serve  
his turn —

"Your sad imprisonment I'll soon uncharm,  
And with a princely uncontrolled arm  
Lead you to Florence, where my love and care  
Shall hang your wishes in my silver hair" —

A halter on his strange equivocation! —

"Nor for my years return me the sad willow  
Who prefer blossoms before fruit that's mellow? —

Rotten, on my knowledge, with lying too long  
in the bed straw —

"And all the lines of age this line convinces,  
The gods never wax old, no more do princes" —

A pox on't, tear it, let's have no more atheists,  
for God's sake

Brach. Ud'sdeath, I'll cut her into atomies,\*

And let the irregular north wind sweep her up,  
And blow her into his nostrils! Where's this  
where?

Flam That what do you call hor?

Brach. O, I could be mad,

Prevent the curs'd disease† she'll bring me to,  
And tear my hair off! Where's this changeable  
stuff!

Flam. O'er head and ears in water, I assure you  
She is not for your wearing

\* atomies] The 4to of 1631 'atomies'

† the curs'd disease] One of the consequences of the  
venereal disease is the coming off of the hair

*Brach.* No,\* you pander?

*Flam.* What, me, my lord? am I your dog?

*Brach.* A blood hound do you brave, do you stand me?

*Flam.* Stand you! let those that have diseases run,

I need no plasters.†

*Brach.* Would you be kick'd?

*Flam.* Would you have your neck broke?

I tell you, duke, I am not in Russia, ‡

My shins must be kept whole

*Brach.* Do you know me?

*Flam.* O, my lord, methodically

As in this world there are degrees of evils,

So in this world there are degrees of devils.

You're a great duke, I your poor secretary

I do look now for a Spanish fig,§ or an Italian salad, daily

*Brach.* Pander, ply your convoy, and leave your prating

*Flam.* All your kindness to me is like that miserable courtesy of Polyphemus to Ulysses, you reserve me to be devoured last you would

\* No] Some copies of the 4to of 1612 "In" the 4to of 1631 "e'en"

† plasters] The 4to of 1631 "plaster"

‡ —I am not in Russia

My shins must be kept whole] "It appears from Giles Fletcher's *Russe Commonwealth*, 1591, p. 51, that on determining an action of debt in that country, 'the partie convicted is delivered to the Sergeant, who hath a writte for his warrant out of the Office, to carry him to the *Praveush*, or Righter of Justice if presently hee pay not the mone, or content not the partie. This *Praveush*, or Righter, is a place neere to the office where such as have sentence passed against them and refuse to pay thit which is adjudged, are beaten with great cudgels on the shins and calves of their legges. Every forenoone from eight to eleven they are act on the *Praveush*, and beate in this sort till the mone be payd. The after noone and night time they are kepte in chaines by the Sergeant except they put in sufficient suerties for their appearance at the *Praveush* at the hower appointed. You shall see fortie or fiftie stand together on the *Praveush* all on a rowe, and their shins thus boecudgelled and beasted overy morning with a piteous cry. If after a years standing on the *Praveush*, the partie will not, or lacke wherewithall to satisfie his cred tour, it is lawfull for him to sell his wife and children, eyther out right, or for a certaine terme of yeares. And if the price of them doo not amount to the full payment, the creditour may take them to bee his bondslaves, for yeares or for ever, according as the value of the debt requireth." REED

So I Daze,

"Let him have Russian law for all his sins, Whats that? A 100 blowes on his bare shins"

*The Parliament of Bees*, 1641, Sig G 2

§ a Spanish fig] "Referring to the custom of giving poisoned figs to those who were the objects either of the Spanish or Italian revenge See Mr Stevens's note on *King Henry V* A 3 S 6" REED

dig turfs out of my grave to feed your larks, that would be music to you Come, I'll lead you to her

*Brach.* Do you face me?

*Flam.* O,\* sir, I would not go before a politic enemy with my back towards him, though there were behind me a whirlpool.

Enter VITTORIA COROMBONA

*Brach.* Can you read, mistress? look upon that letter

There are no characters nor hieroglyphics, You need no comment I am grown your receiver God's precious! you shall be a brave great lady, A stately and advanced whore.

*Vit. Cor.* Say, sir?

*Brach.* Come, come, let's see your cabinet, discover

Your treasury of love-letters Death and Furies! I'll see them all

*Vit. Cor.* Sir, upon my soul,

I have not any Whence was this directed?

*Brach.* Confusion on your politio ignorance!

You are reclaim'd,† are you? I'll give you the bells,

And let you fly to the devil

*Flam.* Ware hawk, my lord

*Vit. Cor.* "Florence"! this is some treacherous plot, my lord

To me he ne'er was lovely,‡ I protest,

So much as in my sleep

*Brach.* Right! they are plots

Your beauty! O, ten thousand curses on't!

How long have I beheld the devil in crystal!§

Thou hast led me, like an heathen sacrifice,

With music and with fatal yokes of flowers,

To my eternal ruin Woman to man

Is either a god or a wolf

*Vit. Cor.* My lord,—

*Brach.* Away!

We'll be as differing as two adamants,

The one shall shun the other What, dost weep?

Procure but ten of thy dissembling trade,

\* O] Omitted in some copies of the 4to of 1612

† reclaim'd] Used here with a quibble to reclaim a hawk is to make her gentle and familiar,—to tame her

‡ lovely] Some copies of the 4to of 1612, "thought on"

§ How long have I beheld the devil in crystal] "The boril, which is a kind of crystal, hath a weak tincture of red in it. Among other tricks of astrologers, the discovery of past or future events was supposed to be the consequence of looking into it. See *Aubrey's Miscellany*, p. 165 edit. 1721" REED

S Rowlands, describing a dabbler in magic, says,

"He can transforme himselfe unto an asse, Shew you the Divell in a Chrystall glasse"

*The Letting of Humors Blood in the Head-Paine*, 1611, Sat. 3

Ye'd\* furnish all the Irish funerals  
With howling past wild Irish

*Flam.* Fie, my lord!

*Brach.* That hand, that cursèd hand, which I  
have wearèd

With dotting kisses '—O my sweetest duchess,  
How lovely art thou now!—My† loose thoughts  
Scatter like quicksilver I was bewitch'd,  
For all the world speaks ill of thee.

*Vit Cor.* No matter

I'll live so now, I'll make that world recant,  
And change her speeches. You did name your  
duchess.

*Brach.* Whose death God pardon!

*Vit Cor.* Whose death God revenge‡  
On thee, most godless duke!

*Flam.* Now for two § whirlwinds.

*Vit Cor.* What have I gain'd by thee but  
infamy!

Thou hast stain'd the spotless honour of my house,  
And frighted thence noble society  
Like those, which, sick o'the palsy, and retain  
Ill scenting foxes 'bout them, are still shunn'd  
By those of choicer nostrils. What do you call  
this house?

Is this your palace? did not the judge style it  
A house of penitent whores! who sent me to it?  
Who hath the honour to advance Vittoria  
To this incontinent college? is't not you?  
Is't not your high preferment? Go, go, brag  
How many ladies you have undone like me  
Fare you well, sir, let me hear no more of you  
I had a limb corrupted to an ulcer,  
But I have cut it off, and now I'll go  
Weeping to heaven on crutches For your gifts,  
I will return them all, and I do wish  
That I could make you full executor  
To all my sins O, that I could toss myself  
Into a grave as quickly! for all thou art worth  
I'll not shed one tear more,—I'll burst first.

[*She throws herself upon a bed*]

*Brach.* I have drunk Lethe—Vittoria!  
My dearest happiness! Vittoria!

What do you ail, my love? why do you weep?

*Vit Cor.* Yes, I now weep pomards, do you see?

*Brach.* Are not those matchless eyes mine?

\* Ye'd] The 4to of 1631, "We'll"

† My] The three earliest 4tos "Thy"

‡ Brach] *Whose death God pardon!*

Vit Cor] *Whose death God revenge, &c.* A recollection  
of Shakespeare,

"Glo Poor Clarence did forsake his father, Warwick,  
Ay, and forswore himself,—which *Jesu* pardon!

Q. Mar] *Which God revenge!*—*Richard III*, act 1 sc 3

§ two] Some copies of the 4to of 1612, "ten" the 4to  
of 1631, "the."

*Vit Cor.* I had rather ¶

They were not matchless.\*

*Brach.* Is not this lip mine?

*Vit Cor.* Yes, thus to bite it off, rather than  
give it thee

*Flam.* Turn to my lord, good sister

*Vit Cor.* Hence, you pander!

*Flam.* Pander! am I the author of your sin?

*Vit Cor.* Yes, he's a base thief that a thief  
lets in

*Flam.* We're blown up, my lord

*Brach.* Wilt thou hear me!

Once to be jealous of thee, is to express  
That I will love thee everlastingly,  
And never more be jealous

*Vit Cor.* O thou fool,

Whose greatness hath by much o'ergrown thy wit!  
What dar'st thou do that I not dare to suffer,  
Excepting to be still thy whore? for that,  
In the sea's bottom sooner thou shalt make  
A bonfire

*Flam.* O, no oaths, for God's sake!

*Brach.* Will you hear me?

*Vit Cor.* Never.

*Flam.* What a damn'd imposthume is a woman's  
will!

Can nothing break it?—Fie, fie, my lord,  
Women are caught as you take tortoisés,  
She must be turn'd on her back—Sister, by this  
hand,  
I am on your side—Come, come, you have wrong'd  
her

What a strange credulous man were you, my lord,  
To think the Duke of Florence would † love her!  
Will any mercer take another's ware  
When once 'tis toud and sullied?—And yet, sister,  
How scurvily this frowardness becomes you!  
Young leverets stand not long, and women's anger  
Should, like their fight, procure a little sport,  
A full cry for a quarter of an hour,  
And then be put to the dead quat.‡

*Brach.* Shall these eyes,

Which have so long time dwelt upon your face,  
Be now put out?

*Flam.* No cruel landlady i'the world,  
Which lends forth groats to broom men, and takes  
use for them,

Would do't—

Hand her, my lord, and kiss her be not like  
A ferret, to let go your hold with blowing

*Brach.* Let us renew right hands

\* matchless] The 4to of 1612, "matches"

† would] Some copies of the 4to of 1612, "could."

‡ quat] A corrupt form of *squat*,—the sitting of a hare.



*Vit. Cor.* Hence!

*Brach* Never shall rago or the forgetful wine  
Make me commit like fault

*Flam* Now you are 't the way on't, follow't hard

*Brach* Be thou at peace with me, let all the  
world

Threaten the cannon

*Flam* Mark his penitence

Best natures do commit the grossest faults,  
When they're given o'er to jealousy, as best wine,  
Dying, makes strongest vinegar I'll tell you,—  
The sea's more rough and raging than calm rivers,  
But not so sweet nor wholesome A quiet woman  
Is a still water under a great bridge,\*  
A man may shoot† her safely

*Vit. Cor.* O ye dissembling men!

*Flam.* We suck'd that, sister,  
From women's breasts, in our first infancy

*Vit. Cor.* To add misery to misery!

*Brach* Sweetest,—

*Vit. Cor.* Am I not low enough?

Ay, ay, your good heart gathers like a snow ball,  
Now your affection's cold

*Flam* Udsfoot, it shall melt  
To a heart again, or all the wine in Rome  
Shall run o'the lees for't

*Vit. Cor.* Your dog or hawk should be rewarded  
better

Than I have been I'll speak not one word more.

*Flam* Stop her mouth with a sweet kiss, my  
lord So,

Now the tide's turn'd, the vessel's come about  
He's a sweet armful O, we cur'd hard men  
Are still most kind to women! This is well

*Brach* That you should chide thus!

*Flam* O, sir, your little chunnies  
Do ever cast most smoke! I sweat for you  
Couple together with as deep a silence  
As did the Grecians in their wooden horse  
My lord, supply your promises with deeds,  
You know that painted meat no hunger feeds.

*Brach.* Stay, ingrateful Rome—†

\* *Is a still water under a great bridge* "Is like a still water under London bridge" was the reading until now [in the editions of Dodsley's *Old Plays*, 1744 and 1780] how or why the word *London* was foisted in, it is not easy to guess, as both the old copies give the passage as it is now printed." COLLIER.

Dodsley and Reed found the reading, which Mr Collier rightly rejected, in the 4tos of 1665 and 1672.

† *shoot* "To shoot the bridge was a term used by watermen, to signify going through London bridge at the turning of the tide. The vessel then went with great velocity, and from thence it probably was called *shoot-ing*." REED

‡ *Stay, ingrateful Rome*—] Qy "Stay in ingrateful Rome!"

*Flam* Rome! it deserves to be call'd Barbary  
For our villainous usage

*Brach.* Soft! the same project which the Duke  
of Florence

(Whether in love or gullery I know not)

Laid down for her escape, will I pursue

*Flam* And no time fitter than this night, my  
lord

The Pope being dead, and all the cardinals  
enter'd

The conclave for the electing a new Pope,

The city in a great confusion,

We may attire her in a page's suit,

Lay her post horse, take shipping, and amain

For Padua

*Brach* I'll \* instantly steal forth the Prince  
Giovanni,

And make for Padua. You two with your old  
mother,

And young Marcello that attends on Florence,

If you can work him to it, follow me

I will advance you all—for you, Vittoria,

Think of a duchess' title

*Flam* Lo you, sister!—

Stay, my lord, I'll tell you a tale The crocodile,  
which lives in the river Nilus, hath a worm breeds  
i'the teeth o't, which puts it to extreme anguish  
a little bird, no bigger than a wren, is barber-  
surgeon to this crocodile, flies into the jaws o't,  
picks out the worm, and brings present remedy  
The fish, glad of ease, but ingrateful to her that  
did it, that the bird may not talk largely of her  
abroad for non-payment, closeth her chaps, intend-  
ing to swallow her, and so put her to perpetual  
silence But nature, loathing such ingratitude,  
hath armed this bird with a quill or prick on the  
head, top o'the which wounds the crocodile i'the  
mouth, forceth her open her bloody prison, and  
away flies the pretty tooth picker from her cruel  
patient †

*Brach* Your application is, I have not rewarded  
The service you have done me

*Flam* No, my lord—

You, sister, are the crocodile you are blemish'd  
in your fame, my lord cures it, and though the  
comparison hold not in every particle, yet observe,  
remember what good the bird with the prick i'the  
head hath done you, and scorn ingratitude.—

\* *Will* Omitted in the 4to of 1631

† This tale is an alteration of a fable told originally by Herodotus, lib ii c 68, that a bird, called trochilus, enters the throat of the crocodile, and extracts the leeches that gather there (or, according to some ancient writers, picks particles of flesh from its teeth), and that the grateful crocodile does the bird no injury

It may appear to some ridiculous [Aside]  
Thus to talk knave and madman, and sometimes  
Come in with a dried sentence, stuff with sige  
But this allows my varying of shapes,  
Knave do grow great by being great men's apes

IX.

[Exeunt]

Enter FRANCISCO DE MEDINA \* LODOVICO, GASPARO, and  
the Ambassadors

Fran de Med So, my lord, I commend your  
diligence

Guard well the conclave, and, as the order is,  
Let none have conference with the cardinals

Lod I shall, my lord—Room for the ambas-  
sadors!

Gasp They're wondrous brave † to dry why  
do they wear

These several habits?

Lod O, ay, they are knights  
Of several orders

That lord in the black cloak, with the silver  
cross,

Is Knight of Rhodes, ‡ the next, Knight of St  
Michael, §

That, of the Golden Fleece, || the Frenchman,  
there,

Knight of the Holy Ghost, ¶ my lord of Savoy,  
Knight of the Annunciation, \*\* the Englishman  
Is Knight of the honour'd Garter, †† dedicated

\* Enter Francisco de Medina, &c.] Scene The same  
Before the building in which the cardinals are assembled  
for the election of a Pope from what presently follows  
in our text it would seem that the conclave is held in a  
church (The Vatican, I believe, is the usual place of  
conclave)

bare] 'i e fine' REED

† That lord in the black cloak with the silver cross,

Is knight of Rhodes] "A knight of Rhodes was  
formerly called a knight of St John Jerusalem, and now  
a knight of Malta The Order was instituted some time  
before the conquest of Jerusalem by the Christians in  
1099 Segar says, that a governor called Gerardus  
commanded that he and all others of that house should  
wear a white cross upon a black garment, which was the  
original of the Order, and ever since hath been used—  
Honor Military and Civil, fol 1602, p 97" REED

§ Knight of St Michael] "This Order was erected in  
1460 by Lewis XI King of France See Segar on Honor,  
p 83" REED

|| That of the Golden Fleece] "Instituted by Philip the  
Good Duke of Burgundy and Earl of Flanders, in 1129  
See Segar, p 79" REED

¶ Knight of the Holy Ghost] "Instituted by Henry III  
King of France and Poland, in the year 1179 See Segar,  
p 87" REED

\*\* Knight of the Annunciation] "An Order begun by  
Amedes Count of Savoy, surnamed Il Verde, in memory  
of Amedes the first Earl, who, having valorously de-  
fended the Isle of Rhodes, did win those arms now borne  
by the Dukes of Savoy See Segar, p 85" REED

†† Knight of the honour'd Garter] "Founded by King  
Edward III" REED

Unto their saint, St. George I could describe to  
you

Their several institutions, with the laws  
Annex'd to their orders, but that time  
Permits not such discovery

Fran de Med Where's Count Lodowick?

Lod Here, my lord.

Fran de Med 'Tis o'the point of dinner time  
Marshal the cardinals' service

Lod Sir, I shall

Later Servants, with several dishes covered

Stand, let me search your dish—who's this for?

Servant For my lord cardinal Monticello

Lod Whose this?

Servant For my lord cardinal of Bourbon

Th' Amb Why doth he search the dishes? to  
observe

What meat is drest?

Eng Amb No, sir, but to prevent

lest any letters should be convey'd in,

To bribe or to solicit the advancement

Of any cardinal When first they enter,

'Tis lawful for the ambassadors of princes

To enter with them, and to make them suit

For any man their prince affecteth best,

But after, till a general election,

No man may speak with them

Lod You that attend on the lord cardinals,  
Open the window, and receive their winds!

A Cardinal [at the window] You must retain  
the service the lord cardinals

Are busied 'bout electing of the Pope,

They have given over scrutiny, and will fill in  
To adulation

Lod Away, away!

Fran de Med I'll lay a thousand ducats you  
hear news

Of a Pope presently Hark! sure he's elected

Behold, my lord of Arragon appears

On the church battlements

Arragon [on the church battlements] Denuntio  
vobis \*gaudium magnum Reverendissimi cardi-  
nalis Lorenzo de Monticello electus est in sedem  
apostolicam, et elegit sibi nomen Paulum Quartum

\* Denuntio vobis, &c.] All the times except that of  
1612, "Annuntio"—This was nearly the form in which  
the election of a pope was declared to the people See  
Roscoe's Life of Leo the Tenth, vol II p 166 ed 1805  
Cartwright, perhaps, meant to parody this passage of  
Webster, when he wrote the following.

"Moth Denuncio vobis gaudium magnum,  
Robertus de Tinea electus est in sedem Hospita-  
lem,

Et assumit sibi nomen Gulfridi

The Ordinary, Act 5 Sc 4 (Works, 1651)

*Omnes Vivat sanctus pater Paulus Quartus!*<sup>\*</sup>

*Enter Servant*

*Servant* Vittoria, my lord,—

*Fran de Med* Well, what of her?

*Servant* Is fled the city,—

*Fran de Med* Ha!

*Servant* With Duke Brachiano

*Fran de Med* Fled! Where's the Prince Gio-  
vanni?

*Servant* Gone with his father

*Fran de Med* Let the nation of the con-  
vertites

Be apprehended—Fled! O, damnable!

*[Exit Servant]*

How fortunate are my wishes! why, 'twas this  
I only labour'd I did send the letter

To instruct him what to do Thy fame, fond  
duke,

I first have poison'd, directed thee the way  
To marry a whore what can be worse? This  
follows,—

The hand must act to drown the passionate  
tongue

I scorn to wear a sword and part of wrong

*Enter MONTICELSO in state*

*Mont* *Concedimus vobis apostolicam benedic-  
tionem et remissionem peccatorum* ‡

My lord reports Vittoria Corombona

Is stol'n from forth the house of convertites

By Brachiano, and they're fled the city

Now, though this be the first day of our state, §

We cannot better please the divine power

Than to sequester from the holy church

These curs'd poisons Make it therefore known,

We do denounce excommunication

Against them both all that are theirs in Rome

We likewise banish Set on

*[Exeunt MONTICELSO, his train, Ambassadors, &c]*

*Fran de Med* Come, dear Lodovico,

You have ta'en the sacrament to prosecute

The intended murder

*Lod* With all constancy

But, sir, I wonder you'll engage yourself

In person, being a great prince

*Fran de Med* Drive it me not.

Most of his court are of my faction,

\* *Paulus Quartus*] Qv did Webster, in making Monticelso Pope Paul IV follow the work from which he took the plot of this play? The person who was really raised to that dignity was John Peter Carafa

† *fond*] i.e. simple, foolish

‡ In some copies of the 4to of 1612 this benediction is not given

§ *rite*] Some copies of the 4to of 1612, and the 4to of 1631, "seat"

And some are of my council Noble friend,  
Our danger shall be like in this design

Give leave, part of the glory may be mine

*[Exeunt FRAN DE MED and GASPARO]*

*Re enter MONTICELSO*

*Mont* Why did the Duke of Florence with  
such care

Labour your pardon? say \*

*Lod* Italian beggars will resolve you that,  
Who, begging of an alms, bid those they beg of,  
Do good for their own sakes, or it may be,  
He spreads his bounty with a sowing hand,  
Like kings, who many times give out of measure,  
Not for desert so much, as for their pleasure

*Mont* I know you're cunning Come, what  
devil was that

That you were raising?

*Lod* Devil, my lord!

*Mont* I ask you †

How doth the duke employ you, that his bonnet  
Full with such compliment unto his knee,  
When he departed from you?

*Lod* Why, my lord,

He told me of a resty Barbary horse  
Which he would fain have brought to the court,  
The salt, ‡ and the ring galliard now, my lord,  
I have a rare French rider §

*Mont* Take you heed

Lest the jade break your neck Do you put me off  
With your wild horse tricks? Sirrah, you do lie  
O, thou art a foul black cloud, and thou dost threat  
A violent storm!

*Lod* Storms are in the air, my lord  
I am too low to storm

*Mont* Wretched creature!

I know that thou art fashion'd for all ill,  
Like dogs that once get blood, they'll ever kill  
About some murder? was't not?

*Lod* I'll not tell you

And yet I care not greatly if I do,  
Marry, with this preparation Holy father,

\* *Why did the Duke of Florence with such care*

*Labour your pardon? say*] In some copies of the 4to of 1612 this forms part of Francisco's speech, but in other copies of that edition, and in the 4to of 1631, it is rightly given to Monticelso

† *I ask you*] The two oldest 4tos give this to Lodovico but the 4tos of 1665 and 1672 assign it to Monticelso, to whom it obviously belongs

‡ *The salt*] The old eds have "The 'salt,'" &c but a particular kind of leaping or bounding is meant "If then you finde in him [your horse] a naturall inclination of lightnesse, and a spirit both apt to apprehend and execute any 'salt' above ground," &c Markham's *Cavalierie* &c, p 234 ed 1617

§ *French rider*] When this play was written, the French excelled most nations in horsemanship

I come not to you as an intelligencer,  
But as a penitent sinner what I utter  
Is in confession merely, which you know  
Must never be reveal'd

*Mont* You have o'erstrain'd me

*Lod* Sir, I did love Brachynus's duchess dearly,  
Or rather I pursu'd her with hot lust,  
Though she no'er knew ou't She was poison'd,  
Upon my soul, she was for which I have sworn  
To avenge her murder

*Mont* To the Duke of Florence?

*Lod* To him I have

*Mont* Miserable creature!

If thou perdest in this, 'tis damnable  
Dost thou imagine thou canst slide on blood,  
And not be tainted with a shameful fall?  
Or, like the black and melancholic yew tree,  
Dost think to root thyself in dead men's graves,  
And yet to prosper? Instruction to thee  
Comes like sweet showers to over harden'd ground,  
They wet, but pierce not deep And so I leave  
thee,

With all the Furies hanging 'bout thy neck,  
Till by thy penitence thou remove this evil,  
In conjuring from thy breast that cruel devil

*Fad*

*Lod* I'll give it o'er, he says 'tis damnable  
Besides I did expect his suffrage,  
By reason of Camillo's death

*He enter FRANCISCO DE MEDICI with a servant*

*Fran de Med* Do you know that count?

*Servant* Yes, my lord

*Fran de Med* Bear him these thousand ducats  
to his lodging,

Tell him the Pope hath sent them.—[*aside*]

*Happily*

That will confirm [him] more than all the rest [*Lod*]

*Servant* Sir,—

*Lod* To me, sir?

*Servant* His Holiness hath sent you a thousand  
crowns,

And wills you, if you travel, to make him  
Your patron for intelligence

*Lod* His creature ever to be commanded

[*Exit Servant*]

Why, now 'tis come about He rail'd upon me,  
And yet these crowns were told out and laid ready  
Before he knew my voyage O the wit,  
The modest form of greatness! that do sit,  
Like brides at wedding dinners, with their looks  
turn'd

From the least wanton jest, their pining stomach  
Sick of themodesty, when then thoughts are loose,  
Even acting of those hot and lustful sports

Are to ensue about midnight such his cunning  
He sounds my depth thus with a golden plummet  
I am doubly arm'd now Now to the act of blood  
There's but three Furies found in spacious hell,  
But in a great man's breast three thousand dwell

[*Lod*]

X

*A passage over the stage of BRACHIANO FLAMINIO, MARCELLO HORTENSIO, VITTORIA COLOMBONA, CORNELIA, PAVONI, and others except omnes except FLAMINIO and HORTENSIO \**

*Flam* In all the weary minutes of my life,  
Day never broke up till now This marriage  
Confirms me happy

*Hort* 'Tis a good assurance

Saw you not yet the Moon that's come to count?

*Flam* Yes, and confest with him i'the duke's  
closet

I have not seen a goodlier personage,  
Nor ever talk'd with man better experienc'd  
In state affairs or rudiments of war  
He hath, by report, serv'd the Venetian  
In Candy these twice seven years, and been chief  
In many a bold design

*Hort* What are those two

That becom your company?

*Flam* Two noblemen of Hungary, that living  
in the emperor's service as commanders, eight  
years since, contrary to the expectation of all the  
court, entered into religion, into the strict order  
of Capuchins but, being not well settled in their  
undertaking, they left their order, and returned  
to court, for which, being after troubled in con-  
science, they vow'd their service against the  
enemies of Christ, went to Malta, were there  
knighted, and in their return back at this great  
solemnity, they are resolved for ever to forsake  
the world and settle themselves here in a house  
of Capuchins in Padua

*Hort* 'Tis strange

*Flam* One thing makes it so they have vow'd  
for ever to wear, next their blue bodies, those  
coats of mail they served in

*Hort* Haild penance! Is the Moor a Christian?

*Flam* He is

*Hort* Why proffers he his service to our duke?

*Flam* Because he understands there's like to  
grow

Some wars between us and the Duke of Florence,  
In which he hopes employment

I never saw one in a sterner bold look

Wear more command, nor in a loftier phrase

I express more knowing or more deep contempt

\* *except Flammino and Hortensio* Scene Padua An  
apartment of a palace

† *varies* The 4th of 1631, "war"

Of our sight my countiers Ho talks  
As if he had travell'd all the princes' courts  
Of Christendom in all things strives to express,  
That all that should dispute with him may know,  
Glories, like glow worms,\* as off shine bright,  
But look'd to me, have neither heat nor light —  
The duke!

*Re-enter BRACHIANO with FRANCISCO DE MEDICIS disguised  
like MULINASSAR, LODOVICO ANTONELLI, GASPARO  
FARNESI, CARLO and PEDRO † bearing their swords  
and helmets and MARCITTO*

*Brach* You are nobly welcome We have heard  
at full

Your honourable service 'gainst the Turk  
To you brave MULINASSAR, we assign  
A competent pension and are only sorry,  
The vows of those two worthy gentlemen  
Make them incapable of our proffer'd bounty  
Your wish is, you may leave your warlike swords  
For monument in our chapel I accept it  
As a great honour done me, and must crave  
You leave to furnish out our duchess' revels  
Only one thing, is the last vanity  
You ever shall view, deny me not to stay  
To see a butler's prep'nd to night  
You shall have private standings It hath pleas'd  
The great ambassadors of several princes,  
In their return from home to their own countries,  
To grace our musing, and to honour me  
With such a kind of sport

*Fran de Med* I shall persuade them

To stay, my lord

*Brach* Set on there to the presence! ‡

*[Exit BRACHIANO, FRANCISCO, MARCITTO, and  
HOWARD]*

*Car* Noble my lord, most fortunately welcome

*[The Conspirators here embrace]*

You have our vows, seal'd with the sacrament,  
To second your attempts

*Ped* And all things ready

He could not have invented his own ruin  
(Had he deserv'd) with more propriety §

*Lod* You would not take my way

*Fran de Med* The better order'd

*Lod* To have poison'd his prayer book, or a pair  
of beads,

The pommel of his saddle,\* his looking-glass,  
Or the handle of his racket,—O, that, that!  
That while he had been bandying at tennis,  
He might have sworn himself to hell, and strook  
His soul into the hazard! O, my lord,  
I would have our plot be ingenious,  
And have it hereafter recorded for example,  
Rather than borrow example

*Fran de Med* There's no way

More speeding than this thought on

*Lod* On, † this

*Fran de Med* And yet methinks that this  
revenge is poor,

Because it steals upon him like a thief  
To have taken him by the casque in a pitch'd  
field,

Led him to Florence!—

*Lod* It had been rare and there

Have crown'd him with a wreath of stinking garlic,  
To have shown the sharpness of his government  
And a kindness of his lust ‡—Flammino comes

*[Enter LODOVICO ANTONELLI, GASPARO, FARNESI,  
CARLO and PEDRO]*

*Re-enter FRANCISCO, MARCITTO, and ZANCHE*

*Mar* Why doth this devil haunt you, say?

*Fran* I know not,

For, by this light, I do not conjure for her  
'Tis not so great a cunning as men think,  
To ruse the devil, for here's one up already  
The greatest cunning were to lay him down

*Mar* She is your shame

*Fran* I pithet, pardon her

In faith, you see, women are like to burn,  
Where their affection throws them, there they'll  
stick

*Zan* That is my countryman, a goodly person  
When he's at leisure, I'll discourse with him  
In our own language

*Fran* I beseech you do *[Exit ZANCHE]*

How is't, brave soldier? O, that I had seen  
Some of your iron days! I pray, relate  
Some of your service to us

*Fran de Med* 'Tis a ridiculous thing for a

\* *Glories like glow worms* &c.] This fine simile occurs again verbatim in the *Duchess of Malf.* A 4 S 2

† *Carlo and Pedro*] In both the earliest 4tos "Car" and "Ped" are prefixed to the respective speeches of those personages in this scene, though their entrance is not marked, and their names we found it full length afterwards in stage directions. The 4tos of 1665 and 1672 prefix to the two speeches in question, "Lod" and "Car."

‡ *Set on there to the presence*] This evidently belongs to Brachiano though all the 4tos give it to Francisco

§ *propriety*] The 4tos of 1665 and 1672, "deftly."

\* *The pommel of his saddle*] "This was one of the methods put in practice in order to destroy Queen Elizabeth. In the year 1598 Edward Squire was convicted of anointing the pommel of the Queen's saddle with poison, for which he was afterwards executed. See *Candee's Elizabeth* p. 726. Elz edit 1639." REED

† *On*] The 4to of 1631, "Oh."

‡ *And rankness of his lust*] After these words, the 4tos of 1665 and 1672 insert "But peace," not found in the two earliest 4tos

man to be his own chronicle I did never wash my mouth with mine own praise for fear of getting a stinking breath

*Mar* You're too stoical The duke will expect other discourse from you

*Fran de Med* I shall never flatter him I have studied man too much to do that. What difference is between the duke and I? no more than between two bricks, all made of one clay only 't may be one is placed on the top of a turret, the other in the bottom of a well, by mere chance If I were placed as high as the duke, I should stick as fast, make as fair a show, and bear out weather equally

*Fiam* [aside] If this soldier had a patent to beg in churches, then he would tell them stories

*Mar* I have been a soldier too

*Fran de Med* How have you thrived?

*Mar* Faith, poorly

*Fran de Med* That's the misery of peace only outbids are then respected As ships seem very great upon the river, which show very little upon the seas, so some men in the court seem colossuses in a chamber, who, if they came into the field, would appear pitiful pigmies

*Fiam* Give me a fair room yet hung with arms, and some great cardinal to lug me by the ears as his endeared minion

*Fran de Med* And thou mayst do the devil knows what villany

*Fiam* And safely

*Fran de Med* Right you shall see in the country, in harvest-time, pigeons, though they destroy never so much corn, the farmer does not present the fowling piece to them why? because they belong to the lord of the manor, whilst your poor sparrows, that belong to the lord of heaven, they go to the pot for't

*Fiam* I will now give you some politic instructions The duke says he will give you a pension that's but bare promise, get it under his hand For I have known men that have come from serving against the Turk, for three or four months they have had pension to buy them new wooden legs and flesh plasters, but, after, 'twas not to be had And this miserable courtesy shows as if a tormentor should give hot cordial drinks to one three quarters dead o'the rack, only to fetch the miserable soul again to endure more doggish

[Exit FRANCISCO DE MEDICES]

\* a] Omitted in the 4to. of 1612

† The 4tos do not mark the Exit of FRANCISCO but it is necessary to get rid of him, as he enters towards the end of this scene

*Re enter HORTENSIO and ZANCHE, with a Young Lord and two more*

How now, gallants! what, are they ready for the barriers?

*Young Lord* Yes, the lords are putting on their armour

*Hort* What's he?

*Fiam* A new up start, one that sweats like a fileoner, and will be in the dukes send by day, like a maker of almshouses and yet I know him, since he came to the court, smell worse of sweat than an under tennis-court keeper

*Hort* Look you, yonder's your sweet mistress

*Fiam* Thou art my sworn brother I'll tell thee, I do love that Moor, that witch, very constrainedly She knows some of my villany I do love her just as a man holds a wolf by the ears but for fear of turning upon me and pulling out my throat, I would let her go to the devil

*Hort* I hear she claims marriage of thee

*Fiam* I wish, I wote to her some such dark promise, and, in seeking to fly from it, I run on, like a lighted dog with a bottle in its tail, that fire would bite it off, and yet comes not look behind him—Now, my precious puppy

*Zanche* Ay, your love to me rather cools than heats

*Fiam* Murry, I am the sounder lover we have many wenches about the town heat too fast

*Hort* What do you think of these perfumed gallants, then?

*Fiam* Their skin cannot save them I am confident

They have a certain spice of the disease, For they that sleep with dogs shall rise with fleas

*Zanche* Believe it, a little painting and gay clothes make you love \* me

*Fiam* How! love a lady for painting or gay apparel? I'll unknell one example more for thee Æsop had a foolish dog that let go the flesh to catch the shadow I would have courtiers be better divers

*Zanche* You remember your oaths?

*Fiam* Lovers' oaths are like mimmers prayers, uttered in extremity, but when the tempest is o'er, and that the vessel leaves tumbling, they fall from protesting to drinking And yet, amongst gentlemen, protesting and drinking go together, and agree as well as shoe makers and Westphalia bacou they are both drawers on,

[Exit] The three earliest 4tos "loath"

for drink draws on protestation, and protestation draws on more drink Is not this discourse better now than the morality \* of your sunburnt gentleman?

*Re enter CORNELIA*

*Cor* Is this your perch, you haggard? fly to the  
stews [Striking ZANCHE]

*Flam* You should be clapt by the heels now  
strike the court! [Exit CORNELIA †]

*Zanche* She's good for nothing, but to make  
her mads

Catch cold nights they due not use a bed staff  
For fear of her light fingers

*Mar* You're a stinppet,  
An impudent one [Kicking ZANCHE]

*Flam* Why do you kick her, say?  
Do you think that she is like a walnut tree?  
Must she be cudgell'd ere she bear good fruit?

*Mar* She brings that you shall marry her

*Flam* What, then?

*Mar* I had rather she were pitch'd upon a  
stake

In some new seeded garden, to affright  
Her fellow crows thence

*Flam* You're a boy, a fool  
Be guardian to your hound, I am of age

*Mar* If I take her near you, I'll cut her throat

*Flam* With a sin of fathers?

*Mar* And, for you, I'll whip  
This folly from you

*Flam* Are you choleric?  
I'll purge't with rhubarb

*Mar* O, your brother!

*Flam* Hang him,

He wrongs me most that ought to offend me  
least—

I do suspect my mother play'd foul play  
When she conceiv'd thee

*Mar* Now, by all my hopes,  
Like the two slaunder'd sons of Oedipus,  
The very flames of our affection  
Shall turn two ways. Those words I'll make  
thee answer

With thy heart blood

\* [corollary] The three earliest stas "mortality"

† The Exit of Cornelia is omitted in the stas, but that she is not on the stage during the deadly quarrel of her sons, is evident from what she afterwards says,

"I hear a whispering all about the court

You are to fight who is your opposite?

What is the quarrel?"

‡ [two] The stas of 1612, "10"

"——— lamina ———"

Scinditur in partes geminæque cæcumque igit,

Thobimus imitata rogos" Lucan, *Phar* i 550

*Flam* Do, like the geese in the progress \*  
You know where you shall find me

*Mar* Very good [Exit FLAMINEO]  
An thou be'st a noble friend, bear him my sword,  
And bid him fit the length on't

*Young Lord* Sir, I shall

[Enter Young Lord, MARCELLO, HORTENSIO, and  
two more]

*Zanche* He comes. Hence petty thought of  
my disgrace!

*Re enter FRANCISCO DE MEDICIS*

I neer lov'd my complexion till now,  
'Cause I may boldly say, without a blush,  
I love you

*Fran de Med* Your love is untimely sown,  
there's a spring at Michaelmas, but 'tis but a faint  
one I am sunk in years, and I have vowed never  
to marry

*Zanche* Alas! poor maids get more lovers than  
husbands yet you may mistake my wealth  
for, as when ambassadors are sent to congratulate  
princes, there's commonly sent along with them  
a rich present, so that, though the prince like not  
the ambassador's person nor words, yet he likes  
well of the presentment, so I may come to you  
in the same manner, and be better loved for my  
dowry than my virtue

*Fran de Med* I'll think on the notion

*Zanche* Do I'll now

Detain you no longer At your better leisure  
I'll tell you things shall startle your blood  
Nor blame me that this passion I reveal,  
Lovers die to ward that their flames conceal

[Exit

*Fran de Med* Of all intelligence thus may  
prove the best

Sure, I shall draw strange fowl from this foul  
nest [Exit

*Enter MARCELLO † and CORNELIA*

*Cor* I hear a whispering all about the court  
You are to fight who is your opposite?  
What is the quarrel?

*Mar* 'Tis an idle rumour

*Cor* Will you dissemble? sure, you do not well  
To fight me thus you never look thus pale,  
But when you are most angry I do charge you  
Upon my blessing,—nay, I'll call the duke,  
And he shall school you

*Mar* Publish not a fear

Which would convert to laughter 'tis not so  
Was not this crucifix my father's?

\* [progress] See note, p

† [Enter Marcello, &c] Scene Another apartment in  
the same

*Cor* Yes

*Mar* I have heard you say, giving my brother  
suck,

He took the crucifix between his hands,  
And broke a limb off

*Cor* Yes, but 'tis mended

*Enter FLAMINEO*

*Flam.* I have brought your weapon back

*[Runs MARCELLO through]*

*Cor* Hail O my horror!

*Mar* You have brought it home, indeed

*Cor* Help! O, ho's murder'd!

*Flam* Do you turn your gull up? I'll to  
sanctify,

And send a surgeon to you *[Exit]*

*Enter CARLO, HORTENSIO, and PEDRO*

*Hort* How! o the ground!

*Mar* O mother, now remember what I told  
Of breaking of the crucifix! Farewell  
There are some sins which heaven doth duly  
punish

In a whole family This it is to rise  
By all dishonest means! Let all men know,  
That time shall long time keep its steady foot  
Whose business spreads no wider\* than the foot

*Cor* O my perpetual sorrow!

*Hort* Virtuous Marcello!

He's dead—Pray, leave him, lady come, you  
shall

*Cor* Alas, he is not dead, he's in a trance  
Why, here's nobody shall get my thing by his  
death Let me call him again, for God's sake!

*Car* I would you were deceived

*Cor* O, you abuse me, you abuse me, you  
abuse me! How many have gone away thus, for  
lack of tendance! Ream up's head, ream up's  
head his bleeding inward will kill him

*Hort* You see he is departed

*Cor* I let me come to him, give me him as he  
is if he be turned to earth, let me but give him  
one liberty kiss, and you shall put us both into  
one coffin Fetch a looking glass,† see if his  
breath will not stain it or pull out some feathers  
from my pillow, and lay them to his lips Will  
you lose him for a little pains taking?

\* *with* [The 4to of 1672, "wider"]

† *Fetch a looking glass, &c* [See Shakespeare in *King  
Lear*, A 5 S 3]

‡ *Lend me a looking-glass*

*If that her breath will mist or stain the stone*

*Why, then she lives*

*Thus feathers, stirs she lives! if it be so,*

*It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows*

*That ever I have felt* " *REED*

*Hort* Your kindest office is to pray for him

*Cor* Alas, I would not pray for him yet He  
may live to lay me in the ground, and pray for me,  
if you'll let me come to him

*Enter BRACHIANO all armed, seize the beaver with  
FLAMINEO, FRANCISCO DE MEDICIS, IODOVICO, and  
PAGE*

*Brach* Was this your handiwork?

*Flam* It was my misfortune

*Cor* He lies, he lies, he did not kill him these  
have killed him that would not let him be better  
looked to

*Brach* Have comfort, my griev'd mother

*Cor* O you! screech owl!

*Hort* Forbear, good madam

*Cor* I let me go, let me go

*[She runs to FLAMINEO with her knife drawn, and  
coming to him lets it fall]*

The God of heaven forgive thee! Dost not  
wonder

I pray for thee? I'll tell thee what's the reason  
I have scarce breath to number twenty minutes,  
I'd not spend that in cursing Fate thee well  
Half of thyself lies there, and must thou  
live

To fill in horn glass with his mould'ring ashes,  
To tell how thou shouldst spend the time to  
come

In blest repentance!

*Brach* Mother, pray tell me

How came he by his death? what was the quarrel?

*Cor* Indeed, my younger boy presum'd too  
much

Upon his manhood, gave him bitter words,  
Drew his sword first, and so, I know not how,  
For I was out of my wits, he fell with's head  
Just in my bosom

*Page* This is not true, madam

*Cor* I pry thee, peace

One arrow's graz'd already it were vain

To lose this for that will never be found again

*Brach* Go, bear the body to Cornelia's lodging  
And we command that none acquaint our duchess  
With this sad accident For you, Flamenco,  
Hark you, I will not grant your pardon

*Flam* No!

*Brach* Only a lease of your life, and that shall  
last

But for one day thou shalt be forc'd each evening  
To renew it, or be hang'd

*Flam* At your pleasure

*[LODOVICO sprinkles BRACHIANO'S beaver with a poison]*

Your will is law now, I'll not meddle with it

*you*] The 4tos of 1666 and 1672, "you"



*Brach* You once did brave me in your sister's lodging,  
I'll now keep you in awe for't—Where's our beaver?

*Fran de Med* [aside] He calls for his destruction Noble youth,  
I pity thy sad fate! Now to the barriers  
Thou shalt pass to the black lake further,  
The last good deed he did, he pardon'd murder!

[Exeunt  
[Charges and shouts \* They fight at barriers † first single paces, then three to three

Enter BRACHIANO, VITTORIA COROMBONA, GIOVANNI, FRANCISCO DE MEDICIS, FLAMINEO, with others

*Brach* An armorer! 'ud's death, an armorer!

*I'llam.* Armorer! where's the armorer?

*Brach* Tear off my beaver.

*Flam* Are you hurt, my lord?

*Brach* O, my brain's on fire!

Enter Armorer

The helmet is poison'd

*Armorer* My lord, upon my soul,—

*Brach* Away with him to torture!

There are some great ones that have hand in this,  
And near about us

*Vit Cor* O my lov'd lord! poison'd!

*Flam* Remove the beaver! Here's unfortunate revels!

Call the physicians

Enter two Physicians

A plague upon you!

We have too much of your cunning here already  
I fear the ambassadors are likewise poison'd

*Brach.* O, I am gone already! the infection  
Flies to the brain and heart O thou strong heart!  
There's such a covenant 'twixt the world and it,  
They're loth to break

*Giov* O my most loved father!

*Brach* Remove the boy away—  
Where's this good woman?—Had I infinite worlds,  
They were too little for thee must I leave thee?—  
What say you, screech owls, is the venom mortal?

*First Phys* Most deadly

*Brach.* Most corrupted politic hangman,  
You kill without book, but your art to save  
Fails you as oft as great men's needy friends  
I that have given life to offending slaves

\* Charges and shouts &c.] Scene The lists at Padua.  
† barriers] "Barriers cometh of the French word  
Barres, and signifieth with us that which the Frenchmen  
call *Jeu de Barres* a martial sport or exercise of men  
armed, and fighting together with short swords within  
certain Barres or lists, whereby they are separated from  
the spectators." Cowley's *Interpreter*, ed 1701

And wretched murderers, have I not power  
To lengthen mine own a twelve month?—

Do not kiss me, for I shall poison thee.

This unction's sent from the great Duke of  
Florence

*Fran de Med* Sir, be of comfort

*Brach* O thou soft natural death, that art  
joint-twin

To sweetest slumber! no rough bearded comet  
Stares on thy mild departure, the dull owl  
Beats not against thy casement, the hoarse wolf  
Scent not thy carrion pity winds thy corse,  
Whilst horror waits on princes

*Vit Cor* I am lost for ever

*Brach.* How miserable a thing it is to die  
'Mongst women howling!

Enter LOPOVICO and GASPARO, in the habit of Capuchins

What are those?

*Flam*

Franciscans

They have brought the extreme unction

*Brach* On pain of death, let no man name death  
to me

It is a word infinitely terrible

Withdraw into our cabinet

[Exeunt all except FRANCISCO DE MEDICIS and FLAMINEO

*Flam* To see what solitariness is about dying  
princes! as heretofore they have unpeopled towns,  
divorced friends, and made great houses unhospi-  
table, so now, O justice! where are then flatterers  
now? Flatterers are but the shadows of princes'  
bodies, the least thick cloud makes them invisible

*Fran de Med* There's great morn made for him

*Flam* Faith, for some few hours salt water will  
run most plentifully in every office of the court  
but, believe it, most of them do but weep over  
their stepmothers' graves!

*Fran de Med* How mean you?

*Flam* Why, they dissemble, as some men do  
that live within compass of a verge

*Fran de Med* Come, you have thrived well  
under him

*Flam* Faith, like a wolf in a woman's breast, †  
I have been fed with poultry but, for money,  
understand me, I had as good a will to cozen him  
as e'er an officer of them all, but I had not  
cunning enough to do it

*Fran de Med* What didst thou think of him?  
fufly, speak freely

\* as] The 1to of 1631, "are"

† graves] The 4to of 1631, "grave"

‡ like a wolf in a woman's breast] "The extraordinary  
cravings of women during their pregnancy were anciently  
accounted for, by supposing some voracious animal to  
be within them." STEEVENS.

*Flam* He was a kind of statesman that would sooner have reckoned how many cannon bullets he had discharged against a town, to count his expence that way, than how many of his valiant and deserving subjects he lost before it

*Fran de Med* O, speak well of the duke

*Flam* I have done Wilt hear some of my court wisdom? To reprehend princes is dangerous, and to overcommend some of them is palpable lying

*Re-enter LODOVICO*

*Fran de Med* How is it with the duke?

*Lod* Most deadly ill

He's fall'n into a strange distraction  
He talks of battles and monopolies,  
Levying of taxes, and from that descends  
To the most brain sick language His mind fastens  
On twenty several objects, which confound  
Deep sense with folly Such a fearful end  
May teach some men that bear too lofty crest,  
Though they live happiest, yet they die not best  
He hath conferr'd the whole state of the dukedom  
Upon your sister, till the prince arrive  
At mature age

*Flam* There's some good luck in that yet

*Fran de Med* See, here he comes

*Enter BRACHIANO presented in a bed • VITTORIA COROMBONA, GASPARO, and Attendants*

There's death in his face already

*Vit Cor* O my good lord!

*Brach* Away! you have abus'd me

*[These speeches are several kinds of distractions, and in the action should appear so]*

You have convey'd down forth our territories,  
Bought and sold offices, oppress'd the poor,  
And in'ter'd claim't on't Make up your accounts  
I'll now be mine own steward

*Flam* Sir, have patience

*Brach* Indeed, I run to blame

For did you ever hear the dusky raven  
Chide blackness? or was't ever known the devil  
Rail'd against cloven creatures?

*Vit Cor* O my lord!

*Brach* Let me have some quails to supper

*Flam* Sir, you shall

*Brach* No, some fried dog-fish, your quails  
feed on poison

That old dog-fox, that politician, Florence!

\* *Enter Brachiano, presented in a bed, &c* [Here the audience were to suppose that a change of scene had taken place,—that the stage now represented Brachiano's chamber in p. 42 Gasparino says, "For Christian charity, avoid the chamber"]

† The 4to of 1631 omits this stage direction

I'll forswear hunting, and turn dog killer  
Rare! I'll be friends with him, for, mark you,  
an, one dog

Still sets another a-barking Peace, peace!

Yonder's a fine slave come in now

*Flam* Where?

*Brach* Why, there,

In a blue bonnet, and a pair of breeches

With a great eod piece ha, ha, ha!

Look you, his eod piece is stuck full of pins,

With pearls o'the head of them Do not you  
know him?

*Flam* No, my lord

*Brach* Why, 'tis the devil,

I know him by a great rose\* he wears on's shoe,  
To hide his cloven foot I'll dispute with him,  
He's a rare linguist

*Vit Cor* My lord, here's nothing

*Brach* Nothing! rare! nothing! when I want  
money,

Our treasury is empty, there is nothing

I'll not be us'd thus

*Vit Cor* O, he still, my lord!

*Brach* See, see I hummock, that kill'd his brother,  
Is duncing on the ropes there, and he carries  
A money bag in each hand, to keep him even,  
For fear of breaking's neck and throes a  
lawyer,

In a gown whipt with velvet, staves and gapes  
When the money will fall How the rogue cuts  
capers!

It should have been in a halter 'Tis there  
what's she?

*Flam* Vittoria, my lord

*Brach* Ha, ha, ha! her hair is sprinkled with  
arras powder,|

That makes her look as if she had sun'd in the  
pastry—

What's he?

*Flam* A divine, my lord

*[BRACHIANO seems here near his end LODOVICO and GASPARO, in the habit of Capuchins, present him in his bed with a crucifix and hal-  
lowed candle]*

*Brach* He will be drunk, avoid him the  
argument

Is fearful, when churchmen stagger in't

\* rose] i e knot of ribbands

† arras powder] So our author again in the *Duchess of Malf*

"When I was gray I shall have all the court

Powder their hair with arras, to be like me"

A III 8 2

Arras powder means we can hardly doubt, arras powder,  
—powder in the root of the word (See Halliwell's  
*Dict of Arch and Prov Words*, sub Arras)

Look you, six grey rats,\* that have lost their tails,  
Crawl up the pillow send for a rat-catcher  
I'll do a miracle, I'll free the court  
From all foul vermin Where's Flamino?

*Flam.* I do not like that he names me so often,  
Especially on a death bed 'tis a sign [*Aside*  
I shall not live long—See, he's near his end

*Lod.* Pray, give us leave—*Attende, domine*

*Brachiane*

*Flam.* See, see how firmly he doth fix his eye  
Upon the crucifix

*Vit. Cor.* O, hold it constant!

It settles his wild spirits, and so his eyes  
Melt into tears

*Lod.* *Domine Brachiane, solebas in bello tutus  
esse tuo clypeo, nunc hunc clypeum hosti tuo op-  
ponas infernali* [*By the crucifix*

*Gas.* *Olum hastis caluisti in bello, nunc hanc  
sacram hastam vibrabis contra hostem animarum*  
[*By the hallored tape*

*Lod.* *Attende, domine Brachiane, si nunc quoque  
probas ea quæ acta sunt inter nos, flecte caput in  
dextrum*

*Gas.* *Esto securus, domine Brachiane, cogita  
quantum habbas meritorum, denique memineris  
meam animam pro tua oppignoratam si quid esset  
periculi*

*Lod.* *Si nunc quoque probas ea quæ acta sunt  
inter nos, flecte caput in laevum—*

He is departing pray, stand all apart,  
And let us only whisper in his ears  
Some private meditations, which our order  
Permits you not to hear

[*Here, the rest being departed, LODOVICO and GAS-  
PARO discover themselves*

*Gas.* Brachiano,—

*Lod.* Devil Brachiano, thou art damn'd

*Gas.* Perpetually

*Lod.* A slave condemn'd and given up to the  
gallows

Is thy great lord and master

*Gas.* True, for thou  
Art given up to the devil.

*Lod.* O you slave!  
You that were held the famous politician,  
Whose art was poison!

*Gas.* And whose conscience, murder!

*Lod.* That would have broke your wife's neck  
down the stairs,  
Ere she was poison'd!

*Gas.* That had you villainous salads!

*Lod.* And fine embroider'd bottles and perfumes,  
Equally mortal with a winter plague!

*Gas.* Now there's mischief—

*Lod.* And coppers—

*Gas.* And quicksilver—

*Lod.* With other devilish apothecary\* stuff,  
A melting in your politic brains dost heal!

*Gas.* This is Count Lodovico

*Lod.* This, Gasparo

And thou shalt die like a poor rogue

*Gas.* And stink

Like a dead fly blown dog

*Lod.* And be forgotten

Before thy funeral sermon

*Brach.* Vittoria!

Vittoria!

*Lod.* O, the curs'd devil

Comes to himself again! we are undone

*Gas.* Strangle him in private

*Enter VITTORIA COROMBONA, FRANCISCO DE MEDICIS,  
FLAMINO, and Attendants*

What, will you call him again  
To live in treble torments? for charity,  
For Christian charity, avoid the chamber

[*Exit VITTORIA COROMBONA FRANCISCO DE  
MEDICIS FLAMINO and Attendants*

*Lod.* You would pity me, sir? This is a true love-  
knot  
Sent from the Duke of Florence

[*BRACHIANO is strangled*

*Gas.* What, is it done?

*Lod.* The snuff is out No woman keeper in  
the world,

Though she had practis'd seven years at the pest-  
house,  
Could have done't quicker

*Re-enter VITTORIA COROMBONA, FRANCISCO DE MEDICIS,  
FLAMINO, and Attendants*

My lords, he's dead

*Omnes.* Rest to his soul!

*Vit. Cor.* O me! this place is hell [*Exit*

*Fran. de Med.* How heavily she takes it!

*Flam.* O, yes, yes,

Had women navigable rivers in their eyes,  
They would dispend them all surely, I wonder  
Why we should wish more rivers to the city,  
When they sell water so good cheap † I'll tell thee,  
These are but moonish shades of griefs or fears,  
There's nothing sooner dry than women's tears  
Why, here's an end of all my harvest, he has  
given me nothing

\* *apothecary*] The 4to of 1631, "apothecary"

† *comes*] The 4to of 1612, "come"

‡ *good cheap*] Answers to the French *à bon marché*  
*cheap* is an old word for market

\* *rats*] The 4to of 1611, "cats"

Court promises! let wise men count them curs'd,  
For while you live, he that scores best pays  
worst

*Fran de Med* Sure, this was Florence' doing

*Flam* Very likely

Those are sound weighty strokes which come  
from the hand,

But those are killing strokes which come from the  
head

O, the rare tricks of a Machiavelian!

He doth not come, like a gross plodding slave,

And buffet you to death, no, my quaint knave,

He tickles you to death, makes you die laughing,

As if you had swallow'd down a pound of saffron

You see the fert, 'tis practis'd in a tree,

To teach court honesty, it jumps on ice

*Fran de Med* Now have the people liberty to  
talk,

And descant on his vices

*Flam* Misery of princes,

That must of force be censur'd by their slaves!

Not only blam'd for doing things ill,

But for not doing all that all men will

One were better be a thresher

Ud's death, I would fain speak with this duke yet.

*Fran de Med* Now he's dead?

*Flam* I cannot conjure, but if prayers or oaths

Will get to the speech of him, though forty devils

Wait on him in his livery of flames,

I'll speak to him, and shake him by the hand,

Though I be blasted [Exit

*Fran de Med* Excellent Lodovico!

What, did you terrify him at the last gasp?

*Lod* Yes, and so idly, that the duke had like  
to have terrified us

*Fran de Med* How?

*Lod* You shall hear that hereafter

Enter ZANCHE

See, yon's the infernal that would make up sport  
Now to the revelation of that secret

She promised when she fell in love with you

*Fran de Med* You're passionately met in this  
sad world

*Zanche* I would have you look up, sir, these  
court-tears

Claim not your tribute to them let those weep

That guiltily partake in the sad cause

I knew last night, by a sad dream I had,

Some mischief would ensue, yet, to say truth,

My dream most concern'd you

*Lod* Shall's fall a dreaming?

*Fran de Med* Yes, and for fashion sake I'll  
dream with her

*Zanche* Methought, sir, you came stealing to  
my bed

*Fran de Med* Wilt thou believe me, sweeting?  
by this light,

I was a dreamt on thee too, for methought

I saw thee naked

*Zanche* Fie, sir! As I told you,

Methought you lay down by me

*Fran de Med* So dreamt I,

And lest thou shouldst take cold, I cover'd thee

With this Irish mantle

*Zanche* Verily, I did dream

You were somewhat bold with me but to come  
to't—

*Lod* How, how! I hope you will not go to't  
here

*Fran de Med* Nay, you must hear my dream  
out

*Zanche* Well, sir, forth

*Fran de Med* When I threw the mantle o'er  
thee, thou didst laugh

Exceedingly, methought

*Zanche* Laugh!

*Fran de Med* And couldst out,

The hand did tickle thee

*Zanche* There was a dream indeed!

*Lod* Mark her, I perceive, she snipers like the  
snails

A collier hath been wash'd in

*Zanche* Come, sir, good fortune tends you I  
did tell you

I would reveal a secret Isabella,

The Duke of Florence' sister, was poison'd

By a furd picture, and Cunillo's neck

Was broke by damn'd Flaminio, the mischance

Laid on a vaulting horse

*Fran de Med* Most strange!

*Zanche* Most true

*Lod* The bed of snakes is broke

*Zanche* I sadly do confess I had a hand  
In the black deed

*Fran de Med* Thou kept'st their counsel?

*Zanche* Right,

For which, wip'd with contrition, I intend

This night to rob Vittoria

*Lod* Excellent penitence!

Usurers dream on't while they sleep out sermons,

*Zanche* To further our escape, I have entreated

Leave to retire me, till the funeral,

Unto a friend i'the country that excuse

Will further our escape In coin and jewels

I shall at leist make good unto your use

An hundred thousand crowns

\* to [ ] some copies of the 4to of 1612 "to u"

*Fran de Med* O noble wench!  
*Lod* Those crowns we'll shue  
*Zanche* It is a dowry,  
 Methinks, should make that sun burnt proverb  
 false,  
 And wash the Athiop white  
*Fran de Med* It shall Away!  
*Zanche* Be ready for our flight  
*Fran de Med* An hour 'fore day

[Exit ZANCHE]

O strange discovery! why, till now we knew not  
 The circumstance of either of their deaths

Re-enter ZANCHE.

*Zanche* You'll wait about midnight in the  
 chapel?

*Fran de Med* There [Exit ZANCHE]

*Lod* Why now our action's justified

*Fran de Med* Tush for justice!

What haunts it justice? we now, like the partridge,  
 Purge the disease with laurel,\* for the same  
 Shall crown the enterprise, and quit the shame

[Exeunt]

Enter FLAMINIO † and GASTRO at one door another  
 way, GIOVANNI attended

*Gas* The young duke did you ever see a  
 sweeter prince?

*Fiam* I have known a poor woman's bastard  
 better favoured thus behind him, now, to his  
 face, all comparisons were hateful. Wise was the  
 courtly peacock that, being a great minion, and  
 being commended for beauty by some dottrels that  
 stood by to the kingly eagle, said the eagle was a  
 far fairer bird than himself, not in respect of her  
 feathers, but in respect of her long talons ‡ his  
 will grow out in time—My gracious lord!

*Gio* I pray, leave me, sir

*Fiam* Your grace must be merry 'tis I have  
 cause to mourn, for, wot you, what said the little  
 boy that rode behind his father on horseback?

*Gio* Why, what said he?

\*—we now like the partridge,

*Purge the disease with laurel*! [So Pliny, 'Falumbus,  
 græculi merula, perdicæ lauri folio annuum sustulrum  
 purgant' Nat Hist lib viii c 27" Ruff]

† Enter Flamino, &c.] Scene An apartment in a  
 palace—Since in a later scene, p 47, Flamino speaks  
 of Brachino as not yet having been four hours dead, and  
 since Brachino certainly appears to have died at Padua,  
 we cannot but wonder to find in the present scene the  
 words "committed to Castle Angelo, to the tower yonder."  
 Qy ought we to read "committed to Castle Angelo, or  
 to the tower yonder"? Or does all this confusion  
 arise from the author's carelessness in determining the  
 localities?

‡ talons] The earliest 4to "Tallants,"—the word being  
 formerly often so spelt

*Fiam* "When you are dead, father," said he,  
 "I hope that I shall ride in the saddle" O, 'tis a  
 brave thing for a man to sit by himself! he may  
 stretch himself in the stirrups, look about, and  
 see the whole compass of the hemisphere You're  
 now, my lord, in the saddle

*Gio* Study your prayers, sir, and be penitent  
 'Twere fit you'd think on what hath former bin,  
 I have heard grief nam'd the eldest child of sin \*  
 [Exit]

*Fiam* Study my prayers! he threatens me  
 divinely

I am falling to pieces already I care not though,  
 like Anacharsis, I were pounded to death in a  
 mortar and yet that death were fitter for  
 usurers, gold and themselves to be beaten  
 together, to make a most cordial cullis † for the  
 devil

He hath his uncle's villainous lock already,  
 In decimo sexto

Enter Countier

Now, sir, what are you?

*Count* It is the pleasure, sir, of the young duke,  
 That you forbear the presence, and all rooms  
 That owe him reverence

*Fiam* So, the wolf and the raven

Are very pretty fools when they are young  
 Is it your office, sir, to keep me out?

*Count* So the duke will

*Fiam* Verily, master countier, extremity is not  
 to be used in all offices say that a gentlewoman  
 were taken out of her bed about midnight, and  
 committed to Castle Angelo, to the tower yonder,  
 with nothing about her but her smock, would it  
 not show a cruel put in the gentleman-porter to  
 lay claim to her upper garment, pull it off her  
 head and ears, and put her in naked?

*Count* Very good you are merry [Exit]

*Fiam* Doth he make a com' ejectment of me?  
 a flaming fire brand casts more smoke without a  
 chimney than within't. I'll smooke ‡ some of them

Faint FRANCISCO DE MEDICIS

How now! thou art sad

*Fran de Med* I met even now with the most  
 piteous sight

*Fiam* Thou meet'st § another here, a pitiful  
 Degraded countier

\* 'Twere fit you'd think, &c.] In the *Duchess of Malfi*,  
 Act V S 5 this couplet, slightly altered, is given to the  
 Cardinal

† cullis] See note on the *Duchess of Malfi*, A II S 4

‡ smoor] i.e. smother

§ meet'nt] So the 4to of 1672 the three earliest 4tos  
 "met'nt"

*Fran. de Med* Your reverend mother  
Is grown a very old woman in two hours.  
I found them winding of Marcello's corse,  
And there is such a solemn melody,  
'Tween doleful songs, tears, and sad elegies,—  
Such as old grandams watching by the dead  
Were wont to outwear the nights with,—that,  
believe me,

I had no eyes to guide me forth the room,  
They were so o'ercharg'd with water

*Flam* I will see them

*Fran. de Med.* 'Twere much uncharity in you,  
for your sight

Will add unto their tears.

*Flam* I will see them  
They are behind the traverse,\* I'll discover  
Their superstitious howling

[Draws the curtain

CORNELIA, ZANCHE, and three other Ladies discover  
winding MARCELLO'S corse A Song †

*Cor* This rosemary is wither'd, pray, get  
fresh

I would have these herbs grow up in his grave,  
When I am dead and rotten Reach the bays,  
I'll tie a garland here about his head,  
'Twill keep my boy from lightning This  
sheet

I have kept this twenty year,‡ and every day  
Hallow'd it with my prayers I did not think  
He should have worn it

*Zanche* Look you who are yonder

*Cor* O, reach me the flowers

*Zanche* Her ladyship's foolish.

*Lady* Alas, her grief

Hath turn'd her child again!

*Cor* You're very welcome

'There's rosemary § for you,—and rue for you,—  
[To FLAMINEO

Heart's ease for you, I pray make much of it  
I have left more for myself

*Fran. de Med* Lady, who's this?

*Cor.* You are, I take it, the grave maker

*Flam* So

*Zanche* 'Tis Flammeo

*Cor* Will you make me such a fool? here's a  
white hand

\* the traverse] "Beside the principal curtains that hung  
in the front of the stage, they used others as substitutes  
for scenes, which were denominated traverses" Malone's  
*Hist. Acc. of the English Stage*, p. 88 ed. Boswell

† A Song] In the printed copies of old plays the  
"songs" are frequently omitted

‡ year] The 4to. of 1631, "years"

§ There's rosemary, &c.] "See note on *Hamlet*, A. IV  
S. 5" STEEVENS

Can blood so soon be wash'd out? \* let me see,  
When screech owls creak upon the chimney-tops,  
And the strange cricket i' the oven sings and hops,  
When yellow spots do on your hands appear,  
Be certain then you of a corse shall hear  
Out upon't, how 'tis speckled! 't has handled a  
toad, sure

Cowslip water is good for the memory

Pray, buy me three ounces of't

*Flam* I would I were from hence

*Cor* Do you hear, sir?

I'll give you a saying which my grand mother  
Was wont, when she heard the bell toll, to sing o'er  
Unto her lute

*Flam* Do, as you will, do

*Cor* "Call for the obdured breast and the wren,†  
[CORNELIA doth this in several forms of distraction

Since o'er shady groves they hover,  
And with leaves and flowers do cover  
The friendless bodies of unburied men  
Call unto his funeral dole

The ant, the field mouse, and the mole,  
To sew him hillocks that shall keep him warm,  
And (when gay tombs are robb'd) sustain no harm  
But keep the wolf far thence, that's foe to men,  
For with his nails he'll dig them up again"  
They would not bury him 'cause he died in a  
quarrel,

But I have an answer for them

"Let holy church receive him duly,  
Since he paid the church tithes truly"

His wealth is summ'd, and this is all his store,  
Thus poor men get, and great men get no more  
Now the wares are gone, we may shut up shop  
Bless you all, good people

[Reunt CORNELIA, ZANCHE, and Ladies.

*Flam* I have a strange thing in me, to the  
which

I cannot give a name, without it be

Compassion I pray, leave me

[Exit FRANCISCO DE MEDICIS

This night I'll know the utmost of my fate,  
I'll be resolv'd what my rich sister means

\* —here's a white hand

Can blood so soon be wash'd out? Reed calls this "An  
imitation of Lady Macbeth's sleeping soliloquy"

† "I never saw any thing like this dirge, except the  
ditty which reminds Ferdinand of his drowned father in  
the Tempest As that is of the water, watery, so this is  
of the earth, earthy Both have that bitterness of feel-  
ing which seems to resolve itself into the elements  
which it contemplates" C. LAMB. (*Spec. of Brit. Dram.  
Poets*, p. 233) Reed charges Webster with imitating part  
of this dirge from the well known passage in Shake-  
speare's *Cymbeline*, A. IV. S. 2.

"The ruddock would  
With charitable bill," &c

To assign me for my service I have liv'd  
Riotously ill, like some that live in court,  
And sometimes when my face was full of smiles,  
Have felt the maze of conscience in my breast  
Oft giv' and honour'd robes those tortures try  
We think eag'd birds sing, when indeed they cry

*Enter BRACHIANO's ghost, in his leather cassock and breeches,  
and boots with a cowl in his hand a pot of lily  
flowers, with a skull in it*

Ha! I can stand thee nearer, nearer yet  
What a mockery hath death made thee! thou  
look'st sad

In what place art thou? in yon stony gallery?  
Or in the cursed dungeon?—No? not speak?  
Pray, sir, resolve me, what religion's best  
For a man to die in? or is it in your knowledge  
To answer me how long I have to live?  
That's the most necessary question  
Not answer? are you still like some great men  
That only walk like shadows up and down,  
And to no purpose? say—

*[The Ghost throws earth upon him, and shows him the  
skull]*

What's that? O, fatal! he throws earth upon me!  
A dead man's skull beneath the roots of flowers!—  
I pry, speak, sir, our Italian church men  
Make us believe dead men hold conference  
With their familiars, and many times  
Will come to bed to them, and eat with them

*[Exit Ghost]*

He's gone, and see, the skull and earth are vanish'd  
This is beyond melancholy I do dare my fate  
To do its worst Now to my sister's lodging,  
And sum up all these honors the disgrace  
The prince threw on me next the piteous sight  
Of my dead brother, and my mother's dotage,  
And last this terrible vision all these  
Shall with Vittoria's bounty turn to good,  
Or I will drown this weapon in her blood *[Exit]*

*Enter FRANCISCO DE MEDICIS † LODOVICO, and MORTENSIO*

Lod My lord, upon my soul, you shall no  
further,

You have most ridiculously engag'd yourself  
Too far already For my part, I have paid  
All my debts so, if I should chance to fall,  
My creditors fall not with me, and I vow  
To quit all in this bold assembly  
To the meanest follower My lord, leave the city,  
Or I'll forswear the murder *[Exit]*

Fran de Med Farewell, Lodovico

\* *my*] The *to* of 1631, "*his*,"—a misprint perhaps for  
"*this*."

† *Enter Francisco de Medicis, &c*] Scene A street  
*see note*, p 41

If thou dost perish in this glorious act,  
I'll rear unto thy memory that fame  
Shall in the ashes keep alive thy name *[Exit]*  
How! There's some black deed on foot I'll  
presently

Down to the citadel, and raise some force  
These strong court-factions, that do brook no  
checks,

In the career oft break the riders' necks *[Exit]*  
X"

*Enter VITTORIA COROMBONA\* with a book in her hand, and  
ZANCHE, FLAMINEO following them*

Flam What, are you at your prayers? give over

Vit Cor How, ruffian!

Flam I come to you 'bout worldly business  
Sit down, sit down—nay, stay, blouze, you may  
heat it—

The doors are fast enough

Vit Cor Ha, are you drunk?

Flam Yes, yes, with wormwood water you  
shall taste

Some of it presently

Vit Cor What intends the Fury?

Flam You are my lord's executrix, and I claim  
Reward for my long service

Vit Cor For your service!

Flam Come, therefore, here is pen and ink,  
set down

What you will give me

Vit Cor There *[Writes]*

Flam Ha! have you done already?

'Tis a most short conveyance

Vit Cor I will read it *[Reads]*

"I give that portion to thee, and no other,

Which Cam groan'd under, having slain his  
brother"

Flam A most courtly patent to beg by!

Vit Cor You are a villain

Flam Is't come to this? They say, affrights  
cure agues

Thou hast a devil in thee, I will try

If I can scare him from thee Nay, sit still

My lord hath left me yet two cuse† of jewels

Shall make me scold your bounty, you shall see  
them *[Exit]*

Vit Cor Sure, he's distracted

Zanche O, he's desperate

For your own safety give him gentle language.

*Re-enter FLAMINEO with two case of pistols*

Flam. Look, these are better far at a dead lift  
Than all your jewel house

\* *Enter Vittoria Corombona, &c*] Scene. An apart-  
ment in the residence of Vittoria *see note*, p 41

† *case*] i e pair

# THE WHITE DEVIL, OR, VITTORIA COROMBONA

*Vit Cor* And yet, methinks,  
These stones have no fair lustre, they are ill set  
*Flam.* I'll turn the right side towards you you  
shall see

How they will sparkle

*Vit Cor* Turn this honour from me !  
What do you want ? what would you have me do ?  
Is not all mine yours ? have I any children ?

*Flam.* Pray thee, good woman, do not trouble me  
With this vain worldly business, say your  
prayers

I made a vow to my deceased lord,  
Neither yourself nor I should outlive him  
The numbering of four hours

*Vit Cor* Did he enjoin it ?

*Flam* He did, and 'twas a deadly jealousy,  
Lest any should enjoy thee after him,  
That wou'd him vow me to it For my death,  
I did propound it voluntarily, knowing,  
If he could not be safe in his own court,  
Being a great duke, what hope, then, for us ?

*Vit Cor* This is your melancholy and despair

*Flam* Away !

Fool thou art to think that politicians  
Do use to kill the effects of injuries  
And let the cause live Shall we groan in prisons,  
Or be a shameful and a weighty burden  
To a public scaffold ? This is my resolve,  
I would not live at any man's enticaty,  
Nor die at any's bidding

*Vit Cor* Will you hear me ?

*Flam* My life hath done service to other men,  
My death shall serve mine own turn Make you  
ready

*Vit Cor* Do you mean to die indeed ?

*Flam* With as much pleasure  
As e'er my father got me

*Vit Cor* Are the doors lock'd ?

*Zanche* Yes, madam

*Vit Cor* Are you grown an atheist ? will you  
turn your body,

Which is the goodly palace of the soul,  
To the soul's slaughter-house ? O, the curs'd devil,  
Which doth present us with all other sins  
Thrice candied o'er, despair with gall and  
stibium,

Yet we carouse it off,—Cry out for help !—

[*Aside to ZANCHE*

Makes us forsake that which was made for man,  
The world, to sink to that was made for devils,  
Eternal darkness !

*Zanche* Help, help !

*Flam.* I'll stop your throat  
With winter plums.

*Vit Cor* I prithee, yet remember,  
Millions are now in graves, which at last day  
Like mandrakes shall rise shrieking

*Flam* Leave your prating,  
For these are but grammatical laments,  
Feminine arguments and they move me,  
As some in pulpits move their auditory,  
More with their exclamation than sense  
Of reason or sound doctrine

*Zanche* [*aside to Vit*] Gentle madam,  
seem to consent, only persuade him to teach  
The way to death, let him die first

*Vit Cor* 'Tis good I apprehend it,  
To kill ones self is meat that we must take  
Like pills, not chew t, but quickly swallow it,  
The smart o' the wound, or weakness of the  
hand,

My else bring treble torments

*Flam* I have held it  
A wretched and most miserable life  
Which is not able to die

*Vit Cor* O, but frailty !  
Yet I am now resolv'd farewell, affliction !  
Behold, Brachino, I that while you liv'd  
Did make a flaming altar of my heart  
To sacrifice unto you, now am ready  
To sacrifice heart and all—Farewell, Zanche !

*Zanche* How, madam ! do you think that I'll  
outlive you,

Especially when my best self, I'll answer,  
Goes the same voyage ?

*Flam* O, most loved Moor !

*Zanche* Only by all my love let me entreat  
you,—

Since it is most necessary one \* of us  
Do violence on ourselves,—let you or I  
Be her and taster, teach her how to die

*Flam* Thou dost instruct me nobly take  
these pistols,

Because my hand is stain'd with blood already  
Two of these you shall level at my breast,  
The other 'gainst your own, and so we'll die  
Most equally contented but first swear  
Not to outlive me

*Vit Cor and Zanche* Most religiously

*Flam* Then here's an end of me, farewell,  
daylight !

And, O contemptible physic, that dost take  
So long a study, only to preserve  
So short a life, I take my leave of thee !—

These are two cupping glasses that shall draw  
[*showing the pistols*

All my infected blood out. Are you ready ?

\* one] The 4to of 1612, "none"



*Vit Cor and Zanche Ready*

*Flam* Whither shall I go now? O Lucian, thy ridiculous purgatory! to find Alexander the Great cobbling shoes, Pompey tugging points, and Julius Caesar making han buttons! Hannibal selling blacking, and Augustus crying garlic! Charlemagne selling hsts by the dozen, and King Pepin crying apples in a cart drawn with one horse!

Whether I resolve to fire, earth, water, air,  
Or all the elements by scruples, I know not,  
Nor greatly care—Shoot, shoot  
Of all deaths the violent death is best,  
For from ourselves it steals our-elves so fast,  
The pun, once apprehended, is quite past

*[They shoot he falls and they run to him, and tread upon him]*

*Vit Cor* What, are you dropt?

*Flam* I am mix'd with earth already as you are noble,

Perform your vows, and bravely follow me

*Vit Cor* Whither? to hell?

*Zanche* To most assur'd damnation?

*Vit Cor* O thou most curs'd devil!

*Zanche* Thou art caught—

*Vit Cor* In thine own engine I tread the fire out

That would have been my ruin

*Flam* Will you be perjur'd? what a religious oath was Styx, that the gods never durst swear by, and violate! O, that we had such an oath to minister, and to be so well kept in our courts of justice!

*Vit Cor* Think whither thou art going

*Zanche* And remember

What villainies thou hast acted

*Vit Cor* Thus thy death

Shall make me like a blazing ominous star

Look up and tremble

*Flam* O, I am caught with a spring!

*Vit Cor* You see the fox comes many times short home,

'Tis here prov'd true

*Flam* Kill'd with a couple of braches!\*

*Vit Cor* No fitter offering for the infernal Furies

Than one in whom they reign'd while he was living

*Flam* O, the way's dark and horrid! I cannot see

Shall I have no company?

*Vit Cor* O, yes, thy sins

*braches*, i. e. bitch hounds

Do run before thee to fetch fire from hell,  
To light thee thither!

*Flam* O, I smell soot,

Most stinking soot! the chimney is a fire

My liver's parboil'd, like Scotch holly bread,

There's a plumber laying pipes in my guts, it scalds—

Wilt thou outlive me?

*Zanche* Yes, and drive a stake

Thorough thy body, for we'll give it out

Thou didst this violence upon thyself

*Flam* O cunning devils! now I have tied you love,

And doubled all your reaches—I am not wounded, *[Rises]*

The pistols held no bullets 'twas a plot

To prove your kindness to me and I live

To punish your ingratitude I knew,

One time or other, you would find a way

To give me a strong potion—O men

That lie upon your death beds, and are haunted

With howling wives, ne'er trust them! they'll re-marry

Ere the worm pierce your winding sheet, ere the spider

Make a thin curtain for your epitaph—

How cunning you were to discharge! do you

practise at the Artillery yard!—Trust a woman!

never, never! Bitchimo be my precedent We

lay our souls to pawn to the devil for a little

pleasure, and a woman makes the bill of sale

That ever man should marry! For one Hyper-

mnestia\* that swed her lord and husband, forty-

nine of her sisters cut their husbands' throats all

in one night there was a shoal of virtuous

horse leeches!—Here are two other instruments

*Vit Cor* Help, help!

*Enter IADOVICO, GASPARD, PEDRO, and CARLO*

*Flam* What noise is that? ha! false keys i'the court!

*Lod* We have brought you a mask

*Flam* A matachin,† it seems by your drawn swords

Church men turn'd revellers!

\* one *Hypermetra*! "Hypermetra, one of the fifty daughters of Danaus, the son of Belus, brother of Egyptus. Her father, being warned by an oracle that he should be killed by one of his nephews, persuaded his daughters, who were compelled to marry the sons of their uncle, to murder them on the first night. This was executed by every one except Hypermetra. She preserved her husband Lynceus, who afterwards slew Danaus." REED

† A matachin it seems by your drawn swords] "Such a

*Carlo* \* Isabella! Isabella!  
*Lod* Do you know us now?  
*Flam* Lodovico! and Gasparo!  
*Lod* Yes, and that Moor the duke gave pension to  
 Was the great Duke of Florence.  
*Vit Cor* O, we are lost!  
*Flam* You shall not take justice from forth my hands,—  
 O, let me kill her!—I'll cut my safety  
 Through your coats of steel Fite's a spaniel,  
 We cannot best it from us What remains now?  
 Let all that do ill, take this precedent,—  
 Man may his fate foresee, but not prevent  
 And of all axioms this shall win the prize,—  
 'Tis better to be fortunate than wise.  
*Gas* Bind him to the pillar  
*Vit Cor* O, your gentle pity!  
 I have seen a black bird that would sooner fly  
 To a man's bosom, than to stay the gripe  
 Of the fierce sparrow hawk  
*Gas* Your hope deceives you  
*Vit Cor* If Florence be r' the court, would he  
 would kill me! †  
*Gas* I ool' princes give rewards with their own  
 hands,  
 But death or punishment by the hands of others  
*Lod* Sirrah, you once did strike me I'll strike  
 you  
*Intro* ‡ the centrie

dance was that well known in France and Italy by the name of the dance of fools or *Matachans*, who were habited in short jackets, with gilt paper helmets long sticmers tied to their shoulders, and bells to them. *They carried in their hands a sword and buckler with which they in ide a chusing noise and performed various quick and sprightly evolutions*" Douce's *Illustrations of Shakespeare*, vol. II p. 135

Compare the following piece of a curious old drama

'*Arar* What's this, a Masque?

*Hind A Matachin you'll find it*

[*Hind stamps with his foot then enters Intro, de in vicards gay Arar's and his men*]

An excellent Comedy, called the Prince of Priggs Revels, or the Practises of that grand thief Captain Janus Hind, &c. 1655, Sig. A. 3

To some dance like a matachin Middleton alludes when he says,

"two or three varlets came

Into the house with all their rapiers drawn,

As if they'd dance the sword dance on the stage"

A *Chaste Maid in Cheapside*,—*Works*, iv 75, ed Dyce

\* *Carlo*] The two earliest 4tos "Con", those of 1665 and 1672, "Gas"

† *would he would kill me*] The 4tos of 1665 and 1672, "he would not kill me!"

‡ *Intro*] The 4to of 1681 "Intro" but our early writers frequently use "into" for "unto" (in proof of which more than one passage of Shakespeare might be adduced)

*Flam* Thou'lt do it like a hangman, a base hangman,  
 Not like a noble fellow, for thou see'st  
 I cannot strike again  
*Lod* Dost lough?  
*Flam* Would'st have me die, as I was born, in whining?  
*Gas* Recommend yourself to heaven  
*Flam* No, I will cury mine own commendations thither  
*Lod* O, could I kill you forty times a day,  
 And not't four you together, 'twere too little!  
 A night grieves but that you are too slow to feed  
 The fumes of our vengeance What dost think on?  
*Flam* Nothing, of nothing leave thy idle questions  
 I am the way to study a long silence  
 To put were idle I remember nothing  
 There's nothing of so infinite vexation  
 As man's own thoughts  
*Lod* O thou glorious stumpe!  
 Could I divide thy breath from this pure air  
 When't leaves thy body, I would suck it up,  
 And breathe't upon some dunghill  
*Vit Cor* Yon, my death's-man!  
 Methinks thou dost not look horrid enough,  
 Thou hast too good a face to be a hangman  
 If thou be, do thy office in right form,  
 Fall down upon thy knees, and ask forgiveness  
*Lod* O, thou hast been a most prodigious comet!  
 But I'll cut off your tongue,—kill the Moor first  
*Vit Cor* You shall not kill her first, behold  
 my breast  
 I will be wated on in death, my servant  
 Shall never go before me  
*Gas* Are you so brave?  
*Vit Cor* Yes, I shall welcome death  
 As princes do some great ambassadors,  
 I'll meet thy weapon half way  
*Lod* Thou dost tremble  
 Methinks fear should dissolve thee into air  
*Vit Cor* O, thou art deceiv'd, I am too true a  
 woman  
 Conceit can never kill me I'll tell thee what,  
 I will not in my death shed one base tear,  
 Or if look pale, for want of blood, not fear  
*Carlo* Thou art my task, black Fury  
*Zanche* I have blood  
 As red as either of thurs wilt drink some?  
 'Tis good for the falling sickness I am proud  
 Death cannot alter my complexion,  
 For I shall ne'er look pale

*Lod* Strike, strike,  
With a joint motion

[*They stab VITTORIA, ZANCHE, and FIAMINEO*]

*Vit Cor* 'Twas a manly blow  
The next thou giv'st, murder some sucking infant,  
And then thou wilt be famous

*Flam* O, what blade is't?  
A Toledo, or an English fox? \*  
I ever thought a cutler should distinguish  
The cause of my death, rather than a doctor  
Search my wound deeper, tent it with the steel  
That made it

*Vit Cor* O, my greatest sin lay in my blood!  
Now my blood pays for't

*Flam* Thou'rt a noble sister!  
I love thee now if woman do breed man,  
She ought to teach him manhood face thee well  
Know, many glorious women that are fam'd  
For masculine virtue have been vicious,  
Only a happier silence did betide them  
(She hath no faults who hath the art to hide them

*Vit Cor* My soul, like to a ship in a black  
storm,  
Is driven, I know not whither

*Flam* Then cast anchor  
Prosperity doth bewitch men, seeming clear,  
But seas do laugh, show white, when rocks are  
near

We conso to grieve, cease to be fortune's slaves,  
Nay, cease to die, by dying Art thou gone?  
And thou so near the bottom? false report,  
Which says that women vie with the nine Muses  
For nine tough durable lives! I do not look  
Who went before, nor who shall follow me,  
No, at myself I will begin and end  
While we look up to heaven, we confound  
Knowledge with knowledge O, I am in a mist!

*Vit Cor* O, happy they that never saw the court,  
Nor ever knew great men† but by report! [*Dies*]

*Flam* I recover like a spent taper, for a flash,  
And instantly go out.

Let all that belong to great men remember the  
old wives' tradition, to be like the lions of the  
Tower on Candlemas day, to mourn if the sun  
shine, for fear of the pitiful remainder of winter  
to come

\* *A Toledo, or an English fox* [*Toledo*, the capital city of New-Castile, was formerly much famed for making of sword blades. *Fox* a cant term for a sword"] REFRO

† *men*] The 4to of 1612, "man"

'Tis well yet there's some goodness in my death,  
My life was a black charnel I have caught  
An everlasting cold, I have lost my voice  
Most irrecoverably Farewell, glorious villains!  
This busy trade of life appears most vain,  
Since rest breeds rest, where all seek pain by pain  
Let no harsh flattering bells resound my knell,  
Strike, thunder, and strike loud, to my farewell!  
[*Dies*]

*Eng Amb* [*within*] This way, this way! break  
open the doors! this way!

*Lod* Hark! are we betray'd?  
Why, then let's constantly die all together,  
And having finish'd this most noble deed,  
Defy the worst of fate, not fear to bleed

*Enter Ambassadors and GIOVANNI*

*Eng Amb* Keep back the prince shoot, shoot  
[*They shoot, and LODOVICO falls*]

*Lod* O, I am wounded!  
I fear I shall be taken

*Gio* You bloody villains,  
By what authority have you committed  
This massacre?

*Lod* By thine

*Gio* Mine!

*Lod* Yes, thy uncle,  
Which is a part of thee, enjoin'd us to't  
Thou knowst me, I am sure, I am Count Lodowick,

And thy most noble uncle in disguise  
Was last night in thy court

*Gio* Ha!

*Carlo* Yes, that Moor  
Thy father chose his pensioner.

*Gio* He turn'd murderer!—  
Away with them to prison and to torture!  
All that have hands in this shall taste our justice,  
As I hope heaven

*Lod* I do glory yet  
That I can call this act mine own For my part,  
The rack, the gallows, and the torturing wheel,  
Shall be but sound sleeps to me here's my rest,  
I hunt'd this night-piece, and it was my best

*Gio* Remove the bodies—See, my honour'd  
lords,\*

What use you ought make of their punishment  
Let guilty men remember, their black deeds  
Do lean on crutches made of slender reeds

[*Exeunt*]

\* *lords*] The old eds "Lord"

Instead of an EPILOGUE, only this of Martial supplies me

*Hæc fuerint nobis pramia, si placuit \**

For the action of the play, 'twas generally well, and I dare affirm, with the joint-testimony of some of their own quality, for the true imitation of life, without striving to make nature a monster, the best that ever became them whereof as I make a general acknowledgment, so in particular I must remember the well approved industry of my friend Master Perkins,† and confess the worth

of his action did crown both the beginning and end

\* *Hæc fuerint, &c* ] ii 91

† *Must. Perkins*] Richard Perkins was an actor of considerable eminence. As the old titles of *The White Devil* do not give the names of the performers, we can not determine what part he had in it. If, before this postscript was written, Burbadge had performed Brachinus (which we know was one of his characters see p. 2) we cannot but wonder that no mention should be made of him here. Perhaps Perkins originally played that part—Perkins continued to act for many years, chiefly at the Cock pit or Phoenix, where this play was produced. I find the following notices of him in Herbert's MSS. apud Malone. "[about 1622]

the names of the chief players at the Red Bull, called the players of the Revelles, Robert Lee, *Richard Perkins* " &c *Hist. Ac. of the English Stage*, p. 59 ed. Boswell, again, "[about 1637,] I disposed of *Perkins*, Sumner, Sherlock and Turner, to Salisbury Court, and joined them with the best of that company." Ib. p. 240. He was the original performer of Captain Goodluck in Heywood's *Fair Maid of the West*, of Sir John Belfire in Shirley's *Widow*, and of Hanno in Nabbes's *Hannibal* and *Scipio* the last piece, as we learn from the title page, was played in 1635. When Marlowe's *Jew of Malta* was revived about 1633 (in which year it was first given to the press), Perkins acted Biribis, see Heywood's Prologue at the Cock pit on the occasion. According to Wright's *Historia Dramatica*, after the suppression of the theatres, Perkins and Sumner (who belonged to the same company) "kept house together at Clokenwell, and were there buried." they "died some years before the restoration." A copy of verses by Perkins is prefixed to Heywood's *Apology for Actors*.



THE DUCHESS OF MALFI.

*The Tragedy of the Dutchesse of Malfy As it was Presented privately, at the Black Friers and publickly at the Globe, By the Kings Majesties Servants The perfect and exact Coppy, with diverse things Printed, that the length of the Play would not beare in the Presentment Written by John Webster Horat — Si quid — Candulus Imperi: si non his utere mecum. London Printed by Nicholas Okes, for John Waterson, and are to be sold at the signe of the Crowne, in Pauls Church yard, 1623 4to*

*The Dutchesse of Malfy A Tragedy As it was approvvelly well acted at the Black Friers, By his Majesties Servants the perfect and exact Copy, with diverse things Printed, that the length of the Play would not beare in the Presentment Written by John Webster Horat — Si quid — Candulus Imperi: si non his utere mecum London Printed by I Raworth, for I Benson, And are to be sold at his shop in St Dunstons Churchyard in Fleetstreet 1640 4to*

*The Dutchesse of Malfy* was reprinted in 1678 and (newly adapted for representation) in 1708 Theobald's alteration of it, called *The Fatal Secret* appeared in 1735 A reprint of the 4to of 1640, "with all its imperfections on its head," is given in the *Ancient British Drama*

The edition of 1623 is by far the most correct of the 4tos lines are found in it, which have dropt out from subsequent editions, leaving the difficult passages where they ought to stand, unintelligible On collating several copies of this 4to, I have met with one or two various readings of no great importance see prefatory remarks to *The White Devil*, p 2

Malone (note on Shakespeare's *Timon of Athens*, act iii sc 3) is of opinion that the *Dutchesse of Malfy* had appeared before 1616 supposing that it is the play alluded to in the Prologue (first printed in that year) to Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*

"To make a child now swaddled to proceed  
Man," &c

but Malone ought to have been aware that in all probability the Prologue in question was written when *Every Man in his Humour* was first acted, in 1595 or 1596 Among the MSS notes of the same commentator in the Bodleian Library, I find the following "I think it is probable that the *Dutchesse of Malfy* was produced about the year 1612, when the *White Devil* was printed" But enough of such conjectures We are certain that the *Dutchesse of Malfy* was performed before March, 1618-19, when Burbadge, who originally played Ferdinand, died, and we may conclude that it was first produced about 1616

The story of this play is in the *Novelle of Bandello*, Part I N 26, in Belleforest's translation of Bandello, N 19, in Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*, vol ii N 23, ed Haslewood, in Beard's *Theatre of Gods Judgments*, B ii ch 22 p 322, ed 1597, and in Goulart's *Histoires Admirables*, vol i p 319, ed 1620

Lopo de Vega wrote *El Mayordomo de la Duquesa de Analf*, 1618 see his *Life* by Lord Holland, vol ii p 147, ed 1817

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE GEORGE HARDING, BARON BERKELEY,\* OF BERKELEY CASTLE,  
AND KNIGHT OF THE ORDER OF THE BATH TO THE ILLUSTRIOUS  
PRINCE CHARLES

My noble lord,

That I may present my excuse why, being a stranger to your lordship, I offer this poem to your patronage, I plead this warrant —men who never saw the sea yet desire to behold that regiment of waters, choose some eminent river to guide them thither, and make that, as it were, their conduct or postilion by the like ingenious means has your fame arrived at my knowledge, receiving it from some of worth, who both in contemplation and practice owe to your honour their clearest service I do not altogether look up at your title, the ancientest nobility being but a relic of time past, and the truest honour indeed being for a man to confer honour on himself, which your learning strives to propagate, and shall make you arrive at the dignity of a great example I am confident this work is not unworthy your honour's perusal, for by such poems as this poets have kissed the hands of great princes, and drawn their gentle eyes to look down upon their sheets of paper when the poets themselves were bound up in their winding sheets The like courtesy from your lordship shall make you live in your grave, and laurel spring out of it, when the ignorant scorners of the Muses, that like worms in libraries seem to live only to destroy learning, shall wither neglected and forgotten This work and myself I humbly present to your approved censure, it being the utmost of my wishes to have your honourable self my weighty and perspicuous comment, which grace so done me shall ever be acknowledged

By your lordship's

in all duty and observance,

JOHN WEBSTER

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\* *George Harding, Baron Berkeley*] This nobleman, the twelfth Lord Berkeley, was the son of Sir Thomas Berkeley, and succeeded his grand father, Henry, the eleventh Lord Berkeley He was made Knight of the Bath at the creation of Charles Prince of Wales, November 4th, 1616 He married Elizabeth, second daughter and co heir of Sir Michael Stanhope of Sudbury in Suffolk, and died 10th of August 1618 According to the inscription on his monument in Cranford church, Middlesex he "besides the nobility of his birth, and the experience he acquired by foreign travels, was very eminent for the great candour and ingenuity of his disposition, his singular bounty and affability towards his inferiours, and his readiness (had it been in his power) to have obliged all mankind"—"My good lord," says Massinger, inscribing *The Renegado* to him, "to be honoured for old nobility or hereditary titles, is not alone proper to yourself but to some few of your rank, who may challenge the like privilege with you but in our age to vouchsafe (as you have often done) a ready hand to raise the dejected spirits of the contemned sons of the Muses, such as would not suffer the glorious fire of poesy to be wholly extinguished, is so remarkable and peculiar to your lordship, that, with a full vote and suffrage, it is acknowledged that the patronage and protection of the dramatic poem is yours and almost without a rival"

The present dedication is found only in the 4to of 1623



IN THE JUST WORTH OF THAT WELL DESERVER, MR JOHN WEBSTER,  
AND UPON THIS MASTER-PIECE OF TRAGEDY

In this thou imitat'st one rich and wise,  
That sees his good deeds done before he dies  
As he by works, thou by this work of fame  
Hast well provided for thy living name  
To trust to others' honourings is worth's crime,  
Thy monument is rais'd in thy life time,  
And 'tis most just, for every worthy man  
Is his own marble, and his merit can  
Cut him to any figure, and express  
More art than death's cathedral palaces  
Where royal ashes keep their court Thy note  
Be ever plainness, tis the richest coat  
Thy epitaph only the title be,  
Write *Duchess*, that will fetch a tear for thee,  
For who e'er saw this Duchess live and die,  
That could get off under a bleeding eye?

In Tragicum

Ut lux ex tenebris actu percussa tonantis,  
Illi, ruina malis, clavis fit vita poetis

THOMAS MIDDLETONS,\*

Poeta et Chron Londinensis

TO HIS FRIEND MR JOHN WEBSTER, UPON HIS "DUCHESS OF MALFI"

I never saw thy Duchess till the day  
That she was lively bodied in thy play  
Howe'er she answer'd her low-natal love  
Her brothers' anger did so fatal prove,  
Yet my opinion is, she might speak more,  
But never in her life so well before

WIL ROWLEY †

TO THE READER OF THE AUTHOR, AND HIS "DUCHESS OF MALFI"

Crown him a poet, whom nor Rome nor Greece  
Transcend in all their's for a masterpiece,  
In which, whiles words and matter change, and men  
Act one another, he, from whose clear pen  
They all took life, to memory hath lent  
A lasting fame to raise his monument

JOHN FORD ‡

\* *Thomas Middletonus, Poeta et Chron Londinensis*] Of Thomas Middleton, who holds no mean rank among our old dramatists, see some account prefixed to my edition of his *Works* — "*Chron Londinensis*" means Chronologer to the city of London

† *Wil Rowley*] See prefatory remarks to *A Cure for a Cuckold*

‡ *John Ford*] Two modern editions of his plays have rendered the name of this poet familiar to most readers. These commendatory verses are found only in the 4to of 1623

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

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FERDINAND, Duke of Calabria	{ 1 * R. Burbadge,
CARDINAL, his brother	{ 2 J. Taylor
ANTONIO BOLOGNA, steward of the household to the Duchess	{ 1 H. Condell,
DEFFIO, his friend	{ 2 R. Robinson
DANIEL DE BOSOLA, gentleman of the house to the Duchess	{ 1 W. Ostler,
CASTRUCCIO	{ 2 R. Benthall
MARQUIS OF PESCAIA	J. Underwood
COUNT MAIALESI	J. Town
RODRIGO	J. Rice
SILVIO	
CHRISTIAN	T. Pollard
DOCTOR	R. Pallant
The Several Madmen	{ N. Tooley,
	{ J. Underwood, &c.
DUCHESS OF MALTA	R. Sharpe
CAROLA, her woman	R. Pallant †
JULIA, Castuccio's wife, and the Cardinal's mistress	J. Thomson
Old Lady	

Ladies, Children, Pilgrims, Precursors, Officers and Attendants &c.

\* The names of the actors are given from the dates of 1623 and 1640. Where two names are placed opposite to the same part, the first name is that of the actor who performed the part when the play was originally produced about 1616, the second name is that of his successor to the part on the revival of the play not long before 1623.

Whoever is desirous of learning all that is known concerning these worthies will find it in Malone's *Hist. Ac. of the English Stage* and Chalmers's *Farther Ac.* &c. (Malone's *Shakespeare*, by Boswell).—The preceding sentence was written in 1830. I have now also to refer the reader to Mr. Collier's *Memors of the principal actors in the plays of Shakespeare*, printed for the Shakespeare Society.

† Pallant, it appears from the two earliest dates, played not only the Doctor and Carola, but also one of the Officers,

"The Doctor, Carola, Court Officers	}	R. Pallant
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From the same authority we learn that N. Tooley performed "Forobusco", but no portion of the dialogue of the play, as it now stands, is given to such a character, though he is mentioned in act ii. sc. 2,

"Ant. Who keeps the key o' the park gate?"

Rod. Forobusco

Ant. Let him bring't presently."

This passage shows that he was one of the attendants.



# THE DUCHESS OF MALFI.

## ACT I

### SCENE I \*

*Enter ANTONIO and DELIO*

*Delio* You are welcome to your country, dear

*Antonio,*

You have been long in France, and you return  
A very formal Frenchman in your habit  
How do you like the French court?

*Ant* I admire it

In seeking to reduce both state and people  
To a fix'd order, their judicious king  
Begins at home, quits first his royal palace  
Of flattering sycophants, of dissolute  
And insidious persons,—which he sweetly terms  
His master's master piece, the work of heaven,  
Considering *duly* that a prince's court  
Is like a common fountain, whence should flow  
Pure silver drops in general, but if chance  
Some casual example poison't near the head,  
Death and diseases through the whole land spread  
And what it is't makes this blessed government  
But a most provident council, who dare freely  
Inform him the corruption of the times?  
Though some o' the court hold it presumption  
To instruct princes what they ought to do,  
It is a noble duty to inform them  
What they ought to foresee—Here comes Bosola,  
The only court-gall, yet I observe his railing  
Is not for simple love of pique  
Indeed, he rails at those things which he wants,  
Would be as lecherous, covetous, or proud,  
Bloody, or envious, as any man,  
If he had means to be so—Here's the cardinal

*Enter Cardinal and BOSOLA*

*Bos* I do haunt you still .

*Card* So

*Bos* I have done you better service than to be

slighted thus Miserable age, where only the  
reward of doing well is the doing of it!

*Card* You enforce your merit too much

*Bos* I fell into the galleys in your service,  
where, for two years together, I wore two towels  
instead of a shirt, with a knot on the shoulder,  
after the fashion of a Roman mantle Slighted  
thus! I will thrive some way black birds fatten  
best in hard weather, why not I in these dog-  
days?

*Card* Would you could become honest!

*Bos* With all your divinity do but direct me  
the way to it I have known many travel far for  
it, and yet return as arrant knaves as they went  
forth, because they carried themselves always  
along with them [*Exit Cardinal*] Are you  
gone? Some fellows, they say, are possessed  
with the devil, but this great fellow were able to  
possess the greatest devil, and make him worse

*Ant* He hath denied thee some suit?

*Bos* He and his brother are like plum-trees  
that grow crooked over standing pools, they are  
rich and o'er laden with fruit, but none but crows,  
pies, and caterpillars feed on them Could I be  
one of their flattering panders, I would hang on  
their ears like a horseleech, till I were full, and  
then drop off I pray, leave me Who would  
rely upon these miserable dependancies, in ex-  
pectation to be advanced to morrow? what crea-  
ture ever fed worse than hoping Tantalus? nor  
ever died any man more fearfully than he that  
hoped for a pardon There are rewards for hawks  
and dogs when they have done us service,\* but  
for a soldier that hazards his limbs in a battle,  
nothing but a kind of geometry is his last sup-  
portation

\* dogs when they have done us service] The 4to of 1623  
"dogges, and when they have done us service"  
a word having dropt out, or having been purposely  
omitted

\* Scene I.] Malfi The present-chamber in the palace  
of the Duchess

*Delio* Geometry!

*Bos* Ay, to hang in a fur pair of slings, take his latter swing in the world upon an honourable pair of crutches, from hospital to hospital. Fare ye well, sir, and yet do not you scorn us, for places in the court are but like beds in the hospital, where this man's head lies at that man's foot, and so lower and lower. *[Exit]*

*Del* I know this fellow seven years in the galleys

For a notorious murder, and 'twas thought  
The cardinal suborn'd it, he was relens'd  
By the French general, Gaston de Foix,  
When he recover'd Naples

*Ant* 'Tis great pity  
He should be thus neglected. I have heard  
He's very valiant. This foul melancholy  
Will poison all his goodness, for, I'll tell you,  
If too immoderate sleep be truly said  
To be an inward rust unto the soul,  
It then doth follow want of action  
Breeds all black malcontents, and their close  
rearing,

Like moths in cloth, do hurt for want of wearing

*Delio* The presence gins to fill you promis'd  
me

To make me the putaker of the natures  
Of some of your great courtiers

*Ant* The lord cardinal's,  
And other strangers that are now in court?  
I shall.—Here comes the great Calabrian duke

*Enter FERDINAND, CASTRUCIO, SILVIO, RODERIGO,  
GUISARD, and Attendants*

*Ferd* Who took the ring oftener?\*

*Sil* Antonio Bologna, my lord

*Ferd* Our sister duchess' great master of her  
household? give him the jewel.—When shall we  
leave this sportive action, and fall to action  
indeed?

*Cast* Methinks, my lord, you should not desire  
to go to war in person

*Ferd* Now for some gravity—why, my lord?

*Cast* It is fitting a soldier arise to be a prince,  
but not necessary a prince descend to be a  
captain

*Ferd* No

*Cast* No, my lord, he were far better do it  
by a deputy

\* Who took the ring oftener? The allusion is to the sport called Running at the Ring, when the tilter, riding at full speed, endeavoured to thrust the point of his lance through, and to bear away, the ring, which was suspended at a particular height

† do] The 4to of 1640, "to do"

*Ferd* Why should he not as well sleep or eat  
by a deputy? this might take idle, offensive, and  
base office from him, whereas the other deprives  
him of honour

*Cast* Believe my experience, that realm is never  
long in quiet where the ruler is a soldier

*Ferd* Thou toldest me thy wife could not  
endure fighting.

*Cast* True, my lord

*Ferd* And of a jest she broke of a captain she  
met full of wounds. I have forgot it

*Cast* She told him, my lord, he was a pitiful  
fellow, to be, like the children of Ismael, all in  
tents\*

*Ferd* Why, there's a wit were able to undo all  
the churgeons of the city, for although gallants  
should quarrel, and had drawn their weapons,  
and were ready to go to it, yet her persuasions  
would make them put up

*Cast* That she would, my lord.—How do you  
like my Spanish gennet?

*Rod* He is all fire

*Ferd* I am of Pliny's opinion, I think he was  
begot by the wind,† he runs as if he were  
ballasted with quick silver

*Silvio* True, my lord, he reels from the tilt  
often

*Rod* O yes, ha, ha, ha!

*Ferd* Why do you laugh? methinks you that  
are courtiers should be my touch wood, take fire  
when I give fire, that is, laugh [but] when I  
laugh, were the subject never so witty

*Cast* True, my lord. I myself have heard a  
very good jest, and have scorned to seem to have  
so silly a wit as to understand it

*Ferd* But I can laugh at your fool, my lord

*Cast* He cannot speak, you know, but he  
makes faces. my lady cannot abide him

*Ferd* No!

*Cast* Nor endure to be in merry company,  
for she says too much laughing, and too much  
company, fills her too full of the wrinkle

\* to be, like the children of Ismael, all in tents] Middleton has the same precious pun,

"All his discourse out of the Book of Surgery,

Cere cloth and silve and ties you all in tents,

Take your camp vict'lers"

None Dissemblers besides Women.—*Works*, lib. 535, ed. Dyce

In surgery tent is a roll of lute, or other material, used in searching a wound

† I am of Pliny's opinion, I think he was begot by the wind] "Constat in Lusitania circa Olisiponem oppidum et Tagum amnem equas luvonio flante obversas animalium concipere spiritum, idque partum fieri, et gigni pernicietissimum ita sed triennium vitæ non excedere." *Hist. Nat.* viii. 67, tom. ii. p. 212, ed. Delph

*Ferd* I would, then, have a mathematical instrument made for her face, that she might not laugh out of compass—I shall shortly visit you at Milan, Lord Silvio

*Silvio* Your grace shall arrive most welcome

*Ferd* You are a good horseman, Antonio you have excellent riders in France what do you think of good horsemanship?

*Ant* Nobly, my lord as out of the Grecian horse issued many famous princes, so out of brave horsemanship arose the first sparks of growing resolution, that raise the mind to noble action

*Ferd* You have bespoke it worthily

*Silvio* Your brother, the lord cardinal, and sister duchess

*Enter Cardinal, with Duchess, CARLOTA, and JULIA*

*Card* Are the galleys come about?

*Card* They are, my lord

*Ferd* Hark's the Lord Silvio is come to take his leave

*Delio* Now, sir, your promise what's that cardinal?

I mean his temper? they say he's a brave fellow, Will play his five thousand crowns at tennis, dance,

Count ladies, and one that hath fought single combats

*Ant* Some such flashes superficially hang on him for form, but observe his inward character he is a melancholy churchman, the spring in his face is nothing but the engendering of toads, where he is jealous of any man, he lays worst plots for them than ever was imposed on Heracles, for he strews in his way flatterers, panders, intelligencers, atheists, and a thousand such political monsters He should have been Pope, but instead of coming to it by the primitive decency of the church, he did bestow bribes so largely and so unprudently as if he would have carried it away without heaven's knowledge Some good he hath done—

*Delio* You have given too much of him What's his brother?

*Ant* The duke there? a most perverse and turbulent nature

What appears in him mirth is merely outside, If he laugh heartily, it is to laugh All honesty out of fashion

*Delio* Twins?

*Ant* In quality He speaks with others' tongues, and hears men's suits

With others' ears, will seem to sleep o'the bench Only to entrap offenders in their answers, Dooms men to death by information, Rewards by hearsay

*Delio* Thou the law to him

Is like a foul black cob-web to a spider,— He makes it his dwelling and a prison To entangle those shall feed him

*Ant* Most true

He never pays debts unless they be shrewd turns,

And those he will confess that he doth owe

Last, for his brother there, the cardinal,

They that do flatter him most say oracles

Hang at his lips, and verily I believe them, For the devil speaks in them

But for their sister, the right noble duchess, You never fix'd your eye on three fair medals

Cast in one figure, of so different temper

For her discourse, it is so full of rapture,

You only will begin then to be sorry

When she doth end her speech, and wish, in wonder,

She held it less vain glory to talk much,

Than your penance to hear her whilst she speaks,

She throws upon a man so sweet a look,

That it were able to use one to a galliard

That lay in a dead palsy, and to dote

On that sweet countenance, but in that look

There speaketh so divine a continence

As cuts off all lascivious and vain hope

Her days are pass'd in such noble virtue,

That nine her nights, nay, more, her very sleeps,

Are more in heaven than other ladies' shifts

Let all sweet lutes break their flattering glasses,

And drive themselves in her

*Delio* Hie, Antonio,

You play the wine drawer with her commendations

*Ant* I'll cast the picture up only thus much, All her particular worth grows to this sum,—

She stains the time past, lights the time to come \*)

*Card* You must attend my lady in the gallery, Some half an hour hence

*Ant* I shall [Exit ANTONIO and DELIO]

*Ferd* Sister, I have a suit to you.

*Duch* To me, sir?

*Ferd* A gentleman here, Daniel de Rosoli, One that was in the gallery—

*Duch* Yes, I know him

\* She stains the time past lights the time to come! So again our author in his *Monumental Column*, &c.

"Stain the time past, and light the time to come."

*Ferd* A worthy fellow he is pray, let me entreat for

The provisorship of your horse

*Duch.* Your knowledge of him

Commends him and prefers him

*Ferd* Call him hither [*Exit Attendant*]

We [are] now upon parting Good Lord Silvio,

Do us commend to all our noble friends

At the league

*Silvio* Sir, I shall

*Ferd* You are for Milan?

*Silvio* I am

*Duch* Bring the crochets—We'll bring you down to the haven

[*Exit Duchess, SILVIO, CASTRUCCIO, RODRIGO, GRISOLAN, CAROLA, JULIA, and Attendants*]

*Card* Be sure you entertain that Bosola in  
For your intelligence I would not be soon in't,  
And therefore many times I have slighted him  
When he did court our furtherance, as this morning

*Ferd* Antonio, the great-master of her household,  
Had been far fitter

*Card* You are deceiv'd in him  
His nature is too honest for such business—  
He comes I'll leave you [*Exit*]

*Re enter BOSOLA*

*Bos* I was hui'd to you

*Ferd* My brother, here, the cardinal could never

Abide you

*Bos* Never since he was in my debt

*Ferd* May be some oblique character in your face

Made him suspect you

*Bos* Doth he study physiognomy?  
There's no more credit to be given to the face  
Than to a sick man's urine, which some call  
The physician's whore because she cozens him  
He did suspect me wrongfully

*Ferd* For that

You must give great men leave to take their times

Distrust doth cause us seldom be deceiv'd  
You see the oft shaking of the cedar tree  
Fastens it more at root

*Bos* Yet, take heed,  
For to suspect a friend unworthily  
Instructs him the next way to suspect you,  
And prompts him to deceive you

*Ferd* There's gold.

*Bos* So

What follows? never rain'd such showers as these  
Without thunderbolts: the tail of them whose  
throat must I cut?

*Ferd* Your inclination to shed blood rides post  
Before my occasion to use you I give you that  
To live in the court here, and observe the duchess,  
To note all the particulars of her haviour,\*  
What suitors do solicit her for marriage,  
And whom she best affects She's a young  
widow

I would not have her marry again

*Bos* No, sir?

*Ferd* Do not you ask the reason, but be satisfied

I say I would not

*Bos* It seems you would create me

One of your familiars

*Ferd* Familiar? what's that?

*Bos* Why, a very quaint invisible devil in flesh,—

An intelligencer

*Ferd* Such a kind of thriving thing

I would wish thee, and ere long thou mayst arrive

At a higher place by't

*Bos* Take your devils,  
Which hell calls angels these curs'd gifts would make

You a corrupter, me an impudent traitor  
And should I take these, they'd take me [to] hell

*Ferd* Sir, I'll take nothing from you that I have given

There is a place that I procur'd for you  
This morning, the provisorship o'the horse,  
Have you heard on't?

*Bos* No

*Ferd* 'Tis yours, is't not worth thanks?

*Bos* I would have you curse yourself now,  
that your bounty  
(Which makes men truly noble) e'er should make me

A villain O, that to avoid ingratitude  
For the good deed you have done me, I must do  
All the ill man can invent! Thus the devil  
Candies all sins o'er, and what heaven terms vile,  
That names he complemental†

*Ferd* Be yourself,  
Keep your old garb of melancholy, 'twill express

\* *haviour*] The 4to of 1640, "behaviour"  
† *complemental*] Or "complemental," i.e. ornamental,  
belonging to accomplishments

You envy those that stand above your reach,  
Yet strive not to come near 'em this will  
gain

Access to private lodgings, where yourself  
May, like a politic dormouse——

*Bos* As I have seen some  
Feed in a lord's dish, half asleep, not seeming  
'To listen to any talk, and yet these rogues  
Have cut his throat in a dream What's my  
place?

The provisorship o'the horse? say, then, my  
corruption

Crew out of horse dung I am your creature

*Ferd* Away!

*Bos* Let good men, for good deeds, covet good  
fame,  
Since place and riches oft are bribes of shame  
Sometimes the devil doth preach

[Exit

*Re enter Duchess, Cardinal, and CARLOLA*

*Card* We are to part from you, and your own  
discretion

Must now be your director

*Ferd* You are a widow  
You know already what man is, and therefore  
Let not youth, high promotion, eloquence——

*Card* No,  
Nor anything without the addition, honour,  
Sway your high blood.

*Ferd* Marry! they are most luxurious\*  
Will wed twice

*Card* O, fie!  
*Ferd* Their livers are more spotted  
Than Laban's sheep

*Duch* Diamonds are of most value,  
They say, that have pass'd through most jewel-  
lers' hands

*Ferd* Whores by that rule are precious

*Duch* Will you hear me?  
I'll never marry

*Card*† So most widows say;  
But commonly that motion lasts no longer  
Than the turning of an hour glass the funeral  
sermon

And it end both together

*Ferd* Now hear me,  
You live in a rank pasture, here, i'the court,  
There is a kind of honey dew that's deadly,  
'Twill poison your fame, look to't be not  
cunning,

For they whose faces do belie their hearts

\* *luxurious*] i. e. incontinent.

† *Card.*] The 4to of 1640 gives, by mistake, this speech  
to Ferdinand

Are witches ere they arrive at twenty years,  
Ay, and give the devil suck

*Duch* This is terrible good counsel.

*Ferd* Hypocrisy is woven of a fine small  
thread,

Subtler than Vulcan's engine \* yet, believe't,  
Your darkest actions, nay, your privat'st thoughts,  
Will come to light

*Card* You may flatter yourself,  
And take your own choice, privately be married  
Under the eyes of night——

*Ferd* Think't the best voyage  
That e'er you made, like the irregular crab,  
Which, though't goes backward, thinks that it  
goes right

Because it goes its own way but observe,  
Such weddings may more properly be said  
To be executed than celebrated

*Card* The marriage night  
Is the entrance into some prison

*Ferd* And those joys,  
Those lustful pleasures, are like heavy sleeps  
Which do fore run man's mischief

*Card* Fare you well  
Wisdom begins at the end remember it [Exit

*Duch* I think this speech between you both  
was studied,

It came so roundly off

*Ferd* You are my sister,  
This was my father's poniard, do you see?  
I'd be loth to see't look rusty, 'cause 'twas his  
I would have you give † o'er these chargeable  
revels

A visor and a mask are whispering rooms  
That were never built for goodness,—fare ye  
well,—

And women like that part which, like the  
Imprecy,

Hath never a bone in't

*Duch* Fie, sir!

*Ferd* Nay,  
I mean the tongue, variety of courtship  
What cannot a neat knave with a smooth tale  
Make a woman believe? Farewell, lusty widow  
[Exit

*Duch* Shall this move me? If all my royal  
kindred

Lay in my way unto this marriage,  
I'd make them my low footsteps and even now,  
Even in this hate, as men in some great battles,  
By apprehending danger, have achiev'd

\* *Vulcan's engine*] i. e. the net in which he caught Mars  
and Venus

† *give*] The 4to of 1623, "to give"



Almost impossible actions (I have heard soldiers say so),

So I through frights and threatenings will assay\*  
This dangerous venture. Let old wives report  
I wink'd and chose a husband —Carola,  
To thy known secrecy I have given up  
More than my life,—my fame

*Car.* Both shall be safe,  
For I'll conceal this secret from the world  
As warily as those that trade in poison  
Keep poison from their children

*Duch.* Thy protestation  
Is ingenuous† and hearty I believe it  
Is Antonio come?

*Car.* He attends you

*Duch.* Good dear soul,  
Leave me, but place thyself behind the arras,  
Where thou mayst overhear us. Wish me good  
speed,  
For I am going into a wilderness  
Where I shall find not ‡ path nor friendly dew  
To be my guide

[CAROLA goes behind the arras

*Enter ANTONIO* §

I sent for you. Sit down,  
Take pen and ink, and write. Are you ready?

*Ant.* Yes

*Duch.* What did I say?

*Ant.* That I should write somewhat

*Duch.* O, I remember

After these|| triumphs and this large expense  
It's fit, like thrifty husbands, we inquire  
What's laid up for to-morrow

*Ant.* So please your beauteous excellence

*Duch.* Beauteous!

Indeed, I thank you. I look young for your sake,  
You have ta'en my cares upon you

*Ant.* I'll fetch your grace

The particulars of your revenue and expense

*Duch.* O, you are

An upright treasurer but you mistook,  
For when I said I meant to make inquiry  
What's laid up for to-morrow, I did mean  
What's laid up yonder for me

*Ant.* Where?

*Duch.* In heaven

I am making my will (as 'tis fit princes should,

In perfect memory), and, I pray, sir, tell me,  
Were not one better make\* it smiling, thus,  
Than in deep groans and terrible ghastly looks,  
As if the gifts we parted with procur'd  
That violent distraction? †

*Ant.* O, much better

*Duch.* If I had a husband now, this care were  
quit

But I intend to make you oversee

What good deed shall we first remember? ‡ say

*Ant.* Begin with that first good deed began  
i' the world ‡

After man's creation, the sacrament of marriage  
I'd have you first § provide for a good husband,  
Give him all

*Duch.* All!

*Ant.* Yes, your excellent self

*Duch.* In a winding sheet?

*Ant.* In a couple

*Duch.* Sunk Wmified, that were a strange will!

*Ant.* 'Twere stranger || if there were no will in  
you

To marry again

*Duch.* What do you think of marriage?

*Ant.* I like't, as those that deny purgatory,  
It locally contains or heaven or hell,  
There's no third place in't

*Duch.* How do you affect it?

*Ant.* My brouishment, feeding my melancholy,  
Would often reason thus

*Duch.* Pray, let's hear it

*Ant.* Say a man never marry, nor have children,  
What takes that from him? only the bare  
name

Of being a father, or the weak delight  
To see the little wanton ride a cock horse  
Upon a painted stick, or hear him chatter  
Like a taught starling

*Duch.* Fie, fie, what's all this?

One of your eyes is blood shot, use my ring to't,  
They say 'tis very sovereign 'twas my wedding-  
ring.

And I did vow never to part with it  
But to my second husband

*Ant.* You have parted with it now.

*Duch.* Yes, to help your eye-sight

*Ant.* You have made me stark blind

*Duch.* How?

\* assay] The 4to of 1640, "affray"

† ingenious] i.e. ingenuous. See note †, p. 26

‡ nor] The 4to of 1640, "no"

§ Enter Antonio] As previously (p. 61) Antonio has been told that he must attend the duchess "in the gallery" it would seem that here the audience were to imagine that a change of scene had taken place

|| there] Both the earliest 4tos "this"

\* make] The 4to of 1640, "to make"

† distraction] Both the earliest 4tos "distraction"

‡ that first good deed began i' the world] The 4to of 1640,

"That good deed that first began i' th' world"

§ first] Omitted in the 4to of 1640

|| stranger] The old eds "strange"

*Ant* There is a saucy and ambitious devil  
Is dancing in this circle.

*Duch.* Remove him

*Ant* How?

*Duch* There needs small conjuration, when  
your finger

May do it thus, is it fit?

*[She puts the ring upon his finger he kneels]*

*Ant* What said you?

*Duch.* Sir,

This goodly roof of yours is too low built,  
I cannot stand upright in't nor discourse  
Without I raise it higher raise yourself,  
Or, if you please, my hand to help you so

*[Raises hers]*

*Ant* Ambition, madam, is a great man's madness,

That is not kept in chains and close pent-rooms,  
But in fair lightsome lodgings, and is girt  
With the wild noise of prattling visitants,  
Which makes it lunatic beyond all cure  
Conceive not I am so stupid but I am

'Whereto your favours tend but he's a fool

'That, being a cold, would thrust his hands i'the  
fire

To warm them

*Duch* So, now the ground's broke,  
You may discover what a wealthy mine  
I make you lord of

*Ant* O my unworthiness!

*Duch* You were ill to sell yourself

This darkening of your worth is not like that  
Which tradesmen use i'the city, their false  
lights

Aro to rid bad wares off and I must tell you,  
If you will\* know where breathes a complete man  
(I speak it without flattery), turn your eyes,  
And progress through yourself.

*Ant* Were there nor heaven nor hell,  
I should be honest I have long serv'd virtue,  
And ne'er ta'en wages of her

*Duch* Now she pays it

The misery of us that are born great!

We are forc'd to woo, because none dare woo us,  
And as a tyrant doubles with his words,  
And fearfully equivocates, so we  
Are forc'd to express our violent passions  
In riddles and in dreams, and leave the path  
Of simple virtue, which was never made  
To seem the thing it is not Go, go brag  
You have left me heartless, mine is in your  
bosom

I hope 'twill multiply love there You do  
tremble

Make not your heart so dead a piece of flesh,  
To fear more than to love me Sir, be confident

What is't distracts you? This is flesh and blood,  
sir,

'Tis not the figure cut in alabaster

Kneels at my husband's tomb Awake, awake,  
man!

I do here put off all vain ceremony,  
And only do appear to you a young widow  
That claims you for her husband, and, like a  
widow,

I use but half a blush in't

*Ant* Truth speak for me,

I will remain the constant sanctuary  
Of your good name

*Duch* I thank you, gentle love

And 'cause you shall not come to me in debt,  
Being now my steward, here upon your lips

I sign your *Quintus est*. This you should have  
begg'd now

I have seen children oft eat sweetmeats thus,  
As fearful to devour them\* too soon

*Ant* But for your brothers?

*Duch* Do not think of them

All discord without this circumference

Is only to be pitied, and not fear'd

Yet, should they know it, time will easily

Scatter the tempest

*Ant* Those words should be mine,

And all the parts you have spoke, if some put  
of it

Would not have savour'd flattery

*Duch* Kneel

*[CARIOLA comes from behind the arras]*

*Ant* Ha!

*Duch* Be not amazed, this woman's of my  
counsel

I have heard lawyers say, a contract in a chamber  
*Per verba presentis* is absolute marriage

*[She and ANTONIO kneel]*

Bless, heaven, this sacred gordian, which let  
violence

Never untwine!

*Ant* And may our sweet affections, like the  
spheres,

Be still in motion!

*Duch* Quickening, and make

The like soft music!

\* I have seen children oft eat sweetmeats thus

As fearful to devour them] Occurs again verbatim in  
*Appius and Virginia*, A I S 1

*Ant* That we may imitate the loving palms,\*  
Best emblem of a peaceful marriage,  
That never bore fruit, divided †

*Duch* What can the church force more †

*Ant* That fortune may not know an accident,  
Either of joy or sorrow, to divide  
Our fixed wishes †

*Duch* How can the church build faster †  
We now are man and wife, and 'tis the church  
That must but echo this—Maid, stand up †  
I now am blind

*Ant* What's your conceit in this †

*Duch* I would have you lend your fortune by  
the hand

Unto your marriage bed  
(You speak in me this, for we now are one )  
We'll only lie, and talk together, and plot  
To appease my humorous kindred, and if you  
please,

Like the old tale in Alexander and Lodowick,\*  
Lay a naked sword between us, keep us chaste  
O, let me shroud my blushes in your bosom,  
Since 'tis the treasury of all my secrets †

[*Exeunt DUCHESS and ANTONIO*]

*Caro* Whether the spirit of greatness or of  
woman

Reign most in her, I know not, but it shows  
A fearful madness I owe her much of pity [*Exit*]

## ACT II.

### SCENE I †

[*Enter BOSOLA and CASTRUCIO*]

*Bos* You say you would fain be taken for an  
eminent courtier †

*Cast* 'Tis the very man of my ambition

*Bos* Let me see you have a reasonable good  
face for't already, and your night cap expresses  
you are sufficient largely I would have you  
learn to twirl the strings of your band with a  
good grace, and in a set speech, at the end of  
every sentence, to hum three or four times, or  
blow your nose till it smart again, to recover  
your memory When you come to be a president  
in criminal causes, if you smile upon a prisoner,  
hang him, but if you frown upon him and  
threaten him, let him be sure to scape the  
gallows

*Cast* I would be a very merry president

\* That we may imitate the loving palms, &c.] Compare a  
pretty passage of Glaphthorne,

"O Argalus, I thought

We should have liv'd, and taught the crying world  
Affection's primitive pureness, grown like Palmet,  
That do with vinous mixture twine their boughs  
Into a leagued union and so flourish  
Old in each others arms †

*Argalus and Parthenia*, 1639 Sig. F 1

I may also cite here some lines entitled *The Dear Eagle*,  
which were written by my friend Thomas Campbell  
when he was at Oran,

"And yet Numidia's landscape has its spots  
Of pastoral pleasantness—'tough far between,  
The village planted near the Marabout's  
Round roof has aye its feathery palm trees  
Fair'd, for in solitude they bear no fruits †

† Scene I.] Malfi An apartment in the palace of the  
Duchess.

*Bos* Do not sup o' nights, 'twill beget you an  
admirable wit

*Cast* Rather it would make me have a good  
stomach to quarrel, for they say, your roaring  
boys † eat meat seldom, and that makes them so  
valiant. But how shall I know whether the  
people take me for an eminent fellow †

*Bos* I will teach a trick to know it give out  
you lie a-dying, and if you hear the common  
people curse you, be sure you are taken for one  
of the prime night caps †

[*Enter an Old Lady*]

You come from painting now

*Old Lady* From what †

*Bos* Why, from your scurvy face physic To  
behold thee not painted inclines somewhat near  
a miracle these in thy face here were deep ruts

\* Take the old tale in Alexander and Lodowick] *The  
Two Faithful Friends, the pleasant History of Alexander  
and Lodowick, who were so like one another, that none could  
know them anunder wherein is declared how Lodowick  
married the Princess of Hungary, in Alexander's name,  
and how each night he layd a naked sword between him and  
the Princess, because he would not wrong his friend,* is  
reprinted (from the Pepys Collection) in Evans's *Old  
Ballads*, vol. 1 p. 77 ed. 1810 There was also a play  
written by Martin Slaughter, called *Alexander and Lodo-  
wick* the acting of which is several times mentioned in  
*Henslowes Diary* but it never was printed

† roaring boys] A cant term for the insolent bloods and  
vapourers of the time, whose delight was to annoy the  
well behaved inhabitants of the capital, by quarrelling  
and raising violent disturbances on all possible occasions

† night-caps] Another cant term, used again by our  
author in *The Devil's Law Case*, Act II. So I

"Among a shoal or swarm of rooking night-caps"

and foul sloughs the last progress.\* There was a lady in France that, having had the small pox, flayed the skin off her face to make it more level, and where's before she looked like a nutmeg grater, afterwards resembled an abortive hedge hog

*Old Lady* Do you call this painting?

*Bos* No, no, but you call [it] careening of an old morpheued lady, to make her disembody again there's rough cast phrase to your plastic

*Old Lady* It seems you are well acquainted with my closet

*Bos* One would suspect it for a shop of witchcraft, to find in it the fat of serpents, spawn of snakes, Jews' spittle, and then young children's ordure and all those for the face I would sooner eat a dead pigeon taken from the soles of the feet of one sick of the plague, than kiss one of you fasting Here are two of you, whose sin of your youth is the very patrimony of the physician, makes him renew his foot cloth† with the spring, and change his high priced courtesan with the fall of the leaf I do wonder you do not loathe yourselves Observe my meditation now

What thing is in this outward form of man  
To be beloved? We account it ominous,  
If nature do produce a colt, or lamb,  
A fawn, or goat, in any limb resembling  
A man, and fly from 't as a prodigy  
Man stands amaz'd to see his deformity  
In any other creature but himself  
But in our own flesh though we bear diseases  
Which have their true names only ta'en from  
beasts,—

As the most ulcerous wolf and swinish measles,—  
Though we are eaten up of lice and worms,  
And though continually we bear about us  
A rotten and dead body, we delight  
To hide it in rich tissue all our fear,  
Nay, all our terror, is, lest our physician  
Should put us in the ground to be made sweet—  
Your wife's gone to Rome you two couple, and  
get you to the wells at Lucca to recover your  
aches I have other work on foot

[*Exeunt CASTALDIO and Old Lady*]

I observe our duchess

Is sick a days, she pukes, her stomach seethes,  
The fins of her eye-lids look most teeming  
blue,‡

\* *progress*] See note †, p 9

† *makes him renew his foot cloth*] i e enables him to buy new housings for his horse (or mule)

The *fins of her eye lids look most teeming blue*] So in *The Malcontent*, Act I Sc I, "till the fin of his eyes look as blue as the welkin."

She wanes i'the cheek, and waxes fat i'the flank,  
And, contrary to our Italian fashion,  
Wears a loose-bodied gown there's somewhat  
in't

I have a trick my chance discover it,  
A pretty one, I have bought some apicocks,  
The first our spring yields

[*Enter ANTONIO and PELLIO*]

*Delio* And so long since married!  
You unaze me

*Ant* Let me seal your lips for ever  
For, did I think that any thing but the air  
Could carry these words from you, I should wish  
You had no breath at all—Now, sir, in your  
contemplation?

You are studying to become a great wise fellow

*Bos* O, sir, the opinion of wisdom is a foul  
tetter\* that runs all over a man's body if sim-  
plicity direct us to have no evil, it directs us to  
a happy being, for the subtlest folly proceeds  
from the subtlest wisdom let me be simply  
honest

*Ant* I do understand your inside

*Bos* Do you so?

*Ant* Because you would not seem to open us to  
the world

Puff'd up with your preferment, you continue  
Thus out of fashion melancholy I love it, I love it

*Bos* Give me leave to be honest in any phrase,  
in any compliment whatsoever Shall I confess  
myself to you? I look no higher than I can  
reach they are the gods that must ride on  
winged horses A lawyer's mule of a slow pace  
will both suit my disposition and business, for,  
mark me, when a man's mind rides faster than  
his horse can gallop, they quickly both tire

*Ant* You would look up to heaven,† but I  
think

The devil, that rules i'the air, stands in your light

*Bos* O, sir, you are lord of the ascendant,  
chief man with the duchess, a duke was your  
cousin german removed Say you were lineally  
descended from King Pepin, or he himself, what  
of this? search the heads of the greatest rivers  
in the world, you shall find them but bubbles of  
water Some would think the souls of princes  
were brought forth by some more weighty cause  
than those of meaner persons they are deceived,

\* *tetter*] The 4to of 1640, "terror"

† *You would look up to heaven, &c*] So our author  
again in *The Devil's I saw case*, Act V S 5

"While they aspire to do themselves most right,

The devil, that rules i'the air, hangs in their light"

there's the same hand to them, the like passions sway them, the same reason that makes a vicar to go to law for a tithe-pig, and undo his neighbours, makes them spoil a whole province, and batter down goodly cities with the cannon.

*Enter DUCHESS and Ladies.*

*Duch* Your arm, Antonio do I not grow fat? I am exceeding short winded — *Bosola*, I would have you, sir, provide for me a litter, Such a one as the Duchess of Florence rode in

*Bos* The duchess us'd one when she was great with child

*Duch* I think she did.—Come hither, mend my ruff

Here, when? thou art such a tedious lady, and Thy breath smells of lemon pills would thou hadst done!

Shall I swoon under thy fingers? I am So troubled with the mother! †

*Bos* [*aside*] I fear too much

*Duch* I have heard you say that the French courtiers

Wear their hats on 'fore the king

*Ant* I have seen it

*Duch* In the presence?

*Ant* Yes

*Duch* ‡ Why should not we bring up that fashion?

'Tis ceremony more than duty that consists In the removing of a picco of felt Be you the example to the rest o' the court, Put on your hat first.

*Ant* You must pardon me

I have seen, in colder countries than in France, Nobles stand bare to the prince, and the distinction

Methought show'd reverently

*Bos* I have a present for your grace

*Duch* For me, sir?

*Bos* Apricocks, madam

*Duch* O, sir, where are they?

I have heard of none to year

*Bos* [*aside*] Good, her colour rises

*Duch* Indeed, I thank you they are wondrous fair ones

What an unskilful fellow is our gardener!

We shall have none this month

*Bos* Will not your grace pare them?

\* *when*] An exclamation of impatience (very common in our old dramatists)

† *the mother*] i.e. hysterical passion

‡ *Whe &c*] This speech is given by mistake in the three earliest texts to Antonio

*Duch* No they taste of musk, methinks, in deed they do

*Bos* I know not yet I wish your grace had par'd 'em.

*Duch* Why?

*Bos* I forgot to tell you, the knave gardener, Only to raise his profit by them the sooner, Did ripen them in horse-dung

*Duch* O, you jest —

You shall judge pray, taste one

*Ant* Indeed, madam,

I do not love the fruit

*Duch* Sir, you are loth

To rob us of our dainties 'tis a delicate fruit, They say they are restorative

*Bos* 'Tis a pretty art,

This grafting

*Duch* 'Tis so, bettering of nature

*Bos* To make a pippin grow upon a crab, Adamson on a black-thorn — [*Aside*] How greedily she eats them!

A whirlwind strike off these bawd farthingales! For, but for that and the loose bodied gown, I should have discover'd apparently

The young sprigal cutting a caper in her belly

*Duch* I thank you, *Bosola* they were right good ones,

If they do not make me sick

*Ant* How now, madam!

*Duch* This green fruit and my stomach are not friends

How they swell me!

*Bos* [*aside*] Nay, you are too much swell'd already

*Duch* O I am in an extreme cold sweat!

*Bos* I am very sorry

*Duch* Lights to my chamber! — O good Antonio,

I fear I am undone!

*Delio* Lights there, lights!

[*Exit DUCHESS and Ladies — Exit, on the other side, BOSOLA*]

*Ant* O my most trusty *Delio*, we are lost! I fear she's full'n in labour, and there's left No time for her remove

*Delio* Have you prepar'd Those ladies to attend her? and procur'd That politic safe conveyance for the midwife Your duchess plotted?

*Ant* I have

*Delio* Make use, then, of this forc'd occasion Give out that *Bosola* hath poison'd her

\* *most*] Omitted in the 4to of 1640

With these apricocks, that will give some colour  
For her keeping close

*Ant* Fie, fie, the physicians  
Will then flock to her

*Delio* For that you may pretend  
She'll use some prepar'd antidote of her own,  
Lest the physicians should re-poison her

*Ant* I am lost in amazement I know not what  
to think on't [Lament

## SCENE II \*

*Enter BOSOLA*

*Bos* So, so, there's no question but her tech-  
ness† and most vulturous eating of the apricocks  
are apparent signs of breeding

*Enter an Old Lady*

Now?

*Old Lady* I am in haste, sir

*Bos* There was a young waiting woman had a  
monstrous desire to see the glass house—

*Old Lady* Nay, pray, let me go

*Bos* And it was only to know what strange  
instrument it was should swell up a glass to the  
fashion of a woman's belly

*Old Lady* I will hear no more of the glass  
house You are still abusing women?

*Bos* Who, I? no, only, by the way now and  
then, mention your frailties The orange tree  
bears ripe and green fruit and blossoms all  
together, and some of you give entertainment  
for pure love, but more for more precious reward  
The lusty spring smells well, but drooping  
autumn tastes well If we have the same golden  
showers that rained in the time of Jupiter the  
thunderer, you have the same Danaes still, to  
hold up their laps to receive them Didst thou  
never study the mathematics?

*Old Lady* What's that, sir?

*Bos* Why, to know the trick how to make a  
many lines meet in one centre Go, go, give your  
foster daughters good counsel tell them, that  
the devil takes delight to hang at a woman's  
girdle, like a false rusty watch, that she cannot  
discern how the time passes [Exit Old Lady

*Enter ANTONIO, RODRIGO, and GRISOLAN*

*Ant* Shut up the court gates

*Rod* Why, sir? what's the danger?

*Ant* Shut up the posterns presently, and call  
All the officers o'the court.

*Gris* I shall instantly [Exit

*Ant* Who keeps the key o'the park gate?

*Rod* Forobosco

*Ant* Let him bring't presently

*Re-enter GRISOLAN with Servants*

*First Serv* O, gentlemen o'the court, the foulest  
treason!

*Bos* [aside] If that these apricocks should be  
poison'd now,

Without my knowledge!

*First Serv* There was taken even now a Switzer  
in the duchess bed chamber—

*Second Serv* A Switzer!

*First Serv* With a pistol in his great cod piece

*Bos* Ha, ha, ha!

*First Serv* The cod piece was the cause for't

*Second Serv* There was a cunning traitor who  
would have searched his cod piece?

*First Serv* True, if he had kept out of the  
ladies' chambers and all the moulds of his  
buttons were laden bullets

*Second Serv* O wicked cannibal! a fire-lock  
in's cod piece!

*First Serv* 'Twas a French plot, upon my life

*Second Serv* To see what the devil can do!

*Ant* [Are] all the officers here?

*Servants* We are

*Ant* Gentlemen,

We have lost much plate you know, and but  
this evening

Jewels, to the value of four thousand ducats,

Are missing in the duchess cabinet

Are the gates shut?

*Serv* Yes

*Ant* 'Tis the duchess' pleasure

Each officer be lock'd into his chamber

Till the sun rising, and to send the keys

Of all their chests and of their outward doors

Into her bed chamber She is very sick

*Rod* At her pleasure

*Ant* She entrusts you take't not all the  
innocent

Shall be the more approv'd by it

*Bos* Gentleman o'the wood yard, where's your  
Switzer now?

*First Serv* By this hand, 'twas credibly re-  
ported by one o'the black guard \*

[Exeunt all except ANTONIO and DELIO

*Delio* How fares it with the duchess?

*Ant* She's expos'd

Unto the worst of torture, pain and fear

*Delio* Speak to her all happy comfort

\* Scene II ] A hall in the same palace

† techiness] The 4th ed. "teachness," and "teachness"

\* black guard] See note \*, p. 8

*Ant* How I do play the fool with mine own danger !

You are this night, dear friend, to post to Rome  
My life lies in your service

*Delio* Do not doubt me

*Ant* O, 'tis far from me and yet fear presents me

Somewhat that looks like danger

*Delio* Believe it,

'Tis but the shadow of your fear, no more

How superstitiously we mind our evils !

The throwing down salt, or crossing of a hare,

Bleeding at nose, the stumbling of a horse,

Or singing of a cricket, are of power

To daunt whole man in us Sir, fare you well

I wish you all the joys of a bless'd father,

And, for my faith, lay this unto your breast,—

Old friends, like old swords, still are trusted best

[*Exit*]

*Enter CARLOLA*

*Car.* Sir, you are the happy father of a son  
Your wife commends him to you

*Ant* Blessed comfort !—

For heaven's sake tend her well I'll presently

Go get a figure for a nativity [*Exit*]

### SCENE III \*

*Enter BOSOLA, with a dark lantern*

*Bos* Since I did hear a woman shriek last, ha !  
And the sound came, if I receiv'd it right,  
From the duchess' lodgings There's some  
stratagem

In the confining all our countiers  
To their several wards I must have part of it,  
My intelligence will freeze else List, again !  
It may be 'twas the melancholy bird,  
Best friend of silence and of solitariness,  
The owl, that scream'd so — Ha ! Antonio !

*Enter ANTONIO*

*Ant* I heard some noise — Who's there ? what  
art thou ? speak

*Bos* Antonio, put not your face nor body  
To such a forc'd expression of fear  
I am Bosola, your friend

*Ant* Bosola !—

[*Aside*] This mole does undermine me — Heard  
you not

A noise even now ?

*Bos* From whence ?

*Ant* From the duchess' lodging

*Bos* Not I did you ?

*Ant* I did, or else I dream'd

*Bos* Let's walk towards it,

*Ant* No it may be 'twas  
But the rising of the wind

*Bos* Very likely

Methinks 'tis very cold, and yet you sweat

You look wildly

*Ant* I have been setting a figure

For the duchess' jewels

*Bos* Ah, and how falls your question ?

Do you find it radical ?

*Ant* What's that to you ?

'Tis rather to be question'd what design,

When all men were commanded to their lodgings,

Makes you a night-walker

*Bos* In sooth, I'll tell you

Now all the court's asleep, I thought the devil

Had least to do here, I came to say my prayers,

And if it do offend you I do so,

You are a fine countier

*Ant* [*aside*] This fellow will undo me.—

You gave the duchess apricocks to day

Pray heaven they were not poison'd !

*Bos* Poison'd ! a Spanish fig

For the imputation

*Ant* Traitors are ever confident

Till they are discover'd There were jewels  
stol'n too

In my conceit, none are to be suspected

More than yourself

*Bos* You are a false steward

*Ant* Surey slave, I'll pull thee up by the  
roots

*Bos* May be the sun will crush you to pieces

*Ant* You are an impudent snake indeed, sir

Are you scarce warm, and do you show your  
sting ?

You libel well, sir

*Bos* No, sir copy it out,

And I will set my hand to't

*Ant* [*aside*] My nose bleeds

One that were superstitious would count

This ominous, when it merely comes by chance

Two letters, that are wrote here for my name,

Are drown'd in blood !

Were accident — For you, sir, I'll take order

I'll the morn you shall be safe — [*aside*] 'tis that  
must colour

Her lying in — sir, this door you pass not

I do not hold it fit that you come near

The duchess' lodgings, till you have quit your-  
self —

\* Scene III ] The court of the same place

[*Aside*] The great are like the base, nay, they are the same,

When they seek shameful ways to avoid shame

[*Exit*]

*Bos* Antonio hereabout did drop a paper —  
Some of your help, false friend — O, here it is  
What's here? a child's nativity calculated!

[*Reads*]

"The duchess was delivered of a son, 'tween the hours twelve and one in the night, Anno Dom 1504,"—that's this year—"decimo nono Decembris,"—that's this night,—"*taken according to the meridian of Melfi*,"—that's our duchess' happy discovery!—"The lord of the first house being combust in the ascendant, signifies short life, and Mars being in a human sign, joined to the tail of the Dragon, in the eighth house, doth threaten a violent death *Cetera non scrutantur*."

Why, now 'tis most apparent this piece of fellow is the duchess' bawd — I have it to my wish!

This is a parcel of intelligency

Our courtiers were cas'd up for it needs must follow

That I must be committed on pretence  
Of poisoning her, which I'll endure, and laugh at  
If one could find the father now! but that  
Time will discover — Old Castruccio  
In the morning posts to Rome — by him I'll send  
A letter that shall make her brothers' galls  
Overflow their liveries — This was a thrifty way  
Though lust do mask in never so strung disguise,  
She's oft found witty, but is never wise [*Last*]

#### SCENE IV \*

[*Enter Cardinal and Julia*]

*Card* Sit thou art my best of wishes Father,  
tell me

What trick didst thou invent to come to Rome  
Without thy husband?

*Julia* Why, my lord, I told him  
I came to visit an old anchoress  
Here for devotion

*Card* Thou art a witty false one,—  
I mean, to him

*Julia* You have prevail'd with me  
Beyond my strongest thoughts — I would not now  
Find you inconstant.

*Card* Do not put thyself  
To such a voluntary torture, which proceeds  
Out of your own guilt.

*Julia* How, my lord!

*Card* You fear

My constancy, because you have approv'd  
Those giddy and wild turnings\* in yourself

*Julia* Did you ever find them?

*Card* Sooth, generally for women,

A man might strive to make glass malleable,  
Ere he should make them fixed

*Julia* So, my lord

*Card* We had need go borrow that fantastic  
glass

Invented by Guleo the Florentine  
To view another spacious world in the moon,  
And look to find a constant woman there

*Julia* This is very well, my lord

*Card* Why do you weep?

Are tears your justification? the self same tears  
Will fall into your husband's bosom, lady,  
With a loud protestation that you love him  
Above the world — Come I'll love you wisely,  
That's jealousy, since I am very certain  
You cannot make me † cuckold

*Julia* I'll go home

To my husband

*Card* You may thank me, lady,  
I have taken you off your melancholy perch,  
Bore you upon my fist, and show'd you game,  
And let you fly at it — I pry thee, kiss me —  
When thou wast with thy husband, thou wast  
wretched

I like a tame elephant — still you use to thank  
me —

Thou hadst only kisses from him and high feeding,  
But what delight was that? 'twas just like one  
That hath a little fingering on the lute,  
Yet cannot tune it — still you use to thank me

*Julia* You told me of a piteous wound in the  
heart

And a sick liver, when you woo'd me first,  
And spake like one in physic

*Card* Whos that? —

[*Enter Servant*]

Rest him, for my affection to thee,  
Lightning moves slow to't

*Serv* Madam, a gentleman,

That's come post from Melfi, desires to see you

*Card* Let him enter — I'll withdraw [*Exit*]

*Serv* He says

Your husband, old Castruccio, is come to Rome,  
Most pitifully tir'd with riding post. [*Exit*]

Scene IV] Rome. An apartment in the palace of the Cardinal

\* *turnings*] Both the earliest 4tos "*turning*"  
† *make me*] The 4to of 1623, "*me make*"



*Enter DELIO*

*Julia* [*aside*] Signior Delio! 'tis one of my old suitors.

*Delio* I was bold to come and see you \*

*Julia* Sir, you are welcome

*Delio* Do you lie here?

*Julia* Sure, your own experience  
Will satisfy you no † our Roman pielates  
Do not keep lodging for ladies

*Delio* Very well

I have brought you no commendations from your husband,

For I know none by him ‡

*Julia* I hear he's come to Rome

*Delio* I never knew man and beast, of a horse  
and a knight,

So weary of each other if he had had a good back,  
He would have undertook to have borne his horse,  
His breach was so pitifully sore

*Julia* Your laughter

Is my pity

*Delio* Lady, I know not whether

You want money, but I have brought you some

*Julia* From my husband?

*Delio* No, from mine own allowance

*Julia* I must hear the condition, ere I be bound  
to take it

*Delio* Look on't, 'tis gold! hath it not a fine  
colour?

*Julia* I have a bird more beautiful

*Delio* Try the sound on't

*Julia* A lute string full exceeds it

It hath no smell, like cassia or civet,

Nor is it physical, though some fond doctors

Persuade us seeth'e't § in cullises || I'll tell you,

This is a creature bred by——

*Re-enter Servant*

*Serv* Your husband's come,

Hath deliver'd a letter to the Duke of Calabria

That, to my thinking, hath put him out of his wits

[*Exit*]

*Julia* Sir you hear

Pray, let me know your business and your suit

As briefly as can be

\* to come and see you] The 4to of 1640 "and come to see you"

† no] The 4to of 1640, "now"

‡ Here and subsequently in this scene, I have let the lines stand as they are divided in the old copies, though some of these speeches hardly read like verse. See note †, p. 79

§ seeth'e't] Both the earliest 4tos, "seeth'e't"

|| cullises] A cullis was a strong and savoury broth of boiled meat strained, for debilitated persons the old receipt books recommend "pieces of gold" among its ingredients.

*Delio* With good speed I would wish you,  
At such time as you are non resident  
With your husband, my mistress.

*Julia* Sir, I'll go ask my husband if I shall,  
And straight return your answer [*Exit*]

*Delio* Very fine!

Is this her wit, or honesty, that speaks thus?

I heard one say the duke was highly mov'd

With a letter sent from Malfi I do fear

Antonio is betray'd how fearfully

Shows his ambition now! unfortunate fortune!

They pass through whirl pools, and deep woes do  
shun,

Who the event weigh ere the action's done [*Exit*]

#### SCENE V \*

*Enter Cardinal, and Ferdinand with a letter*

*Ferd* I have this night digg'd up a mandrake

*Card* Say you?

*Ferd* And I am grown mad with't †

*Card* What's the prodigy?

*Ferd* Read there,—a sister damn'd she's loose  
in the hilt,

Grown a notorious stumpe

*Card* Speak lower

*Ferd* Lower!

Rogues do not whisper't now, but seek to publish't

(As servants do the bounty of their lords)

Aloud, and with a covetous searching eye,

To mark who note them O, confusion seize her!

She hath had most cunning bawds to serve her  
turn,

And more secure conveyances for lust

Than towns of garrison for service

*Card* Is't possible?

Can this be certain?

*Ferd* Rhubarb, O, for rhubarb

To purge this choler! here's the curst day ‡

To prompt my memory, and here't shall stick

Till of her bleeding heart I make a sponge

To wipe it out

*Card* Why do you make yourself

So wild a tempest?

*Ferd* Would I could be one,

That I might toss her palice 'bout her ears,

\* Scene V] Another apartment in the same palace

† I have this night digg'd up a mandrake

And I am grown mad with't] Compare Shakespeare, "And shrieks, like mandrakes torn out of the earth, That living mortals hearing them run mad"

Romeo and Juliet, A. IV S. 3

‡ the curst day] i.e. on which the Duchess had been delivered of a son,—set down in the letter sent from Bosola

Root up her goodly forests, blast her meads,  
And lay her general territory as waste  
As she hath done her honours

*Card* Shall our blood,  
The royal blood of Arragon and Castile,  
Be thus attainted?

*Ferd* Apply desperate physic  
We must not now use balsamum, but fire,  
The smiting cupping-glass, for that's the mean  
To purge infected blood, such blood as hers  
There is a kind of pity in mine eye,—  
I'll give it to my handkercher, and now 'tis here,  
I'll bequeath this to her bastard

*Card* What to do?

*Ferd* Why, to make soft lute for his mother's  
wounds,

When I have hew'd her to pieces

*Card* Curs'd creature!  
Unequal nature, to place women's hearts  
So fir upon the left side!

*Ferd* Foolish men,  
That e'er will trust their honour in a bark  
Made of so slight weak bulrush as is \* woman,  
Apt every minute to sink it!

*Card* Thus  
Ignorance, when it hath purchas'd honour,  
It cannot wield it

*Ferd* Methinks I see her laughing,—  
Excellent hyena! Talk to me somewhat quickly,  
Or my imagination will carry me  
To see her in the shameful act of sin

*Card* With whom?

*Ferd* Happily with some strong thigh'd barg-  
man,

Or one o'the wood yard that can quoit the sledge  
Or toss the bar, or else some lovely squire  
That carries coals up to her privy† lodgings

*Card* You fly beyond your reason

*Ferd* Go to, mistress!

'Tis not your whore's milk that shall‡ quench my  
wild fire,

But your whore's blood

*Card* How idly shows this rage, which carries  
you,

As men convey'd by witches through the air,  
On violent whirlwinds! this intemperate noise  
Fity resembles deaf men's shrill discourse,  
Who talk aloud, thinking all other men  
To have their imperfection

*Ferd* Have not you  
My palsy?

*Card* Yes, [but] I can be angry  
Without this rupture \* there is not in nature  
A thing that makes man so deform'd, so beastly,  
As doth intemperate anger Clude yourself  
You have divers men who never yet express'd  
Their strong desire of rest but by unrest,  
By vexing of themselves Come, put yourself  
In tune

*Ferd* So I will only study to soem  
The thing I am not I could kill her now,  
In you, or in myself, for I do think  
It is some sin in us heaven doth revenge  
By her

*Card* Are you stark mad?

*Ferd* I would have their bodies  
Burnt in a coal pit with the ventage stopp'd,  
That their curs'd smoke might not ascend to  
heaven,  
Or dip the sheets they lie in in pitch or  
sulphur,

Wrap them in't, and then light them like a match,  
Or else to boil their bastard to a cullis,†  
And giv't his lecherous father to renew  
The sin of his back

*Card* I'll leave you

*Ferd* Nay, I have done  
I am confident, had I been damn'd in hell,  
And should have heard of this, it would have put  
me

Into a cold sweat In, in, I'll go sleep  
Till I know who leaps my sister, I'll not stay  
That known, I'll find scorpions to sting‡ my  
whips,

And fix her in a general eclipse [Exeunt

\* rupture] If right, unum—breaking forth into pas-  
sion but qy "rapture, —transport, violent emotion"

† cullis] See note II, p. 72

‡ sting] The 4to of 1640 "stung"

"Lost with a whip of scorpions I pursue

Thy lingering" Milton's *Par. Lost*, ii. 701

\* u] The 4to of 1640, "this"

† privy] The 4to. of 1640, "private"

‡ shall] The 4to of 1640, "can"

## ACT III

## SCENE I \*

*Enter ANTONIO and DELIO*

*Ant* Our noble friend, my most beloved Delio!  
O, you have been a stranger long at court  
Came you along with the Lord Ferdinand?

*Delio* I did, sir and how fares your noble  
duchess?

*Ant* Right fortunately well she's an excellent  
Feeder of pedigrees, since you last saw her,  
She hath had two children more, a son and  
daughter

*Delio* Methinks 'twas yesterday let me but  
wink,

And not behold your face, which to mine eye  
Is somewhat leaner, verily I should dream  
It were within this half hour

*Ant* You have not been in law, friend Delio,  
Nor in prison, nor a suitor at the court,  
Nor begg'd the reversion of some great man's  
place,  
Nor troubled with an old wife, which doth make  
Your time so insensibly hasten

*Delio* Pray, sir, tell me,  
Hath not this news arriv'd yet to the ear  
Of the lord cardinal?

*Ant* I fear it hath  
The Lord Ferdinand, that's newly come to court,  
Doth bear himself right dangerously

*Delio* Pray, why?

*Ant* He is so quiet that he seems to sleep  
The tempest out, as dormice do in winter  
Those houses that are haunted are most still  
Till the devil be up

*Delio* What say the common people?

*Ant* The common rabble do directly say  
She is a stumpt

*Delio* And your graver heads  
Which would be politic, what censure they?

*Ant* They do observe I grow to infinite  
purchase,†  
The left hand way, and all suppose the duchess

Would amend it, if she could, for, say they,  
Great princes, though they grudge their officers  
Should have such large and unconfined means  
To get wealth under them, will not complain,  
Least thereby they should make them odious  
Unto the people for other obligation  
Of love or marriage between her and me  
They never dream of  
*Delio* The Lord Ferdinand  
Is going to bed

*Enter DUCHESS, FERDINAND, and Attendants*

*Ferd* I'll instantly to bed,  
For I am weary—I am to bespeak  
A husband for you

*Duch* For me, sir! pray, who is't?

*Ferd* The great Count Malatesta

*Duch* Fie upon him!

A count! he's a mere stick of sugar-candy,\*  
You may look quite thorough him When I choose  
A husband, I will marry for your honour

*Ferd* You shall do well in't—How is't, worthy  
Antonio?

*Duch* But, sir, I am to have private conference  
with you  
About a scandalous report is spread  
Touching mine honour

*Ferd* Let me be ever deaf to't  
One of Pasquil's paper bullets, court calumny,  
A pestilent air, which princes' palaces  
Are seldom purg'd of Yet say that it were true,  
I pour it in your bosom, my fix'd love  
Would strongly excuse, extenuate, nay, deny  
Faults, were they apparent in you Go, be safe  
In your own innocency

*Duch* [*aside*] O bless'd comfort!  
This deadly air is purg'd

*[Exit DUCHESS, ANTONIO, DELIO, and Attendants]*

*Ferd* Her guilt treads on  
Hot-burning coals

*Enter BOSOLA*

Now, Bosola,

How thrives our intelligence?

*Bos* Sir, uncertainly  
'Tis rumour'd she hath had three bastards, but  
By whom we may go read ' the stars.

\* Scene I.] With An apartment in the palace of the  
Duchess

† purchase] This word is generally used by old drama-  
tists as a cant term for stolen goods, but here it means  
riches, valuable property our author in *The Devil's  
Law Case* has,

"Tailors in France, they grow to great abominable pur-  
chase, and become great officers" Act II Sc. 1

\* he's a mere stick of sugar-candy, &c.] Repeated almost  
verbatim in *The Devil's Law Case*, Act II Sc. 1

*Ferd* Why, some  
 Hold opinion all things are written there  
*Bos* Yes, if we could find spectacles to read  
 them  
*I do suspect there hath been some sorcery*  
*Us'd on the duchess*  
*Ferd* Sorcery! to what purpose?  
*Bos* To make her dote on some despicable fellow  
 She shames to acknowledge  
*Ferd* Can your faith give way  
 To think there's power in potions or in charms,  
 To make us love whether we will or no?  
*Bos* Most certainly  
*Ferd* Away! these are mere gullems, hoodwink  
 things,  
 Invented by some cheating mountebanks  
 To abuse us Do you think that herbs or  
 charms  
 Can force the will? Some tricks have been made  
 In this foolish practice, but the ingredients  
 Were lenitive poisons, such as are of force  
 To make the patient mad, and straight the  
 witch  
 Swears by equivocation they are in love  
 Tho' witchcraft lies in her rank blood This  
 night  
 I will force confession from her You told me  
 You had got, within these two days, a false key  
 Into her bed chamber.  
*Bos* I have  
*Ferd* As I would wish  
*Bos* What do you intend to do?  
*Ferd* Can you guess?  
*Bos* No  
*Ferd* Do not ask, then  
 He that can compass me, and know my drifts,  
 May say he hath put a girdle 'bout the world,\*  
 And sounded all her quick sands.  
*Bos* I do not  
 Think so  
*Ferd* What do you think, then, pray?  
*Bos* That you are  
 Your own chronicle too much, and grossly  
 Flatter yourself  
*Ferd* Give me thy hand, I thank thee  
 I never gave pension but to flatterers,  
 Till I entertain'd thee Farewell  
 That friend a great man's ruin strongly checks,  
 Who rails into his belief all his defects [*Exeunt*]

\* May say he hath put a girdle 'bout the world] So  
 Shakespeare,

"I'll put a girdle round about the earth"  
*Midsummer night's Dream*, Act II Sc 2, on which pas-  
 sage see Steevens's note.

## SCENE II \*

*Enter DUCHESS, ANTONIO, and CAROLA*

*Duch.* Bring me the casket lither, and the  
 glass —  
 You get no lodging here to-night, my lord  
*Ant* Indeed, I must persuade one  
*Duch* Very good  
 I hope in time 'twill grow into a custom,  
 That noblemen shall come with cap and knee  
 To purchase a night's lodging of their wives  
*Ant* I must be here  
*Duch* Must! you are a lord of misrule  
*Ant* Indeed, my rule is only in the night  
*Duch* To what use will you put me?  
*Ant* We'll sleep together  
*Duch* Alas,  
 What pleasure can two lovers find in sleep?  
*Car.* My lord, I lie with her often, and I know  
 She'll much disgust you  
*Ant* See, you are complain'd of  
*Car.* For she's the sprawling'st bedfellow  
*Ant* I shall like her the better for that  
*Car.* Sir, shall I ask you a question?  
*Ant* Ay, pray thee, Carola  
*Car.* Wherefore still, when you lie with my  
 lady,  
 Do you use so early?  
*Ant* Labouring men  
 Count the clock oftenest, Carola,  
 Are glad when their task's ended  
*Duch* I'll stop your mouth [*Kisses him*]  
*Ant* Nay, that's but one, Venus had two soft  
 doves  
 To draw her chariot, I must have another —  
 [*She kisses him again*]  
 When wilt thou marry, Carola?  
*Car.* Never, my lord  
*Ant* O, lie upon this single life! forgo it  
 We read how Daphne, for her peevish flight,  
 Became a fruitless bay tree, Syrinx turn'd  
 To the pale empty reed, Anaxureto  
 Was frozen into marble whereas those  
 Which married, or prov'd kind unto their friends,  
 Were by a gracious influence transhap'd  
 Into the olive, pomegranate, mulberry,  
 Became flowers, precious stones, or eminent stars  
*Car.* This is a vain poetry but I pray you,  
 tell me,  
 If there were propos'd me, wisdom, riches, and  
 beauty,  
 In three several youngmen, which should I choose.

\* Scene II] The bed chamber of the Duchess in the  
 same

† peevish] i. e. foolish

*Ant* 'Tis a hard question this was Paris' case,  
And he was blind in't, and there was great cause,  
For how was't possible he could \* judge right,  
Having three amorous goddesses in view,  
And they stark naked? 'twas a motion  
Were able to benight the apprehension  
Of the severest counsellor of Europe  
Now I look on both your faces so well form'd,  
It puts me in mind of a question I would ask  
*Car.* What is't?

*Ant* I do wonder why hard favour'd ladies,  
For the most part, keep worse favour'd waiting  
women  
To attend them, and cannot endure fair ones.

*Duch.* O, that's soon answer'd  
Did you ever in your life know an ill painter  
Desire to have his dwelling next door to the shop  
Of an excellent picture maker? 'twould disgrace  
His face-making, and undo him I pritheer,  
When were we so † merry?—My hair tangles

*Ant* Pray thee, Cariola, let's steal forth the  
room,  
And let her talk to herself I have divers times  
Serv'd her the like, when she hath ‡ chaf'd  
extremely

I love to see her angry Softly, Cariola  
*[I leave ANTONIO and CARIOLA]*

*Duch.* Doth not the colour of my hair gin to  
change?  
When I wax gray, I shall have all the court  
Powder their hair with arras, § to be like me  
You have cause to love me, I enter'd you || into  
my heart  
Before you would vouchsafe to call for the keys

*Enter FERDINAND behind*  
We shall one day have my brothers take you  
napping  
Mothinks his presence, being now in court,  
Should make you keep your own bed, but you'll  
say  
Love mix'd with fear is sweetest. I'll assure you,  
You shall get no more children till my brothers  
Consent to be your gossip. Have you lost your  
tongue?

'Tis welcome  
For know, whether I am doom'd to live or die,  
I can do both like a prince

*Ferd.* Die, then, quickly!

*[Giving her a poniard]*

Virtue, where art thou hid? what hideous thing  
Is it that doth eclipse \* thee?

*Duch.* Pray, sir, hear me

*Ferd.* Or is it true thou art but a bare name,  
And no essential thing?

*Duch.* Sir,—

*Ferd.* Do not speak.

*Duch.* No, sir

I will plant my soul in mine ears, to hear you

*Ferd.* O most imperfect light of human reason,  
That mak'st us † so unhappy to foresee

What we can least prevent ‡ Pursue thy wishes,  
And glory in them there's in shame no comfort  
But to be past all bounds and sense of shame

*Duch.* I pray, sir, hear me I am married

*Ferd.* So!

*Duch.* Happily, not to your king but for that,  
Alas, your shears do come untimely now  
To clip the bird's wings that's already flown!  
Will you see my husband?

*Ferd.* Yes if I could change  
Eyes with a basilisk

*Duch.* Sure, you came hither  
By his confederacy

*Ferd.* The howling of a wolf  
Is music to thee, screech owl pritheer, peace—  
Whate'er thou art that hast enjoy'd my sister,  
For I am sure thou hear'st me, for thine own  
sake ‡

Let me not know thee I came hither prepar'd  
To work thy discovery, yet am now persuaded  
It would beget such § violent effects  
As would damn us both I would not for ten  
millions

I had beheld thee therefore use all means  
I never may have knowledge of thy name,  
Enjoy thy lust still, and a wretched life,  
On that condition—And for thee, vile woman,  
If thou do wish thy lecher may grow old  
In thy embracements, I would have thee build  
Such a room for him as our anchorites  
To holier use inhabit Let not the sun  
Shine on him till he's dead, let dogs and monkeys  
Only converse with him, and such dumb things  
To whom nature denies use to sound his name,  
Do not keep a paraquito, lest she learn it,  
If thou do love him, cut out thine own tongue,  
Lest it bewray him

\* eclipse] The 4to of 1640, "clip"

† we] Not found in the three earliest 4tos

‡ For I am sure thou hear'st me, for thine own sake] The 4to of 1640,

"For I am sure thou heard'st me, for mine own sake"

§ such] The 4to of 1640, "so"

\* could] The 4to of 1640, "should"

† so] Omitted in the 4to of 1640

‡ hath] The 4to of 1640, "had"

§ arras] See note †, p 41

|| you] Omitted in the 4to of 1640

*Duch* Why might not I marry?  
I have not gone about in this to create  
Any new world or custom.

*Ferd* Thou art undone,  
And thou hast ta'en that massy sheet of lead  
That hid thy husband's bones, and folded it  
About my heart

*Duch* Mine bleeds for't.

*Ferd* Thine! thy heart!  
What should I name't unless a hollow bullet  
Fill'd with unquenchable wild fire?

*Duch* You are in this  
Too strict, and were you not my princely brother,  
I would say, too wilful my reputation  
Is safe

*Ferd* Dost thou know what reputation is?  
I'll tell thee,—to small purpose, since the instruc-  
tion

Comes now too late  
Upon a time Reputation, Love, and Death  
Would travel o'er the world, and it was concluded  
That they should part, and take three several ways  
Death told them, they should find him in great  
battles,

On cities plagu'd with plagues Love gives them  
counsel

To inquire for him 'mongst unambitious sheep  
herds,

Where downies were not talk'd of, and sometimes  
'Mongst quiet kindred that had nothing left  
By their dead parents "Stay," quoth Reputation,  
"Do not forsake me, for it is my nature,  
If once I part from any man I meet,  
I am never found again" And so for you  
You have shook \* hands with Reputation,  
And made him invisible So, fare you well  
I will never see you more

*Duch* Why should only I,  
Of all the other princes of the world,  
Be cr's'd up, like a holy relic? I have youth  
And a little beauty

*Ferd* So you have some virgins  
That are witches I will never see thee more

*Re enter ANTONIO with a pistol, and CAMBOLA*

*Duch* You saw this apparition?

*Ant* Yes we are  
Betray'd. How came he hither? I should turn  
This to thee, for that

*Cam* Pray, sir, do, and when  
That you have cleft my heart, you shall read there  
Mine innocence.

*Duch* That gallery gave him entrance  
*Ant* I would this terrible thing would come  
again,  
That, standing on my guard, I might relate  
My warrantable love —

*[She shows the portrait*

*Ha! what means this?*

*Duch* He left this with me

*Ant* And it seems did wish  
You would use it on yourself

*Duch* His action  
Seem'd to intend so much.

*Ant* This hath a handle to't,  
As well as a point turn it towards him,  
And so fasten the keen edge in his rank gall

*[Knocking within*

How now! who knocks? more earthquakes?

*Duch* I stand  
As if a mine beneath my feet were ready  
To be blown up

*Cam* 'Tis Bosola

*Duch* Away!  
O misery! methinks unjust actions  
Should wear these masks and curtains, and not we  
You must instantly part hence I have fashion'd  
it already *[Exit ANTONIO*

*Enter BOSOLA*

*Bos* The duke your brother is ta'en up in a  
whirlwind,  
Hath took horse, and 's rid post to Rome

*Duch* So late?

*Bos* He told me, as he mounted into the saddle,  
You were undone

*Duch* Indeed, I am very near it

*Bos* What's the matter?

*Duch* Antonio, the master of our household,  
Hath dealt so falsely with me in 's accounts  
My brother stood engag'd with me for money  
T'ien up of certain Neapolitan Jews,  
And Antonio lets the bonds be forfeit

*Bos* Strange!—*[Aside]* This is coming

*Duch* And hereupon  
My brother's bills at Naples are protested  
Against—Call up our \* officers

*Bos* I shall *[Exit]*

*Re enter ANTONIO*

*Duch* The place that you must fly to is  
Ancona  
Hire a house there, I'll send after you  
My treasure and my jewels Our weak safety

\* shook] Some copies of the 4to of 1623, "shooked"

\* our] The 4to of 1640, "the"

Runs upon ingenious wheels \* short syllables  
Must stand for periods I must now accuse you  
Of such a feign'd crime as Tasso calls  
*Magnanima menzogna*,† a noble lie,  
'Cause it must shield our honours — Hark ! they  
are coming

*Re-enter BOSOLA and Officers*

*Ant* Will your grace hear me?

*Duch* I have got well by you, you have  
yielded me

A million of loss I am like to inherit  
Tho people's curses for your stewardship  
You had the trick in audit time to be sick,  
Till I had sign'd your quietus, and that could  
you

Without help of a doctor — Gentlemen,  
I would have this man be an example to you all,  
So shall you hold my favour, I pray, let him,  
For he's done that, alas, you would not think of,  
And, because I intend to be rid of him,  
I mean not to publish — U're your fortune else  
where

*Ant* I am strongly unnd to brook my  
overthrow,

As commonly men born with a hard yea  
I will not blame the cause on't, but do think  
The necessity of my malevolent stu  
Procures this, not her humour O, the inconstant  
And rotten ground of service ! you may see,  
'Tis even like him, that in a winter night,  
Takes a long slumber o'er a dying fire,  
A loth† to part from't yet parts thence as cold  
As when he first sat down

*Duch* We do confiscate,  
Towards the satisfying of your accounts,  
All that you have

*Ant* I am all yours, and tis very fit  
All mine should be so

*Duch* So, sir, you have your pass

*Ant* You may see, gentlemen, what 'tis to  
serve

A prince with body and soul

[*Exit*

\* *ingenious wheels*] The 4to of 1640 substitutes "in  
genious" So Dekker,

"For that one Acte gives like an *ingenious wheel*  
Motion to all *The Works of Babylon*, 1607, Sig C2  
† — as Tasso calls

*Magnanima menzogna*] In *Corus Lib C II St 22*,

"Cont al pubblico into il capo alto  
Offerse, e'l volse in se sola raccorre  
*Magnanima menzogna*, or quando d'il vero  
Si bello, che si possa a te preporre"

Most readers must be aware that the great Italian  
imitates the "*splendide mendax*" of Horace

† *A loth*] Some copies of the 4to of 1623, and the 4to  
of 1640, "*As loath*."

*Bos* Here's an example for extortion what  
moisture is drawn out of the sea, when foul  
weather comes, pours down, and runs into the sea  
again.

*Duch* I would know what are your opinions  
Of this Antonio

*Sec Off* He could not abide to see a pig's head  
gaping \* I thought your grace would find him a  
Jew

*Third Off* I would you had been his† officer,  
for your own sake

*Fourth Off* You would have had more money

*First Off* He stopped his ears with black wool,  
and to those came to him for money said he was  
thick of hearing

*Sec Off* Some said he was an hermaphrodite,  
for he could not abide a woman

*Fourth Off* How scurvy proud he would† look  
when the treasury was full ! Well, let him go

*First Off* Yes, and the chippings of the but-  
tery fly after him, to scow his gold‡ chain

*Duch* Leave us [*Recount Officers*

What do you think of these?

*Bos* That these are rogues that in's prosperity,  
but to have wated on his|| fortune, could have  
wish'd

His dirty sturup rivetted through their noses,  
And follow'd after him, like a hen in a ring,  
Would have prostituted their daughters to his  
lust,

Made their first born intelligencers,¶ thought  
none happy

But such as were born under his blest\*\* planet,  
And wore his livery and do these lice drop off  
now?

Well, never look to have the like again

He hath left a sort †† of flattering rogues behind  
him,

Their doom must follow Princes pay flatterers

\* *He could not abide to see a pig's head gaping*] So  
Shakespeare,

"As there is no firm reason to be render'd  
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig"

*Merchant of Venice*, Act IV Sc I  
Steevens, in a note on Shylock's speech cites the  
parallel passage from Webster, and in order to make it  
run like blank verse inserts a monosyllable Shake-  
speare's commentators are too often incorrect their  
quotations from old poets

† *As*] Omitted in the 4to of 1640

‡ *he would*] The 4to of 1640, "*would he*"

§ *gold*] The 4to of 1640, "*golden*" Our old dramatists  
frequently allude to the gold chain which was formerly  
worn (at least in this country) by stewards

|| *As*] The 4to of 1640, "*this*"

¶ *intelligencers*] Some of the copies of the 4to of 1623,  
"*and intelligencers*"

\*\* *Star*] Omitted in the 4to of 1640 †† *sort*] i.e. set

In their own money flatterers dissemble their  
vices,

And they dissemble then hos, that's justice  
Alas, poor gentleman!

*Duch* Poor! he hath amply fill'd his coffers

*Bos* Sure, he was too honest Pluto,\* the  
god of riches,

When he's sent by Jupiter to any man,

He goes limping, to signify that wealth

That comes on God's name comes slowly, but  
when he's sent

On the devil's errand, he rides post and comes in  
by scuttles

Let me show you what a most unvalued jewel

You have in a wanton humour thrown away,

To bless the man shall find him He was in  
excellent

Counter and most faithful, a soldier that  
thought it

As beastly to know his own value too little

As devilish to acknowledge it too much

Both his virtue and form deserv'd a far better  
fortune

His discourse rather delighted to judge it self  
than show it self

His breast was fill'd with all perfection,

And yet it seem'd a private whispering room,

It made so little noise of't

*Duch* But he was basely descended

*Bos* Will you make yourself a mercenary  
herald,

Rather to examine men's pedigrees than virtues?  
You shall want him

I'll know an honest statesman to a prince

Is like a cedar planted by a spring,

The spring bathes the tree's root, the grateful  
tree

\* *Pluto the god of riches, &c.* [If Webster had elsewhere used the name 'Plutus' I should, for consistency's sake, have substituted it here for '*Pluto*'. But the latter name is not to be considered as wrong even the Greeks themselves confounded *Hæresus*, the god of the lower world with *Hæresus* the god of riches (see Taddell and Scott's *Greek Lex* in v *Hæresus*) So, too, Marlowe, in his *Hero and Leander*, towards the close of the Second Act, said

'Whence his admiring eyes more pleasure took  
Than *Dion* heaps of gold fixing his look'—

With the present passage of our author compare Bacon's *Assays* 'The poets feign that when Plutus (which is riches,) is sent from Jupiter, he limps, and goes slowly, but when he is sent from Pluto he runs and is swift of foot, meaning that riches gotten by good means and just labour pace slowly it might be applied likewise to Pluto taking him for the devil For when riches come from the devil, (as by fraud and oppression, and unjust means,) they come upon speed' *Of Riches*

Rewards it with his shadow you have not  
done so

I would sooner swim to the Bermoothes\* on

Two politicians' rotten bladders, tied

Together with an intelligence's heart string,

Than depend on so changeable a prince's favour  
Fare thee well, Antonio! since the malice of the  
world

Would needs down with thee, it cannot be said  
yet

That any ill happen'd unto thee, considering thy  
fall

Was accompanied with virtue†

*Duch* O, you render me excellent music!

*Bos* Say you!

*Duch* This good one that you speak of is my  
husband

*Bos* Do I not dream? in this ambitious age  
Have so much goodness in't as to prefer

A man merely for worth, without these shadows,‡  
Of wealth and painted honours? possible?

*Duch* I have had three children by him

*Bos* Fortunate lady!

For you have made your private nuptial bed

The humble and fair seminary of peace

No question but many unbeneficial scholars

Shall pray for you for this deed, and rejoice

That some preferment in the world can yet

Arise from merit The virgins of your land

That have no dowries shall hope your example

Will raise them to rich husbands Should you want  
Soldiers, twould make the very Turks and

Moors

Turn Christians, and serve you for this act

Last, the neglected poets of your time,

In honour of this trophy of a man,

Rais'd by that envious engine, your white hand,

Shall thank you, in your grave, for't, and make  
that

More reverend than all the cabinets

Of living princes. For Antonio,

His fame shall likewise flow from many a pen,

When heralds shall want coats to sell to men

*Duch* As I taste comfort in this friendly  
speech,

So would I find concealment

\* *Bermoothes* [i.e. the Bermudas]

† This and the two preceding speeches of Bosola consist partly of lines which it would be difficult to read as prose, and partly of sentences which will not admit of any satisfactory metrical arrangement In my uncertainty how to deal with them, I have allowed them to stand nearly as they are given in the old texts

‡ *A man merely, &c.* [This line is found only in the 4to of 1623]



*Bos* O, the secret of my prince,  
Which I will wear on the inside of my heart !\*

*Duch.* You shall take charge of all my coin  
and jewels,

And follow him, for he retires himself  
To Ancona

*Bos* So

*Duch.* Whither, within few days,  
I mean to follow thee.

*Bos* Let me think

I would wish your grace to feign a pilgrimage  
To our Lady of Loretto, scarce seven leagues  
From far Ancona, so may you depart  
Your country with more honour, and your flight  
Will seem a princely progress,† retaining  
Your usual train about you

*Duch.* Sir, your direction  
Shall lead me by the hand

*Card.* In my opinion,  
She were better progress to the baths at Lucca,  
Or go visit the Spa  
In Germany, for, if you will believe me,  
I do not like this jesting with religion,  
This feign'd pilgrimage

*Duch.* Thou art a superstitious fool  
Prepare us instantly for our departure  
Past sorrows, let us moderately lament them,  
For those to come, seek wisely to prevent them

[*Exeunt DUCHESS and CARLOLA*]

*Bos* A politician is the devil's quilted anvil,  
He fashions all sins on him, and the blows  
Are never heard : he may work in a lady's chamber,  
As here for proof : What rests but I reveal  
All to my lord ? O, this base quality  
Of intelligencer ! ‡ why, every quality the world  
Prefers but gam or commendation  
Now, for this act I am certain to be rais'd,  
And men that pant weeds to the life are prais'd

[*Exit*]

### SCENE III §

*Enter* Cardinal FERDINAND, MALATESTA, PESCARA,  
DELIO, and SILVIO

*Card.* ¶ Must we turn soldier, then ?

*Mal.* The emperor,

\* Which I will wear on the inside of my heart } So  
Shakespeare,

I will wear him

In my heart's core " *Hamlet*, A. III. S. 2

† progress] See note †, p. 7

‡ intelligencer] The 4to of 1610, "intelligencers"

§ Scene III] An apartment qy in the Cardinal's  
palace at Rome

¶ Another scene that hovers between prose and verse  
See note †, p. 79

Hearing your worth that way, ere you attain'd  
This reverend garment, joins you in commission  
With the right fortunate soldier the Marquis of  
Pescara,

And the famous Lannoy

*Card.* He that had the honour \*  
Of taking the French king prisoner ?

*Mal.* The same

Here's a plot † drawn for a new fortification  
At Naples

*Ferd.* This great Count Malatesta, I perceive,  
Hath got employment ?

*Delio.* No employment, my lord,  
A marginal note in the muster-book, that he is  
A voluntary lord

*Ferd.* He's no soldier

*Delio.* He has worn gun powder in's hollow  
tooth for the tooth ache

*Sil.* He comes to the leaguer ‡ with a full intent  
To eat fresh beef and garlic, means to stay  
Till the scent be gone, and straight return to  
court

*Delio.* He hath read all the late service  
As the City Chronicle relates it,  
And keeps two pewterers § going, only to express  
Battles in model

*Sil.* Then he'll fight by the book

*Delio.* By the almanac, I think,  
To choose good days and shun the critical,  
That's his mistress scarf

*Sil.* Yes, he protests

He would do much for that taffeta.

*Delio.* I think he would run away from a battle,  
To save it from taking prisoner

*Sil.* He is horribly afraid  
Gun-powder will spoil the perfume on't

*Delio.* I saw a Dutchman break his pate once  
For calling him pot-gun, he made his head  
Have a bore in't like a musket.

*Sil.* I would he had made a touch hole to't.  
He is indeed a guarded sumpter-cloth, ¶  
Only for the remove of the court.

*Enter* BOSOLA

*Pes.* Bosola arriv'd ! what should be the  
business ?

Some falling out amongst the cardinals

\* He that had the honour, &c.] Francis I at the battle  
of Pavia gave up his sword to Lannoy

† plot] i. e. plan

‡ leaguer] i. e. camp

§ pewterers] Some copies of the 4to of 1623, and the  
4to of 1640, "painters"

¶ guarded sumpter cloth] i. e. a sumpter-cloth with  
facings, trimmings.

These factions amongst great men, they are like

Foxes, when their heads are divided,  
They carry fire in their tails, and all the country

About them goes to wreck for't

*Sil* What's that Bosola?

*Delio* I knew him in Padua,—a fantastical scholar, like such who study to know how many knots was in Hercules' club, of what colour Achilles' beard was, or whether Hector were not troubled with the tooth ache. He hath studied himself half bleary eyed to know the true symmetry of Cæsar's nose by a shoeing horn, and thus he did to gain the name of a speculative man

*Pls* Mark Prince Ferdinand

A very salamander lives in's eye,  
To mock the eager violence of fire

*Sil* That cardinal hath made more bad faces with his oppression than ever Michael Angelo made good ones—he lifts up's nose, like a foul porpoise before a storm

*Pes* The Lord Ferdinand laughs

*Delio* Like a deadly cannon  
That lightens ere it smokes

*Pes* These are your true pangs of death,  
The pangs of life, that struggle with great statesmen

*Delio* In such a deformed silence witches whisper their charms.

*Card* Doth she make religion her riding-hood

To keep her from the sun and tempest?

*Ferd* That,  
That damns her—Methinks her fault and beauty,  
Blended together, show like leprosy,  
The whiter, the fouler—I make it a question  
Whether her beggarly brats were ever christen'd

*Card* I will instantly solicit the state of Ancona

To have them banish'd

*Ferd* You are for Loretto  
I shall not be at your ceremony, fare you well—  
Write to the Duke of Malfi, my young nephew  
She hid by her first husband, and acquaint him  
With's mother's honesty

*Bos* I will

*Ferd* Antonio!  
A slave that only smell'd of ink and counters,  
And never in's life look'd like a gentleman,  
But in the audit time—Go, go presently,  
Draw me out an hundred and fifty of our horse,  
And meet me at the fort bridge [Exeunt

## SCENE IV

*Enter Two Pilgrims to the Shrine of our Lady of Loretto*

*First Pil* I have not seen a goodlier shrine than this,

Yet I have visited many

*Second Pil* The Cardinal of Arragon  
Is this day to resign his cardinal's hat  
His sister duchess likewise is arriv'd  
To pay her vow of pilgrimage—I expect  
A noble ceremony

*First Pil* No question—They come

*Here the ceremony of the Cardinal's instalment, in the habit of a soldier performed in delivering up his cross hat robes and ring, at the shrine, and arming him with sword helmet, shield, and spurs then ANTONIO, the DUCHESS, and their children, having presented themselves at the shrine, sit, by a form of banishment and doom show express'd towards them by the Cardinal and the state of Ancona drawn had during of which ceremony this duty is sung to very solemn music by divers churchmen and then retreat all except the Two Pilgrims*

*Arms and honour deck thy story,\**

*To thy fame eternal glory†*

*Adverse fortune ever fly thee*

*No dangerous fate e'er nigh thee!*

*I alone will sing thy praises*

*Whom to honour virtue raises*

*And thy study, that divine is,*

*But to martial discipline is*

*Lay aside all those robes he by thee*

*Crown thy arts with arms, they'll beautify thee*

*O worthy of worthiest man, adorn'd in this manner*

*Lead bravely thy forces on under war's resplendent banner!*

*O, may'st thou prove fortunate in all martial courses!*

*Guide thou still by skill in arts and forces!*

*Vulgar attend thee nigh, what fame sings loud thy powers  
Triumphant conquest crown thy hand, and blessings pour  
down showers!*

*First Pil* Here's a strange turn of state! who  
would have thought

So great a lady would have match'd herself

Unto so mean a person? yet the cardinal

Bears himself much too cruel

*Sec Pil* They are banish'd

*First Pil* But I would ask what power hath  
this state

Of Ancona to determine of a free prince?

*Sec Pil* They are a free state, sir, and her  
brother shew'd

How that the Pope, fore hearing of her looseness,  
Hath send'd into the protection of the church  
The dukedom which she held as dowager

*First Pil* But by what justice?

*Sec Pil* Sure, I think by none,  
Only her brother's instigation

\* On this song, in the 4to of 1633 is the following marginal note, 'The Author disclaims this Ditty to be his'  
† much] Omitted in the 4to of 1630

*First Pil* What was it with such violence he took  
Off from her finger?

*Sec Pil* 'Twas her wedding ring,  
Which he vow'd shortly he would sacrifice  
To his revenge

*First Pil* Alas, Antonio!  
If that a man be thrust into a well,  
No matter who sets hand to't, his own weight  
Will bring him sooner to the bottom. Come,  
let's hence  
Fortune makes this conclusion general,  
All things do help the unhappy man to fall

[*Re-enter*

On the wild benefit of nature \* live  
Happier than we, for they may choose their mates,  
And carol their sweet pleasures to the spring

*Enter ROSOLA with a letter*

*Bos* You are happily o'er-taken

*Duch.* From my brother?

*Bos* Yes, from the Lord Ferdinand your  
brother  
All love and safety

*Duch.* Thou dost blanch mischief,  
Wouldst make it white. See, see, like to calm  
weather†

At sea before a tempest, false hearts speak fair  
To those they intend most mischief [Reads

"Send Antonio to me, I want his head in a  
business"

A politic equivocation!

He doth not want your counsel but your head,  
That is, he cannot sleep till you be dead  
And here's another pitfall that's strew'd o'er  
With roscs, mark it, 'tis a cunning one [Reads  
"I stand engaged for your husband for several  
debts at Naples let not that trouble him, I had  
rather have his heart than his money"—

And I believe so too

*Bos* What do you believe?

*Duch.* That he so much distrusts my husband's  
love,

He will by no means believe his heart is with him  
Until he see it the devil is not cunning enough  
To circumvent us in riddles

*Bos* Will you reject that noble and free league  
Of unity and love which I present you?

*Duch.* Their league is like that of some politic  
kings,

Only to make themselves of strength and power  
To be our after-run tell them so.

*Bos* And what from you?

*Ant.* Thus tell him, I will not come

*Bos* And what of this?

*Ant.* My brothers have dispers'd  
Blood hounds abroad, which till I hear are  
muzzled,  
No truce though hatch'd with ne'er such politic  
skill,

Is safe, that hangs upon our enemies' will  
I'll not come at them

\* Scene V ] Near Corotio

† These poor men] The 4to of 1610, "these are poor  
men"

‡ physicians thus

With their hands full of money use to give o'er  
Their patients] Cited by the commentators on Shakspeare,  
to defend the reading "thrive" in the following  
passage of *Timon of Athens* under the idea that Webster  
imitated it,

'His friends, like physicians

Thrive give him over" Act III Sc. 3

§ was†] The 4to of 1610, "is†"

\* The birds that live i'the field

On the wild benefit of nature] "Think how compriso-  
nate the creatures of the field that only live on the wild  
benefits of nature, are unto their young ones" Middleton's  
*Any thing for a quiet life*,—Works, iv 473 ed Dyce

† like to calm weather] The 4to of 1610, "like to the  
calm weather"

*Bos* This proclaims your breeding  
Every small thing draws a base mind to fear,  
As the adamant draws iron Fare you well, sir  
You shall shortly hear from's. *[Exit*

*Duch* I suspect some ambush  
Therefore by all my love I do conjure you  
To take your eldest son, and fly towards Milan  
Let us not venture all this poor remainder  
In one unlucky bottom

*Ant* You counsel safely  
Best of my life, farewell, since we must part  
Heaven hath a hand in't, but no otherwise  
Than as some curious artist takes in sunder  
A clock or watch, when it is out of frame,  
To bring t in better order

*Duch* I know not which is best,  
To see you dead, or part with you —Farewell,  
boy

Thou art happy that thou hast not understanding  
To know thy misery, for all our wit  
And reasoning brings us to a truer sense  
Of sorrow —In the eternal church, sir,  
I do hope we shall not part thus

*Ant* O, be of comfort!  
Make patience a noble fortitude,  
And think not how unkindly we are us'd  
When, like to cassia,\* is prov'd best, being bruised

*Duch* Must I, like to a slave-born Russian,†  
Account it praise to suffer tyranny?  
And yet, O heaven, thy heavy hand is in't!  
I have seen my little boy oft scourge his top,  
And compar'd myself to't —naught made me e'er  
Go right but heaven's scourge stick

*Ant* Do not weep  
Heaven fashion'd us of nothing, and we strive  
To bring ourselves to nothing —Farewell, Carlos,  
And thy sweet armful —If I do never see thee more,  
Be a good mother to your little ones,  
And save them from the tiger —fare you well

*Duch* Let me look upon you once more, for  
that speech  
Came from a dying father —your kiss is colder  
Than that I have seen an holy anchorite  
Give to a dead man's skull.

*Ant* My heart is turn'd to a heavy lump of lead,  
With which I sound my danger —fare you well

*[Exit ANTONIO and his son]*

*Duch.* My laurel is all wither'd

*Car.* Look, madam, what a troop of arm'd men  
Make toward us

*Duch.* O, they are very welcome  
When Fortune's wheel is over-charg'd with princes,

The weight makes it move swift I would have  
my rum  
Be sudden

*Re enter BOSOLA guarded, with a guard*

I am your adventure, am I not?

*Bos* You are — you must see your husband no  
more

*Duch* What devil art thou that counterfeit'st  
heaven's thunder?

*Bos* Is that terrible? I would have you tell  
me whether

Is that note worse that frights the silly birds  
Out of the corn, or that which doth alarm them  
To the nets? you have heark'n'd to the last too  
much

*Duch* O misery! like to a rusty our chug'd  
cannon,  
Shall I never fly in pieces? —Come, to what prison?

*Bos* To none

*Duch* Whither, then?

*Bos* To your palace

*Duch* I have heard  
That Chiron's boat serves to convey all o'er  
The dismal lake, but brings none back again

*Bos* Your brothers mean you safety and pity

*Duch* Pity!  
With such a pity men preserve alive  
Pheasants and quails, when they are not fit enough  
To be eaten

*Bos* These are your children?

*Duch* Yes

*Bos* Can they prattle?

*Duch* No

But I intend, since they were born accur'd,  
Curses shall be their first language

*Bos* Hie, madam!

Forget this base, low fellow,—

*Duch* Were I a man,  
I'd beat that counterfeit face into thy other

*Bos* One of no birth

*Duch* Say that he was born mean,  
Man is most happy when's own actions  
Be arguments and examples of his virtue

*Bos* A barren, beggarly virtue

*Duch* I prithee, who is greatest? can you tell?  
Sad tales befit my woe —I'll tell you one  
A salmon, as she swam unto the sea,  
Met with a dog fish, who encounters her  
With this rough language, "Why art thou so bold  
To mix thyself with our high state of flood?"

\* To mix thyself with our high state of floods] From  
Shakespeare,

"Where it shall mingle with the state of floods"

Second Part of Henry IV Act V Sc. 2

\* Man, like to cassia, &c.] See note †, p. 6

† Russian] The 4to of 1640, "ruffian"

Being no eminent courtier, but one  
That for the calmest and flesh time o'the year  
Dost live in shallow rivers, rankst thyself  
With silly smelts and shrimps? and darest  
thou

Pass by our dog ship without reverence?"  
"O," quoth the salmon, "sister, be at peace  
Thank Jupiter we both have pass'd the net!  
Our value never can be truly known,  
Till in the fisher's basket we be shown

I'the market then my price may be the higher,  
Even when I am nearest to the cook and fire"  
So to great men the moral may be stretch'd,  
Men oft are valu'd high, when they're most  
wretch'd —

But come, whither you please I am arm'd 'gainst  
misery,  
Bent to all sways of the oppressor's will  
There's no deep valley but near some great hill  
[Exeunt

## ACT IV

### SCENE I \*

*Enter FERDINAND and BOSOLA*

*Ferd* How doth our sister duchess bear herself  
In her imprisonment?

*Bos* Nobly I'll describe her  
She's sad as one long† us'd to t, and she seems  
Rather to welcome the end of misery  
Than shun it, a behaviour so noble  
As gives a majesty to adversity  
You may discern the shape of loveliness  
More perfect in her tears than in her smiles  
She will muse four hours together, and her  
silence,

Methinks, expresseth more than if she spake

*Ferd* Her melancholy seems to be fortified  
With a strange diadun

*Bos* 'Tis so, and this restraint,  
Like English mastives that grow fierce with tying,  
Makes her too passionately apprehend  
Those pleasures she's kept from

*Ferd* Curse upon her!  
I will no longer study in the book  
Of another's heart Inform her what I told you.  
[Exit

*Enter DUCHESS ‡*

*Bos* All comfort to your grace!

*Duch* I will have none  
Pray thee, why dost thou wrap thy poison'd pills  
In gold and sugar?

*Bos* Your elder brother, the Lord Ferdinand,  
Is come to visit you, and sends you word,

\* Scene I ] Malfi An apartment in the palace of the Duchess

† long] Omitted in the 4to of 1610

‡ Exit

*Enter DUCHESS*] Here the audience had to imagine a change of scene,—to a chamber in "the lodging" (p. 56) of the Duchess who is now a prisoner confined to certain apartments of her own "palace" see p. 53

'Cause once he rashly made a solemn vow  
Never to see you more, he comes i'the night,  
And prays you gently neither torch nor taper  
Shine in your chamber he will kiss your hand,  
And reconcile himself but for his vow  
He dares not see you

*Duch* At his pleasure —  
Take hence the lights — He's come

*Enter FERDINAND*

*Ferd* Where are you?

*Duch* Here, sir

*Ferd* This darkness suits you well

*Duch* I would ask you pardon

*Ferd* You have it,  
For I account it the honorabl'st revenge,  
Where I may kill, to pardon — Where are your  
cubs?

*Duch* Whom?

*Ferd* Call them your children,  
For though our national law \* distinguish bastards  
From true legitimate issue, compassionate nature  
Makes them all equal

*Duch* Do you visit me for this?  
You violate a sacrament o'the church  
Shall make you howl in hell for't.

*Ferd* It had been well,  
Could you have liv'd thus always, for, indeed,  
You were too much i'the light — but no more,  
I come to seal my peace with you Here's a hand  
[Gives her a dead man's hand

To which you have vow'd much love, the ring  
upon t

You gave

\* For though our national law &c.] So our author again in *The Devil's Law case*, Act IV Sc 2,

† For though our civil law makes difference  
'Tween the base and the legitimate,  
Compassionate nature makes them equal"

*Duch* I affectionately kiss it

*Ferd* Pray, do, and bury the print of it in your heart.

I will leave this ring with you for a love-token,  
And the hand as sure as the ring, and do not doubt

But you shall have the heart too when you need  
a friend,

Send it to him that ow'd \* it, you shall see  
Whether he can aid you.

*Duch* You are very cold

I fear you are not well after your travel —

Ha! lights! — O, horrible!

*Ferd* Let her have lights enough [*Exit*

*Duch* What witchcraft doth he practise, that  
he hath left

A dead man's hand here

[*Here is discovered, behind a traverse,† the artificial  
jures of ANTONIO and his children, appearing  
as if they were dead*]

*Bos* Look you, here's the piece from which  
'twas ta'en

He doth present you this sad spectacle,  
That, now you know directly they are dead,  
Hereafter you may wisely cease to grieve  
For that which cannot be recovered

*Duch* There is not between heaven and earth‡  
one wish

I stay for a' alter this — it wastes me more  
Than were't my picture, fashion'd out of wax,  
Stuck with a magical needle, and then burned  
In some foul dunghill, and yond's an excellent  
property

For a tyrant, which I would account mercy

*Bos* What's that?

*Duch* If they would bind me to that lifeless  
trunk,

And let me freeze to death

*Bos* Come, you must live

*Duch* That's the greatest torture souls feel in  
hell,

In hell, that they must live, and cannot die  
Pardon, I'll new kindle thy coals again,  
And revive the rare and almost dead example  
Of a loving wife

*Bos* O, fie! despair? remember

You are a Christian

*Duch* The church enjoins fasting

I'll starve myself to death

*Bos* Leave this vain sorrow

Things being at the worst begin to mend — the bes

When he hath shot his sting into your hand,  
May then play with your eye lid

*Duch* Good comfortable fellow,

Persuade a wretch that's broke upon the wheel  
To have all his bones new set, entreat him live  
To be executed again — Who must despatch me?  
I account this world a tedious thence,  
For I do play a part in't against my will

*Bos* Come, be of comfort, I will save your life

*Duch* Indeed, I have not leisure to tend  
So small a business

*Bos* Now, by my life, I pity you

*Duch* Thou art a fool, then,  
To waste thy pity on a thing so wretched  
As cannot pity itself — I am full of daggers  
Puff, let me blow these vapours from me

*Enter Servant*

What are you?

*Serv* One that wishes you long life

*Duch* I would thou wert hang'd for the horrible  
curse

Thou hast given me — I shall shortly grow one  
Of the miracles of pity — I'll go pray, —  
No, I'll go curse

*Bos* O, fie!

*Duch* I could curse the stars

*Bos* O, fearful!

*Duch* And those three smiling seasons of the  
year

Into a Russian winter — nay, the world  
To its first chaos

*Bos* Look you, the stars shine still

*Duch* O, but you must

Remember, my curse hath a great way to go —  
Plagues, that make lanes through largest families,  
Consume them! —

*Bos* Fie, lady!

*Duch* I cut them, like tyrants,

Never be remember'd but for the ill they have  
done,

Let all the zealous prayers of mortified  
Churchmen forget them! —

*Bos* O, uncharitable!

*Duch* Let heaven a little while cease crowning  
martyrs,

To punish them! —

Go, howl them this, and say, I long to bleed

It is some mercy when men kill with speed [*Exit*

*Re-enter FERDINAND*

*Ferd* Excellent, as I would wish, she's plagu'd  
in all

\* *ow'd*] I e. owned

† *traverse*] See note \*, p. 45

‡ *earth*] The 4to of 1640, "the earth"

\* *itself*] The three earliest 4tos "it"

These presentations are but fiam'd in wax  
By the curious master in that quality,  
Vincentio Lauriola, and she takes them  
For true substantial bodies

*Bos* Why do you do this?

*Ferd* To bring her to despair

*Bos* Faith, end here,

And go no farther in your cruelty  
Send her a penitential garment to put on  
Next to her delicate skio, and furnish her  
With beads and prayer books

*Ferd* Dumb her! that body of hers,  
While that my blood ran pure in't, was more worth  
Than that which thou wouldst comfort, call'd a  
soul

I will send her masks of common courtesans,  
Have her meat serv'd up by birds and ruffians,  
And, 'cause she'll needs be mad, I am resolv'd  
To remove forth the common hospital  
All the mad folk, and place them near her lodging,  
There let them practise together, sing and dance,  
And act their gambols to the full o'the moon  
If she can sleep the better for it, let her

Your work is almost ended

*Bos* Must I see her again?

*Ferd* Yes

*Bos* Never

*Ferd* You must

*Bos* Never in mine own shape,  
That's forfeited by my intelligence  
And this last cruel lie when you send me next,  
The business shall be comfort

*Ferd* Very likely,  
Thy pity is nothing of kin to thee Antonio  
Lurks about Milan thou shalt shortly thither,  
To feed a fire as great as my revenge,  
Which never will slack till it have spent his fuel  
Intemperate agues make physicians cruel [*Exeunt*]

## SCENE II \*

*Enter DUCHESS and CARIOLO*

*Duch* What hideous noise was that?

*Car.* 'Tis the wild consort†  
Of madmen, lady, which your tyrant brother  
Hath plac'd about your lodging this tyranny,  
I think, was never practis'd till this hour

*Duch* Indeed, I thank him nothing but noise  
and folly  
Can keep me in my right wits, whereas reason

\* Another room in "the lodging" of the Duchess see note 1, p. 84 This is properly "Scene III"

† consort] See note on *Northward Ho*, Act II Sc. I

And silence make me stark mad Sit down,  
Discourse to me some dismal tragedy

*Car.* O, 'twill increase your melancholy

*Duch* Thou art deceiv'd

To hear of greater grief would lessen mine  
This is a prison?

*Car.* Yes, but you shall live  
To shake this durance off

*Duch* Thou art a fool  
The robin red breast and the nightingale  
Never live long in cages

*Car.* Pity, dry your eyes  
What think you of, madam?

*Duch* Of nothing,  
When I muse thus, I sleep

*Car.* Like a madman, with your eyes open

*Duch* Dost thou think we shall know one  
another

In the other world?

*Car.* Yes, out of question

*Duch* O, that it were possible we might  
But hold some two days' conference with the  
dead!

From them I should learn somewhat, I am sure,  
I never shall know here I'll tell thee a miracle,  
I am not mad yet, to my cause of sorrow  
The heaven o'er my head seems made of molten  
brass,

The earth of flaming sulphur, yet I am not mad  
I am acquainted with sad misery  
As the tann'd galley slave is with his oar,  
Necessity makes me suffer constantly,  
And custom makes it easy Who do I look like  
now?

*Car.* Like to your picture in the gallery,  
A deal of life in show, but none in practice,  
Or rather like some decayed monument  
Whose ruins are even pitied

*Duch* Very proper,  
And Fortune seems only to have her eye-sight  
To behold my tragedy—How now?  
What noise is that?

*Enter Servant*

*Serv* I am come to tell you  
Your brother hath intended you some sport  
A great physician, when the Pope was sick  
Of a deep melancholy, presented him  
With several sorts of madmen, which wild object  
Being full of change and sport, forc'd him to laugh,  
And so the imposthume broke the self-same cure  
The duke intends on you

*Duch* Let them \* come in

\* them] The 4to of 1640, "me," a misprint for "em"

*Serv* There's a mad lawyer, and a secular priest,

A doctor that hath forfeited his wits

By jealousy, an astrologian

That in his works said such a day o'the month

Should be the day of doom, and, failing oft,

Ran mad, an English tailor craz'd i'the brain

With the study of new fashions,\* a gentleman usher

Quite beside himself with care to keep in mind

The number of his lady's salutations

Or "How do you" she employ'd him in each morning,†

A farmer, too, an excellent knave in grain,

Mad 'cause he was hinder'd transportation

And let one broker that's mad loose to these,

You'd think the devil were among them

*Duch* Sit, Curiola.—Let them loose when you please,

For I am chain'd to endure all your tyranny

*Enter Madmen*

*Here by a Madman this song is sung to kind of music*

*O let us have some heavy note,*

*Some deadly damped horn,*

*Sounding us from the throat using the*

*Of beats and tattered fust!*

*As various screech-owl hells and h*

*Well hell and howl our parts*

*Till some noise have cloy'd your ears*

*And obscure your hearts*

*At last when you give seconds breath*

*Our bodies bring bleed,*

*We'll sing, like screams, to welcome death,*

*And die in love and rest*

*First Madman* Doom's day not come yet! I'll draw it nearer by a perspective, or make a glass that shall set all the world on fire upon an instant I cannot sleep, my pillow is stuffed with a litter of porcupines

*Second Madman* Hell is a mere glass house, where the devils are continually blowing up women's souls on hollow noons, and the fire never goes out

*Third Madman* I will lie with every woman in my parish the tenth night, I will tythe them over like hay cocks

*Fourth Madman* Shall my apothecary out go me because I am a cuckold? I have found out his

roguecy, he makes allum of his wife's urine, and sells it to Puritans that have sore throats with overstraining

*First Madman* I have skill in heraldry

*Second Madman* Hast?

*First Madman* You do give for your crest a woodcock's head with the brains picked out on't, you are a very ancient gentleman

*Third Madman* Greek is turned Turk we are only to be saved by the Helvetian translation

*First Madman* Come on, sir, I will lay the law to you

*Second Madman* O, rather lay a corrosive the law will eat to the bone

*Third Madman* He that drinks but to satisfy nature is dunned

*Fourth Madman* If I had my glass here, I would show a sight should make all the women here call me mad doctor

*First Madman* What's he? a rope maker?

*Second Madman* No, no, no, a snuffing knife that, while he shows the tombs, will have his hand in a wench's placket

*Third Madman* Woe to the coaches that brought home my wife from the mask at three o'clock in the morning! it had a huge featherbed in it.

*Fourth Madman* I have pined the devil's nuts forty times, roasted them in raven's eggs, and cured wigs with them

*Third Madman* Get me three hundred mulch bats, to make posset to procure sleep

*Fourth Madman* All the college may throw their caps at me I have made a soap boiler costume it was my masterpiece

*[Here the dance consisting of eight Madmen with mummies ascends thereto after which Rosalinda, like an old man, enters]*

*Duch* Is he mad too?

*Serv* Pray, question him I'll leave you

*[Enter Servant and Madmen]*

*Ros* I am come to make thy tomb

*Duch* Ha! my tomb!

Thou speak'st as if I lay upon my death bed, Gasping for breath dost thou perceive me sick?

*Ros* Yes, and the more dangerously, since thy sickness is infectious

*Duch* Thou art not mad, sure dost know me?

*Ros* Yes

*Duch* Who art thou?

*Ros* Thou art a box of worm seed, at best but a salvatory of green mummy\* What's this flesh? a little cruddled† milk, fantastical puff paste

\* *fashions*] The 4to of 1623, 'fashion'

† Or *how do you* she employ'd him in each morning] In *Biome's Northern Love*, 1662, Mistress Fitchow's gentleman usher is named *How-dee* see, as illustrative of our text, Act I Sc 6 of that amusing comedy. So too *Nabbes*, 'and thou a Ladies Gentleman Usher, a bundle of complement all foibles sticht up with how-dee' *Cornet Garden*, 1638, sig. D

‡ *women's*] The 4to of 1640, 'men's'

\* *mummy*] See note h, p. 5

† *cruddled*] The 4to of 1640, 'cruded'



Our bodies are weaker than those paper prisons boys use to keep flies in, more contemptible, since ours is to preserve earth-worms. Didst thou ever \* see a lark in a cage? Such is the soul in the body this world is like her little turf of grass, and the heaven o'er our heads like her looking glass, only gives us a miserable knowledge of the small compass of our prison

*Duch* Am I not I thy duchess?

*Bos* Then at some great woman, sure, for riot begins to sit on thy forehead (clad in gray hairs) twenty years sooner than on a merry milk maid's. Thou sleepest worse than if a mouse should be forced to take up her lodging in a cat's ear a little infant that breeds its teeth, should it lie with thee, would cry out, as if thou wert the more unquiet bedfellow

*Duch* I am Duchess of Malfi still

*Bos* That makes thy sleeps so broken  
Glories, like glow worms, afar off shine bright,  
But, look'd to near, have neither heat nor light †

*Duch* Thou art very plain

*Bos* My trade is to flutter the dead, not the living, I am a tomb maker

*Duch* And thou comest to make my tomb?

*Bos* Yes

*Duch* Let me be a little merry — of what stuff wilt thou make it?

*Bos* Nay, resolve me first, of what fashion?

*Duch* Why, do we grow fantastical in our death-bed? do we affect fashion in the grave?

*Bos* Most ambitiously. Princes' images on their tombs do not lie, as they were wont, seeming to pry up to heaven, but with their hands under their cheeks, as if they died of the tooth ache they are not curv'd with their eyes fixed upon the stars, but as their minds were wholly bent upon the world, the self same way they seem to turn their faces

*Duch* Let me know fully therefore the effect Of this thy dismal preparation,  
This talk fit for a charnel

*Bos* Now I shall —

*Enter Executioners, with a coffin, cords, and a bell*  
Here is a present from your princely brothers,  
And may it arrive welcome, for it brings  
Last benefit, last sorrow

*Duch* Let me see it

I have so much obedience in my blood,  
I wish it in their veins to do them good

\* even] The 1to of 1610, "never"

† her] The 4to of 1640, "his"

‡ Glories, like glow worms, &c.] See note \*, p. 36

*Bos* This is your last presence-chamber \*

*Carri* O my sweet lady!

*Duch* Peace, it affrights not me

*Bos* I am the common bellman,  
That usually is sent to condemn'd persons  
The night before they suffer

*Duch* Even now thou said'st

Thou wast a tomb maker

*Bos* 'Twas to bring you

By degrees to mortification. Listen.

Hark, now every thing is still,  
The screech owl and the whistler shrill †  
Call upon our dame aloud,  
And bid her quickly don her shroud!  
Much you had of land and rent,  
Your length in days now competent  
A long war disturb'd your mind,  
Here your perfect peace is sign'd  
Of what is't tools make such vain keeping?  
Sin their conception, their birth weeping,  
Then life a general mist of error,  
Their death a hideous storm of terror  
Strew your hair with powders sweet,  
Don clean linen, bathe your feet,  
And (the foul fiend more to chide)  
A crucifix let bless your neck  
'Tis now full tide 'twixt night and day,  
End your gown, and come away

*Carri* Hence, villains, tyrants, murderers! alas!  
What will you do with my lady? — Call for help

*Duch* To whom? to our next neighbours? they  
are mad folk

*Bos* Remove that noise

*Duch* Farewell, Carriola

In my last will I have not much to give  
A many hungry ghosts have fed upon me,  
Thine will be a poor reversion

*Carri* I will die with her

*Duch* I pray thee, look thou give'st my little boy  
Some syrup for his cold, and let the girl  
Say her prayers ere she sleep

*CARRIOLA is forced out by the Executioners*

Now what you please

What death?

*Bos* Strangling, here are your executioners

*Duch* I forgive them

The apoplexy, catarrh, or cough o'the lungs,  
Would do as much as they do

\* This is your last presence-chamber] Walker (*Shakespeare's Verification*, &c., p. 90) would read here "This [i.e. This is] your last," &c.

† the whistler shrill] So Sponser,

"The whistler shrill, that whoso hears doth dy"

*The Faerie Queene*, B. II. C. XII. st. 36

## THE DUCHESS OF MALFI

*Bos* Doth not death fright you?

*Duch* Who would be afraid on't,  
Knowing to meet such excellent company  
In the other world?

*Bos* Yet, methinks,  
The manner of your death should much afflict you  
This cord should terrify you

*Duch* Not a whit  
What would it pleasure me to have my throat cut  
With diamonds? or to be smothered  
With cassia? or to be shot to death with pearls?  
I know death hath ten thousand several doors  
For men to take their exit, and 'tis found  
They go on such strange geometrical hinges,  
You may open them both ways any way, for  
heaven sake,

So I were out of your whispering Tell my brothers  
That I perceive death, now I am well awake,  
Best gift is they can give or I can take  
I would fain put off my last woman's fault  
I'd not be tedious to you

*First Execution* We are ready

*Duch* Dispose my breath how please you, but  
my body

Bestow upon my women, will you?

*First Execution* Yes

*Duch* Pull, and pull strongly, for your able  
strength

Must pull down heaven upon me --

Yet stay, heaven-gates are not so highly arch'd\*  
As princes' + palaces, they that enter there  
Must go upon their knees [*Kneels*] — Come, violent  
death,

Serve for mandragora to make me sleep! —

Go tell my brothers, when I am laid out,

They then may feed in quiet.

[*The Executioners strangle the Duchess*]

\* Yet stay heaven-gates are not so highly arch'd

[*As princes' palaces, &c.*] When Webster wrote this passage, the following charming lines of Shakespeare were in his mind

"Stoop boys this gate

Instructs you how to adore the heavens, and bows you  
To a morning's holy office the gates of monarchs  
Are arch'd so high, that giants may yet through  
And keep their impious turbans on without  
Good morrow to the sun" *Cymbeline*, Act III Sc 3  
+ *princes*] The 4to of 1610 "princely"

† "All the several parts of the dreadful apparatus with which the duchess's death is ushered in are not more remote from the conceptions of ordinary vengeance than the strange character of suffering which they seem to bring upon their victim is beyond the imagination of ordinary poets. As they are not like inflictions of this life, so her language seems not of this world. She has lived among horrors till she is become 'native and endowed unto that element.' She speaks the dialect of despair, her tongue has a smatch of Tartarus and the

*Bos* Where's the waiting woman?

Fetch her some other strangle the children

[*CARIONA and Children are brought in by the Executioners who presently strangle the Children*]

Look you, there sleeps your mistress

*Car.* O, you are \* damned

Perpetually for this! My turn is next,

Is't not so order'd?

*Bos* Yes, and † I am glad

You are so well prepar'd for't

*Car.* You are deceiv'd, sir,

I am not prepar'd for't, I will not die,

I will first ‡ come to my answer, and know

How I have offended

*Bos* Come, despatch her —

You kept her counsel, now you shall keep ours

*Car.* I will not die, I must not, I am contracted  
To a young gentleman

*First Execution* Here's your wedding-ring

*Car.* Let me but speak with the duke I'll  
discover

Treason to his person

*Bos* Delays — throttle her

*First Execution* She bites and scratches

*Car.* If you kill me now,

I am damned, I have not been at confession

This two years

*Bos* [*to Executioners*] When? §

*Car.* I am quick with child

*Bos* Why, then,

Your credits sav'd

[*The Executioners strangle CARIONA*]

Bear her into the next room,

Let these || lie still

[*Execute the Executioners with the body of CARIONA*]

*Enter FERDINAND*

*Ferd* Is she dead?

souls in bile. What are 'Lute's iron crown the broken  
bull of Perillus, Procrustes' bed to the wren images  
which counterfeit death, to the wild mania of madmen  
the tomb marker, the bell man, the living person's dug  
the mortification by degrees! To move a horror skil-  
fully to touch a soul to the quick, to lay upon her as  
much as it can bear, to wear and weary a life till it is  
ready to drop and then step in with mortal instruments  
to take its last fortuit, this only a Webster can do.  
Writers of an inferior genius may 'upon horror's head  
horrors accumulate, but they cannot do this. They  
mistake quantity for quality, they terrify babes with  
painted devils, but they know not how a soul is capable  
of being moved, their terrors want dignity, their  
dilemmas are without decorum. C. Lamb, (*Spec of*  
*Eng Dram Poets*, p. 217)

you are] The 4to of 1610, "thou art"

† and] Omitted in the 4to of 1610

‡ And] Omitted in the 1to of 1610

§ When] See note \*, p. 68

|| these] Old eds "this"

*Bos* She is what  
You'd have her But here begin your pity  
*[Shows the Children strangled]*

Alas, how have these offended!

*Ferd* The death  
Of young wolves is never to be pitied

*Bos* Fix your eye here

*Ferd* Constantly

*Bos* Do you not weep?  
Other sins only speak, murder shrieks out  
The element of water moistens the earth,  
But blood flies upwards and bedews the heavens

*Ferd* Cover her face, \* mine eyes dazzle she  
died young

*Bos* I think not so, her infelicity  
Seem'd to have years too many

*Ferd* She and I were twins,  
And should I die thus instant, I had liv'd  
Her time to a minute

*Bos* It seems she was born first  
You have bloodily approv'd the ancient truth,  
That kindred commonly do worse agree  
Than remote strangers

*Ferd* Let me see her face  
Again Why didst not thou pity her? what  
An excellent honest man mightst thou have been,  
If thou hadst borne her to some sanctuary!  
Or, bold in a good cause, oppos'd thyself,  
With thy advanced sword above thy head,  
Between her innocence † and my revenge!  
I bide thee, when I was distracted of my wits,  
Go kill my dearest friend, and thou hast don't  
For let me but examine well the cause  
What was the meanness of her match to me?  
Only I must confess I had a hope,  
Had she continu'd widow, to have gnu'd  
An infinite mass of treasure by her death  
And what ‡ was the main cause? her marriage,  
That drew a stream of gall quite through my heart  
For thee, as we observe in tragedies  
That a good actor many times is curs'd  
For playing a villain's part, I hate thee for't,  
And, for my sake, say, thou hast done much ill  
well

*Bos* Let me quicken your memory, for I  
perceive  
You are falling into ingratitude I challenge.  
The reward due to my service

*Ferd* I'll tell thee

\* *Cover her face*] So in Shakespeare's *King Lear*, act v  
sc. 3 when the dead bodies of Goneril and Regan are  
brought in, Albany says, "Cover their faces"

† *innocence*] The 4to of 1640, "innocency"

‡ *what*] The 4to of 1627, "that"

What I'll give thee

*Bos* Do

*Ferd* I'll give thee a pardon  
For this murder

*Bos* Ha!

*Ferd* Yes, and 'tis  
The largest bounty I can study to do thee  
By what authority didst thou execute  
This bloody sentence? \*

*Bos* By yours

*Ferd* Mine! was I her judge?  
Did any ceremonial form of law  
Doom her to not-being? did a complete jury  
Deliver her conviction up to the court?  
Where shalt thou find this judgment register'd,  
Unless in hell? See, like a bloody fool,  
Thou'st forfeited thy life, and thou shalt die  
for't

*Bos* The office of justice is perverted quite  
When one thief hangs another Who shall dare  
To reveal this?

*Ferd* O, I'll tell thee,  
The wolf shall find her grave, and scrape it up,  
Not to devour the corpse, but to discover  
The horrid murder †

*Bos* You, not I, shall quake for't.

*Ferd* Leave me

*Bos* I will first receive my pension

*Ferd* You are a villain

*Bos* When your ingratitude  
Is judge, I am so

*Ferd* O horror,  
That not the form of him which binds the devils  
Can prescribe him obedience!—  
Never look upon me more

*Bos* Why, fare thee well  
Your brother and yourself are worthy men  
You have a pair of hearts as hollow graves,  
Rotten, and rotting others, and your vengeance,

\* *scutcheon*] The 4to of 1640, "a scutcheon"

† *The wolf shall*, &c.] A common superstition "For  
the same month next after that Adrian and Justinian  
had buried the dead body of De Laurier, behold a huge  
and ravening Wolf (being lately roused from the adja-  
cent vast woods) seeking up and down for his prey, came  
into Adrian's orchard next adjoining to his house (pur-  
posely sent thither by God as a Minister of his sacred  
justice and revenge), who senting some dead carion  
(which indeed was the dead Corps of De Laurier, that  
was but shallowly buried there in the ground), he fiercely  
with his paws and nose turns up the earth, and at last  
pulls and drags it up and there till an hour after the  
break of day remains devouring and eating up of the  
flesh of his Arms, Legs, Thighs and Buttocks But (as  
God would have it) he never touched any part of his  
face, but leaves it fully undisfigured" *God's Revenge  
against Murder*, Book VI Hist. 27, p. 407, ed. 1670

Like two chain'd bullets,\* still goes aim in arm  
You may be brothers, for treason, like the plague,  
Doth take much in a blood I stand like one  
That long hath ta'en a sweet and golden dream  
I am angry with myself, now that I wake

*Ferd* Get thee into some unknown part o'the  
world,

That I may never see thee †

*Bos* Let me know

Wherefore I should be thus neglected Sir,  
I serv'd your tyranny, and rather strove  
To satisfy yourself than all the world  
And though I loath'd the evil, yet I lov'd  
You that did counsel it, and rather sought  
To appear a true servant than an honest man

*Ferd* I'll go hunt the badger by owl light  
'Tis a deed of darkness [Exit

*Bos* He's much distracted Off, my painted  
honour!

While with vain hopes our faculties we tire,  
We seem to sweat in ice and freeze in fire  
What would I do, were this to do again!  
I would not change my peace of conscience  
For all the wealth of Europe—She stirs, here's  
life—

Return, fair soul, from darkness, and lead mine  
Out of this sensible hell—she's wum, she  
breathes—

Upon thy pale lips I will melt my heart,  
To store them with fresh colour—Who's there!  
Some cordial drink!—Alas! I dare not call  
So pity would destroy pity—Her eye opens,

And heaven in it seems to open, that late was shut,  
To take me up to mercy

*Duch Antonio*!\*

*Bos* Yes, madam, he is living,

The dead bodies you saw were but tigh'd statues  
He's reconcil'd to your brothers, the Pope hath  
wrought

The atonement ‡

*Duch Mercy*!

[Dies

*Bos* O, she's gone again! there the cords of  
life broke

O sacred innocence, that sweetly sleeps  
On turtles' feathers, whilst a guilty conscience  
Is a black register wherein is writ  
All our good deeds and bad, a perspective  
That shows us hell! That we cannot be suffer'd  
To do good when we have a mind to it!

This is my only sorrow,  
These tears, I am very certain, never grew  
In my mother's milk—my estate is sunk  
Below the degree of fear—where were  
These penitent fountains while she was living!

O, they were frozen up! Here is a sight  
As dreadful to my soul as is the sword  
Unto a wretch hath slain his father—Come,  
I'll bear thee hence,

And execute thy last will, that's deliver  
Thy body to the reverend disposal  
Of some good women—that the cruel tyrant  
Shall not deny me—Then I'll post to Milan,  
Where somewhat I will speedily enact  
Worth my dejection [Exit

## ACT V

### SCENE I ‡

Enter ANTONIO and DILIO

*Ant* What think you of my hope of reconcil-  
ment

To the Aragonian brethren?

*Dilio* I misdoubt it,

\* *Like two chain'd bullets*] So Heywood,

\* My friend and I

*Like two chain bullets* side by side, will fly

through the jaws of death

*A Challenge for Brantre*, 1636, sig. D

† *That I may never see thee*] In composing this scene,  
Webster seems to have had an eye to that between King  
John and Hubert in Shakespeare's *King John*, Act IV  
sc. 2

‡ *Scene I*] Milan A public place (it would seem)

For though they have sent their letters of safe con-  
For your repair to Milan, they appear [duct  
But nets to entrap you The Marquis of Pescara,  
Under whom you hold certain land in cheat,  
Much 'gainst his noble nature hath been mov'd  
To seize those lands, and some of his dependants  
Are at this instant making it their suit  
To be invested in your revenues  
I cannot think they mean well to your life  
That do deprive you of your means of life,  
Your living

\* The idea of making the Duchess speak after she has  
been strangled was doubtless taken from the death of  
Desdemona in Shakespeare's *Othello*, Act V last scene

‡ *atonement*] i.e. reconciliation

‡ *last*] Omitted in the 4to of 1610

*Ant* You are still an heretic  
To any safety I can shape myself

*Dello* Here comes the marquis I will make  
myself

Petitioner for some part of your land,  
To know whether it is flying

*Ant* I pray, do

*Enter PASCARA*

*Dello* Sir, I have a suit to you

*Pes* To me?

*Dello* An easy one

There is the Citadel of Saint Bennet,  
With some demesnes, of late in the possession  
Of Antonio Bologna,—please you bestow them on  
me

*Pes* You are my friend, but this is such a suit,  
Nor fit for me to give, nor you to take

*Dello* No, sir?

*Pes* I will give you ample reason for't  
Soon in private —here's the cardinal's mistress

*Enter JULIA*

*Julia* My lord, I am grown your poor peti-  
tioner,  
And should be an ill beggar, had I not  
A great man's letter here, the cardinal's,  
To court you in my favour [Gives a letter]

*Pes* He entreats for you  
The Citadel of Saint Bennet, that belong'd  
To the banish'd Bologna

*Julia* Yes

*Pes* I could not have thought of a friend I  
could rather

Pleasure with it 'tis yours

*Julia* Sir, I thank you,  
And he shall know how doubly I am engag'd  
Both in your gift, and speediness of giving  
Which makes your grant the greater [Exit]

*Ant* How they justify  
Themselves with my ruin!

*Dello* Sir, I am  
Little bound to you

*Pes* Why?

*Dello* Because you denied this suit to me, and  
gave't  
To such a creature

*Pes* Do you know what it was?  
It was Antonio's land, not forfeited  
By course of law, but ravish'd from his throat  
By the cardinal's entreaty it were not fit  
I should bestow so main a piece of wrong  
Upon my friend, 'tis a gratification  
Only due to a strumpet, for it is injustice.

Shall I sprinkle the pure blood of innocents  
To make those followers I call my friends  
Look ruddier upon me? I am glad  
This land, ta'en from the owner by such wrong,  
Returns again unto so foul an use  
As salary for his lust Learn, good Dello,  
To ask noble things of me, and you shall find  
I'll be a noble giver

*Dello* You instruct me well

*Ant* Why, here's a man now would fright un-  
pudence  
From sanest beggars

*Pes* Prince Ferdinand's come to Milan,  
Sick, as they give out, of an apoplexy,  
But some say 'tis a frenzy I am going  
To visit him [Exit]

*Ant* 'Tis a noble old fellow

*Dello* What course do you mean to take,  
Antonio?

*Ant* This night I mean to venture all my  
fortune,

Which is no more than a poor lingering life,  
To the cardinal's worst of malice I have got  
Private access to his chamber, and intend  
To visit him about the mid of night,  
As once his brother did our noble duchess  
It may be that the sudden apprehension  
Of danger,— for I'll go in mine own shape,—  
When he shall see it fight\* with love and duty,  
May draw the poison out of him, and work  
A friendly reconciliation if it fail,  
Yet it shall rid me of this infamous calling,  
For better fall once than be ever falling

*Dello* I'll second you in all danger, and, howe'er,  
My life keeps link with yours

*Ant* You are still my lov'd and best friend  
[Exeunt]

## SCENE II †

*Enter PASCARA and DOCTOR*

*Pes* Now, doctor, may I visit your patient?

*Doc* If't please your lordship but he's instantly  
To take the air here in the gallery  
By my direction

*Pes* Pray thee, what's his disease?

*Doc* A very pestilent disease, my lord,  
They call lycanthropia

*Pes* What's that?

I need a dictionary to't

\* *fraught*] i. e. fraught

† *Scene II*] The same A gallery in the residence of  
the Cardinal and Ferdinand (a palace, it appears see  
the speech of Pascara towards the close of the play,—

"The noble Dello, as I came to the palace," &c.)

*Doc* I'll tell you \*  
In those † that are possess'd with't there o'erflows  
Such melancholy humour they imagine  
Themselves to be transformed into wolves,  
Stral forth to church yards in the dead of night,  
And dig dead bodies up as two nights since  
One met the duke 'bout midnight in a lunc  
Behind Saint Mark's church, with the leg of a man  
Upon his shoulder, and he howl'd fearfully,  
Sud he was a wolf, only the difference  
Was, a wolf's skin was ‡ hairy on the outside,  
His on the inside, bide them take then swords,  
Rip up his flesh and try straight I was sent for,  
And, having minister'd to him, found his grace  
Very well recover'd

*Pes* I am glad on't

*Doc* Yet not without some fear  
Of a relapse If he grow to his fit again,  
I'll go a nearer way to work with him §  
Than ever Paracelsus dream'd of, if  
They'll give me leave, I'll buffet his madness out  
of him  
Stand aside, he comes

*Enter FERDINAND Cardinal, MALATESTA, and ROSOLA*

*Ferd* Leave me

*Mal* Why doth your lordship love|| this so  
litaines?

\* I'll tell you &c.] Ceste Mardie comme tesmoigne  
Aetna un brisime liure chapitre II & Pausanias li  
chap. 16 & autres modernes est une espèce de melan-  
cholie en us estingement none & vchement. Car ceux  
qui en sont atteints sortent de leurs maisons au mois de  
Fevrier contretout les lours presques en toute chose, &  
toute nuit ne font que courir par les cimetieres et  
autour des sepulchres

un de ces melancholiques Lycanthropes, quo-  
nons appellons lours garoux il parait  
lors sur ses espauls la crosse entiere & la jambe d'un mort

Il y enst aussi comme recite  
Job fincel au 3. lui des Miracles, un villageois jura de  
Pain. Il m'entend cinq cents quarante & un lequel pensent  
estre loup & assaillit plusieurs hommes par les champs  
en lui quelques uns. En fin pris & non sans grande  
difficulte & assurance, finalement qu'il estoit loup, & qu'il n'y  
avoit autre difference, & non que les lours ordinairement  
moyent velus dehors, et lui l'estoit entre cuir et chair  
Quelques uns trappent inhumains & lours par effect & ont une  
experimenter la verite du fuct, lui firent plusieurs  
railleries sur les bras & sur les jambes puis ennoies  
leur fuite & l'innocence de ce pauvre melancholique le  
comportant aux chirurgiens pour le panser entre les  
mains desquels il mourut quelques jours apres. Gon-  
lut, — Histoire admirable et memorables de nostre temps  
recueillies de plusieurs auteurs, &c. tom. 1 pp. 336 337  
ed. 1620

† there] The 4to of 1640, "there"

‡ was] The 4to of 1640 "is"

§ I'll go a nearer way to work with him] This line is  
found only in the 4to of 1623

|| love, The 4to of 1640 "use"

*Ferd* Eagles commonly fly alone they are  
crows, daws, and stulings that flock together  
Look, what's that follows me?

*Mal* Nothing, my lord

*Ferd* Yes.

*Mal* 'Tis your shadow

*Ferd* Stay it, let it not haunt me

*Mal* Impossible, if you move, and the sun shine

*Ferd* I will throttle it

[*Throws himself down on his shoulder*]

*Mal* O, my lord, you are angry with nothing

*Ferd* You are a fool how is't possible I should  
catch my shadow, unless I fall upon it? When I go  
to hell, I mean to carry a bribe, for, look you, good  
gifts evermore make way for the worst persons

*Pes* Rise, good my lord

*Ferd* I am studying the art of patience

*Pes* 'Tis a noble virtue

*Ferd* To drive six miles before me from this  
town to Moscow, neither use goad nor whip to  
them, but let them take their own time,—the  
patient'st man in the world match me for an expe-  
iment,—and I'll crawl after like a sheep bite

*Card* Force him up [*They raise him*]

*Ferd* Use me well, you were best What I  
have done, I have done I'll confess nothing \*

*Doc* Now let me come to him—Are you mad,  
my lord? are you out of your princely wits?

*Ferd* What's he?

*Pes* Your doctor

*Ferd* Let me have his beard sawed off, and his  
eye brows filed more civil

*Doc* I must do mad tricks with him, for that's  
the only way on't—I have brought your grace a  
lunander's skin to keep you from snoring

*Ferd* I have cruel sore eyes

*Doc* The white of a cockatrice egg is present  
remedy

*Ferd* Let it be a new laid one, you were best—  
Hide me from him physicians are like lings,—  
They brook no contradiction

*Doc* Now he begins to fear me now let me  
alone with him

*Card* How now! put off your gown! †

\* What I have done, I have done I'll confess nothing]  
Like Iago

† Demand me nothing what you know you know  
From this time forth I never will speak word

[*Othello* Act V last scene

† put off your gown] A piece of buff-coat, similar to  
that with which the Grave digger in Hamlet still amuses  
the galleys, used to be put on here. In the 4to of  
1709, the Doctor, according to the stage direction "put  
off his four cloaks, one after another"—What precedes was  
written in 1630—since that time the managers have pro-  
perly restricted the Grave digger to a single waistcoat.

*Doc* Let me have some forty animals filled with rose water — he and I'll go pelt one another with them — Now he begins to fear me — Can you fetch a flask, sir? — Let him go, let him go, upon my peril I find by his eye he stands in awe of me, I'll make him as tame as a dormouse.

*Ferd* Can you fetch your flasks, sir? — I will stamp him into a cullis,\* flay off his skin, to cover one of the anatomies this rogue hath set i'the cold yonder in Barber Chirurgeon's hall — Hence, hence! you are all of you like beasts for sacrifice there's nothing left of you but tongue and belly, flattery and lechery [Exit

*Pes* Doctor, he did not fear you throughly

*Doc* True, I was somewhat too forward

*Bos* Mercy upon me, what a fatal judgment hath fall'n upon this Ferdinand!

*Pes* Knows you grace  
What accident hath brought unto the prince  
This strange distraction?

*Card* [aside] I must feign somewhat — Thus they say it grew

You have heard it rumour'd, for these many years  
None of our family dies but there is seen  
The shape of an old woman, which is given  
By tradition to us to have been murder'd  
By her nephews for her riches — Such a figure  
One night, as the prince sat up late at's book,  
Appear'd to him, when crying out for help,  
The gentlemen of's chamber found his grace  
All on a cold sweat, alter'd much in face  
And language — since which apparition,  
He hath grown worse and worse, and I much fear  
He cannot live

*Bos* Sir, I would speak with you

*Pes* We'll leave your grace,  
Wishing to the sick prince, our noble lord,  
All health of mind and body

*Card* You are most welcome

[*Exeunt* ISCARA, MALATESTI and Doctor

Are you come? so — [Aside] This fellow must not know

By any means I had intelligence  
In our duchess' death, for, though I counsell'd  
it,

The full of all the engagement† seem'd to grow  
From Ferdinand — Now, sir, how fares our sister?  
I do not think but sorrow makes her look  
Like to an oft dy'd garment — she shall now  
Taste comfort from me — Why do you look so  
wildly?

O, the fortune of your master here the prince

\* a cullis] See note J, p. 72

† engagement] The 4to of 1640, "agreement"

Dejects you, but be you of happy comfort  
If you'll do one thing for me I'll entreat,  
Though he had a cold tomb stone o'er his bones,  
I'd make you what you would\* be

*Bos* Any thing,  
Give it me† in a breath, and let me fly to t  
They that think long small expedition win,  
For musing much o'the end cannot begin

[*Enter* JULIA

*Julia* Sir, will you come in to supper?

*Card* I am busy, leave me

*Julia* [aside] What an excellent shape hath  
that fellow! [Exit

*Card* 'Tis thus Antonio lurks here in Milan  
Inquire him out, and kill him — While he lives,  
Our sister cannot marry, and I have thought  
Of an excellent match for her — Do this, and  
style me

Thy advancement

*Bos* But‡ by what means shall I find him out?

*Card* There is a gentleman call'd Delio  
Here in the camp, that hath been long approv'd  
His loyal friend — Set eye upon that fellow,  
Follow him to miss, may be Antonio,  
Although he do account religion  
But a school name, for fashion of the world  
May accompany him, or else go inquire out  
Delio's confessor, and see if you can bribe  
Him to reveal it — There are a thousand ways  
A man might find to trace him, as to know  
What fellows hunt the Jews for taking up  
Great sums of money, for sure he's in want,  
Or else to go to the picture makers, and learn  
Who bought § his picture lately — some of these  
Happily may take

*Bos* Well, I'll not freeze i'the business  
I would see that wretched thing, Antonio,  
Above all sights i'the world

*Card* Do, and be happy [Exit

*Bos* This fellow doth breed basilisks in  
eyes,

He's nothing else but murder, yet he seems  
Not to have notice of the duchess' death  
'Tis his cunning — I must follow his example,  
There cannot be a surer way to trace  
Than that of an old fox

[*Re-entr* JULIA

*Julia* So, sir, you are well met.

*Bos* How now!

\* would] The 4to of 1640, "should"

† it me] The 4to of 1640, "me it"

‡ But] Omitted in the 4to of 1640

§ bought] The 4tos "brought"

*Julia* Nay, the doves are fast enough  
Now, sir, I will make you confess your treachery

*Bos* Treachery!

*Julia* Yes, confess to me  
Which of my women 'twas you hir'd to put  
Love powder into my drink!

*Bos* Love powder!

*Julia* Yes, when I was at Malfi  
Why should I fall in love with such a face else?  
I have already suffer'd for thee so much pain,  
The only remedy to do me good  
Is to kill my longing

*Bos* Sure, your pistol holds  
Nothing but perfumes or kissing comfits \*  
Excellent lady!

You have a pretty way on't to discover  
Your longing. Come, come, I'll disarm you,  
And am you thus: yet this is wondrous strange

*Julia* Compare thy form and my eyes together,  
You'll find my love no such great miracle  
Now you'll say

I am wonton: this nice modesty in ladies  
Is but a troublesome familiar  
That hunts them

*Bos* Know you me, I am a blunt soldier

*Julia* The better  
Sure, there wants here where there are no lively  
sparks  
Of roughness

*Bos* And I want compliment

*Julia* Why, ignorance  
In courtship cannot make you do amiss,  
If you have a heart to do well

*Bos* You are very fur

*Julia* Nay, if you lay beauty to my charge,  
I must plead unguilty

*Bos* Your bright eyes  
Quiver a quiver of darts in them sharper  
Than sun beams

*Julia* You will mar me with commendation,  
Put yourself to the charge of counting me,  
Whereas now I woo you

*Bos* [aside] I have it, I will work upon this  
creature —

Let us grow most amorously familiar  
If the great cardinal now should see me thus,  
Would he not count me a villain?

*Julia* No, he might count me a wanton,  
Not lay a scruple of offence on you,  
For if I see and steal a diamond,  
The fault is not in the stone, but in me the thief  
That purloins it. I am sudden with you

\* *Kissing-comfits* i.e. perfumed sugar plums, to sweeten the breath

We that are great women of pleasure use to cut off  
These uncertain wishes and unquiet longings,  
And in an instant join the sweet delight  
And the pretty excuse together. Had you been  
in the street,

Under my chamber window, even there \*  
I should have courted you

*Bos* O, you are an excellent lady!

*Julia* Bid me do somewhat for you presently  
To express I love you

*Bos* I will, and if you love me,  
Fail not to effect it  
The cardinal is grown wondrous melancholy  
Demand the cause, let him not put you off  
With feign'd excuse: discover the main ground on't

*Julia* Why would you know this?

*Bos* I have depended on him,  
And I hear that he is fallen in some disgrace  
With the emperor: if he be, like the mice  
That forsake falling houses, I would shift  
To other dependance

*Julia* You shall not need  
Follow the wars: I'll be your maintenance  
*Bos* And I your loyal servant: but I cannot  
Leave my calling

*Julia* Not leave an ungrateful  
General for the love of a sweet lady!  
You are like some cannot sleep in feather beds,  
But must have blocks for their pillows

*Bos* Will you do this?

*Julia* Cunningly

*Bos* To-morrow I'll expect the intelligence

*Julia* To-morrow! get you into my cabinet  
You shall have it with you. Do not delay me,  
No more than I do you. I am like one  
That is condemn'd, I have my pardon promis'd,  
But I would see it seal'd. Go, get you in  
You shall see me wind my tongue about his heart  
Like a skein of silk [Exit Bos or A

*Re-enter Cardinal*

*Card* Where are you?

*Enter Servants*

*Servants* Here

*Card* Let none, upon your lives, have conference  
With the Prince Ferdinand, unless I know it —  
[Aside] In this distraction he may reveal  
The murder [Exit Servants

You'd's my lingering consumption  
I am weary of her, and by any means  
Would be quit of

\* Under my chamber window, even there! This line is found only in the 4to. of 1621



*Julia.* How now, my lord! what ails you?

*Card.* Nothing

*Julia.* O, you are much alter'd

Come, I must be your secretary, and remove  
This lead from off your bosom—what's the matter?

*Card.* I may not tell you

*Julia.* Are you so far in love with sorrow  
You cannot part with part of it? or think you  
I cannot love your grace when you are sad  
As well as merry? or do you suspect  
I, that have been a secret to your heart  
These many winters, cannot be the same  
Unto your tongue?

*Card.* Satisfy thy longing,—  
The only way to make thee keep my counsel  
Is, not to tell thee \*

*Julia.* Tell your echo this,  
On flatterers, that like echoes still report  
What they hear though most imperfect, and not  
me,

For if that you be true unto yourself,  
I'll know

*Card.* Will you rack me?

*Julia.* No, judgment shall  
Draw it from you—it is an equal fault,  
To tell one's secrets unto all or none

*Card.* The first argues folly

*Julia.* But the last tyranny

*Card.* Very well—why, imagine I have com-  
mitted

Some secret deed which I deane the world  
May never hear of

*Julia.* Therefore may not I know it?  
You have conceal'd for me as great a sin  
As adultery—Sir, never was occasion †  
For perfect trial of my constancy  
Till now—sir, I beseech you—

*Card.* You'll repent it.

*Julia.* Never

*Card.* It hurries thee to ruin—I'll not tell thee  
Be well advis'd, and think what danger 'tis  
To receive a prince's secrets—they that do,  
Hud need have their breasts hoop'd with adamant ‡

\* The only way to make thee keep my counsel

Is not to tell thee! So Shakespeare—whom our author  
so frequently imitates

and for secrecy

No lady closer, for I well believe

Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know "

First Part of *Henry IV* Act II Sc 1

† As adultery—Sir, never was occasion] The 4to of 1640,

As adultery—Sir I beseech you

‡ Had need have their breasts hoop'd with adamant] Re-  
sembles a line of Hiccy wood,

"Or be his breast hoop'd with ribbes of brasse "

*The Silver Age*, 1613, Sig G

To contain them—I pray thee, yet be satisfied,  
Examine thine own frailty, 'tis more easy  
To tie knots than unloose them—'tis a secret  
That, like a lingering poison, may chance lie  
Spread in thy veins, and kill thee seven year hence

*Julia.* Now you dally with me

*Card.* No more, thou shalt know it  
By my appointment the great Duchess of Malfi  
And two of her young children, four nights since,  
Were strangl'd

*Julia.* O heaven! sir, what have you done!

*Card.* How now? how settles this? think you  
your bosom  
Will be a grave dark and obscure enough  
For such a secret?

*Julia.* You have undone yourself, sir

*Card.* Why?

*Julia.* It lies not in me to conceal it.

*Card.* No?

Come, I will swear you to't upon this book

*Julia.* Most religiously

*Card.* Kiss it [She kisses the book  
Now you shall never utter it, thy curiosity  
Hath undone thee—thou'rt poison'd with that  
book,

Because I knew thou couldst not keep my counsel,  
I have bound thee to't by death

*Re enter BOSOLA*

*Bos.* For pity sake, hold!

*Card.* Ha, Bosola!

*Julia.* I forgive you

This equal piece of justice you have done,  
For I betray'd your counsel to that fellow  
He overheard it, that was the cause I said  
It lay not in me to conceal it

*Bos.* O foolish woman,  
Couldst not thou have poison'd him?

*Julia.* 'Tis weakness,  
Too much to think what should have been done  
I go,

I know not whither [Dies  
*Card.* Wherefore com'st thou hither?

*Bos.* That I might find a great man like yourself,  
Not out of his wits as the Lord Ferdinand,  
To remember my service

*Card.* I'll have thee hew'd in pieces

*Bos.* Make not yourself such a promise of that  
life

Which is not yours to dispose of

*Card.* Who plac'd thee here?

*Bos.* Her lust, as she intended

*Card.* Very well

Now you know me for your fellow murderer

*Bos* And wherefore should you lay fair marble colours  
Upon your rotten purposes to me?  
Unless you imitate some that do plot great  
treasons,  
And when they have done, go hide themselves  
i' the graves  
Of those were actors in't?

*Card* No more, there is  
A fortune attends thee

*Bos* Shall I go sue to \* Fortune any longer?  
'Tis the fool's pilgrimage.

*Card* I have honours in store for thee

*Bos* There are many † ways that conduct to  
seeming honour,  
And some of them very duty ones

*Card* Throw to the devil  
Thy melancholy The fire burns well,  
What need we keep a stinging of't, and make  
A greater ‡ smother? Thou wilt kill Antonio?  
*Bos* Yes.

*Card* Take up that body

*Bos* I think I shall  
Shortly grow the common bier for church yards

*Card* I will allow thee some dozen of attendants  
To aid thee in the murder

*Bos* O, by no means. Physicians that apply  
horse leeches to any rank swelling use to cut off  
then tails, that the blood may run through them  
the faster let me have no train when I go to  
shed blood, lest it make me have a greater when  
I ride to the gallows

*Card* Come to me after midnight, to help to  
remove  
That body to her own lodging I'll give out  
She died o' the plague, 'twill breed the less  
inquiry  
After her death

*Bos* Wheres Castruccio her husband?

*Card* He's rode to Naples, to take possession  
Of Antonio's citadel

*Bos* Believe me, you have done a very happy  
turn

*Card* Fail not to come there is the master key  
Of our lodgings, and by that you may conceive  
What trust I plant in you

*Bos* You shall find me ready [*Exit Cardinal*]  
O poor Antonio, though nothing be so needful  
To thy estate as pity, yet I find  
Nothing so dangerous! I must look to my footing  
In such slippery ice pavements men had need

To be frost nail'd well, they may break their necks  
else,

The precedent's here afore me How this man  
Bears up in blood! seems fearless! Why, 'tis well  
Security some men call the suburbs of hell,  
Only a dead wall between Well, good Antonio,  
I'll seek thee out, and all my care shall be  
To put thee into safety from the reach  
Of these most cruel biters that have got  
Some of thy blood already It may be,  
I'll join with thee in a most just revenge  
The weakest arm is strong enough that strikes  
With the sword of justice Still methinks the  
duchess

Haunts me there, there!—'Tis nothing but my  
melancholy

O Penitence, let me truly taste thy cup,  
That throws men down only to raise \* them up!

[*Exit*]

## SCENE III †

*Enter ANTONIO and DUKES*

*Duko* Yond's the cardinal's window This for  
tification

Grew from the ruins of an ancient abbey,  
And to yond side o' the river lies a wall,  
Piece of a cloister, which in my opinion  
Gives the best echo that you ever heard,  
So hollow and so dismal, and withal  
So plun in the distinction of our words,  
That many have suppos'd it is a spirit  
That answers

*Ant* I do love these ancient ruins  
We never tread upon them but we set  
Our foot upon some reverend history  
And, questionless, here in this open court,  
Which now lies naked to the injuries  
Of stormy weather, some men ‡ he int're'd  
Lov'd the church so well and gave so largely to't,  
They thought it should have canopied their  
bones

Till dooms day, but all things have their end  
Churches and cities, which have diseases like to  
men,

Must have like death that we have

*Fcho* Like death that we have.

*Duko* Now the echo hath caught you

*Ant* It grow'd, methought, and gave

A very deadly accent

*Echo* Deadly accent

\* to] The 4to of 1640, "a"

† many] The 4to of 1623, "a many"

‡ greater] The 4to of 1640, "great"

ruins] The 4to of 1640,  
Scene III] The same A fortification  
men] Omitted in the 4to of 1640

*Delio* I told you 'twas a pretty one you may  
make it

A huntsman, or a falconer, a musician,  
Or a thing of sorrow

*Echo* A thing of sorrow

*Ant* Ay, sure, that suits it best

*Echo* That suits it best

*Ant* 'Tis very like my wife's voice

*Echo* Ay, wife's voice

*Delio* Come, let us walk further from't

I would not have you go\* to the cardinal's to-night  
Do not

*Echo* Do not

*Delio* Wisdom doth not more moderate wasting  
sorrow

Than time take time for't, be mindful of thy  
safety

*Echo* Be mindful of thy safety

*Ant* Necessity compels me

Make scrutiny throughout the passages†  
Of your own life, you'll find it impossible  
To fly your fate

*Echo* O, fly your fate!

*Delio* Hark! the dead stones seem to have  
pity on you,

And gave you good counsel

*Ant* Echo, I will not talk with thee,  
For thou art a dead thing

*Echo* Thou art a dead thing

*Ant* My duchess is asleep now,  
And her little ones, I hope sweetly O heaven,  
Shall I never see her more!

*Echo* Never see her more

*Ant* I mark'd not one repetition of the echo  
But that, and on the sudden a clear light  
Presented me a face folded in sorrow

*Delio* Your fancy merely

*Ant* Come, I'll be out of this agony,  
For to live thus is not indeed to live,  
It is a mockery and abuse of life  
I will not henceforth save myself by halves,  
Lose all, or nothing

*Delio* Your own virtue save you!  
I'll fetch your eldest son, and second you  
It may be that the sight of his own blood  
Spread in† so sweet a figure may beget  
The more compassion However fare you  
well

Though in our miseries Fortune have a part,

Yet in our noble sufferings she hath none  
Contempt of pain, that we may call our own

[*Exeunt*]

#### SCENE IV \*

*Enter Cardinal PLACARA, MATATISTI, RODRIGO, and  
GRISOLAN*

*Card* You shall not watch to-night by the sick  
prince,

His grace is very well recover'd

*Mal* Good my lord, suffer us

*Card* O, by no means,  
The noise, and change of object in his eye,  
Doth more distract him I pray, all to bed  
And though you hear him in his violent fit,  
Do not rise, I entreat you

*Pls* So, sir, we shall not.

*Card* Nay, I must have you promise  
Upon your honour, for I was enjoin'd to't  
By himself, and he seem'd to urge it sensibly

*Pls* Let our honours bind this trifle

*Card* Nor any of your followers

*Mal* Neither

*Card* It may be, to make trial of your promise,  
When he's asleep, myself will rise and feign  
Some of his inward tricks, and cry out for help,  
And fawn myself in danger

*Mal* If your throat were cutting,  
I'd not come it you, now I have protested against it

*Card* Why, I thank you

*Gras* 'Twas a foul storm to night

*Rod* The Lord Ferdinand's chamber shook like  
an osier

*Mal* 'Twas nothing but pure kindness in the  
devil,

To rock his own child

[*Exeunt all except the Cardinal*]

*Card* The reason why I would not suffer these  
About my brother, is, because at midnight  
I may with better privacy convey  
Julia's body to her own lodging O, my conscience!  
I would pray now, but the devil takes away my  
heart

For having any confidence in prayer  
About this hour I appointed Bosola  
To fetch the body when he hath serv'd my turn  
He dies. [*Exit*]

*Enter Bosola*

*Bos* Ha! 'twas the cardinal's voice, I heard  
him name

Bosola and my death Listen, I hear one's footing

\* Scene IV] The same An apartment in the residence of the Cardinal and Ferdinand see note †, p. 92

\* go] Omitted in the 4to of 1610

† passages] So the 4to of 1705 (an iteration of the play, and of no authority, but evidently right here) The earlier 4tos 'passages'

‡ in] The 4to of 1610, "into"

*Enter FERDINAND*

*Ferd* Strangling is a very quiet death

*Bos.* [*aside*] Nay, then, I see I must stand upon my guard.

*Ferd* What say [you] to that? whisper softly, do you agree to't? So, it must be done: if the duk the cardinal would not for a thousand pounds the doctor should see it [*Exit*

*Bos* My death is plotted, here's the consequence of murder

We value not desert nor Christian breath,  
When we know black deeds must be cur'd with death

*Enter ANTONIO and Servant.*

*Serv* Here stay, sir, and be confident, I pray  
I'll fetch you a dark lantern [*Exit*

*Ant* Could I take him at his prayers,  
There were hope of pardon

*Bos.* Fall right, my sword!— [*Stabs him*  
I'll not give thee so much leisure as to pray

*Ant* O, I am gone! Thou hast ended a long  
sue

In a minute

*Bos* What art thou?

*Ant* A most wretched thing,  
That only have thy benefit in death,  
To appear myself

*Re enters Servant with a lantern*

*Serv* Where are you, sir?

*Ant* Very near my home—Bosola!

*Serv* O, misfortune!

*Bos* Smother thy pity, thou art dead also—  
Antonio!

The man I would have sav'd 'bove mine own life!  
We are merely the stars' tennis balls, struck and  
banded

Which way please them—O good Antonio,

I'll whisper one thing in thy dying ear

Shall make thy heart break quickly! thy fair  
duchess

And two sweet children—

*Ant* Their very names

Kindle a little life in me

*Bos* Are murder'd

*Ant* Some men have wish'd to die

At the hearing of sad tidings, I am glad

That I shall do't in sadness \* I would not now

Wish my wounds balm'd nor heal'd, for I have  
no use

To put my life to In all our quest of greatness,  
Like wanton boys, whose pastime is their care,

\* sadness] i.e. seriousness, earnest.

We follow after bubbles blown in the air  
Pleasure of life, what is't? only the good hours  
Of an ague, merely a preparative to rest,  
To endure vexation I do not ask  
The process of my death, only commend me  
To Delio

*Bos* Break, heart!

*Ant* And let my son fly the courts of princes.  
[*Bos*

*Bos* Thou seem'st to have lov'd Antonio

*Serv* I brought him hither,  
To have reconcil'd him to \* the cardinal

*Bos* I do not ask thee that  
Take him up, if thou tender thine own life,  
And bear him where the lady Julia  
Was wont to lodge †—O, my fate moves swift!  
I have this cardinal in the forge already,  
Now I'll bring him to the hammer O dreadful  
misprision!

I will not imitate things glorious,  
No more than base, I'll be mine own example—  
On, on, and look thou represent, for silence,  
The thing thou bear'st [*Leaves*

## SCENE V ‡

*Enter Cardinal with a book*

*Card* I am puzzled in a question about hell  
He says, in hell there's one material fire,  
And yet it shall not burn all men alike  
Lay him by How tedious is a guilty conscience!  
When I look into the fish ponds in my garden,  
Methinks I see a thing am'd with a rake,  
That seems to strike at me

*Enter Bosola, and Servant bearing ANTONIO'S body*

Now, art thou come?

Thou look'st ghastly  
There sits in thy face some great determination  
Mix'd with some fear

*Bos* Thus it lightens into action

I am come to kill thee

*Card* Ha!—Help! our guard!

*Bos* Thou art deceiv'd,

They are out of thy howling

*Card* Hold, and § I will faithfully divide

Revenues with thee

*Bos* Thy prayers and proffers  
Are both unreasonable

\* [to] The 4to. of 1640, 'with'

† where the lady Julia

Was wont to lodge] i.e. in that part of the palace  
where &c. see note †, p. 92

‡ Scene V.] Another apartment in the same

§ and] Omitted in the 4to. of 1640

*Card* Raise the watch ! we are betray'd !

*Bos* I have confin'd your flight  
I'll suffer your retreat to Julia's chamber,  
But no further

*Card* Help ! we are betray'd !

*Enter, above,\** PESCARA, MATATESTI, RODERIGO, and  
GRISOLAN

*Mal* Listen

*Card* My dukedom for rescue !

*Rod* Fie upon his counterfeiting !

*Mal* Why, tis not the cardinal

*Rod* Yes, yes, 'tis he

But I'll see him hang'd ere I'll go down to him

*Card* Here's a plot upon me, I am assaulted !  
I am lost,

Unless some rescue !

*Gru* He doth this pretty well,  
But it will not serve to laugh me out of mine  
honour

*Card* The sword's at my throat !

*Rod* You would not bawl so loud then

*Mal* Come, come, let's go

To bed he told us thus much aforehand

*Pes* He wish'd you should not come at him,  
but, believe't,

The accent of the voice sounds not in jest  
I'll down to him, howsoever, and with engines

Force ope the doors [Exit above

*Rod* Let's follow him aloof,  
And note how the cardinal will laugh at him

[Exit, above MATATESTI, RODERIGO, and  
GRISOLAN

*Bos* There's for you first,  
'Cause you shall not unbarricade the door  
To let in rescue [Kills the Servant

*Card* What cause hast thou to pursue my life ?

*Bos* Look there

*Card* Antonio !

*Bos* Slain by my hand unwittingly  
Pray, and be sudden when thou kill'd'st thy  
sister,

Thou took'st from Justice her most equal balance,  
And left her naught but her † sword

*Card* O, mercy !

*Bos* Now it seems thy greatness was only  
outward,

For thou fall'st faster of thyself than calamity  
Can drive thee I'll not waste longer time, there !  
[Stabs him

*Card* Thou hast hurt me

*Bos* Again ! [Stabs him again

\* above] i.e. on the upper stage, the raised platform  
towards the back of the stage

† her] The 4to of 1640, "the"

*Card* Shall I die like a leveret,  
Without any resistance ?—Help, help, help !  
I am slain !

*Enter FERDINAND*

*Ferd* The alarm ! give me a fresh horse,  
Rally the vaunt guard, or the day is lost.  
Yield, yield ! I give you the honour of arms,  
Shake my sword over you, will you yield ?

*Card* Help me, I am your brother !

*Ferd* Tho devil !

My brother fight upon the adverse party !

[He wounds the Cardinal, and, in the scuffle,  
gives BOSOLA his death wound

Thou'st flies your ransom

*Card* O justice !

I suffer now for what hath former bin  
Sorrow is held the eldest child of sin \*

*Ferd* Now you're brave fellows. Caesar's for-  
tune was harder than Pompey's, Caesar died in  
the arms of prosperity, Pompey at the feet of  
disgrace You both died in the field. The pains  
nothing pain many times is taken away with the  
apprehension of greater, as the tooth-ache with  
the sight of a barber that comes to pull it out  
there's philosophy for you

*Bos* Now my revenge is perfect.—Sink, thou  
man-creature [Kills FERDINAND

Of my undoing !—The last part of my life  
Hath done me best service

*Ferd* Give me some wet hay, I am broken  
winded

I do account this world but a dog kennel  
I will vault credit and affect high pleasures  
Beyond death †

*Bos* He seems to come to himself,  
Now he's so near the bottom

*Ferd* My sister, O my sister ! there's the cause  
on't

Whether we fall by ambition, blood, or lust,  
Like diamonds, we are cut with our own dust.

[Dies

*Card* Thou hast thy payment too

*Bos* Yes, I hold my weary soul in my teeth,  
'Tis ready to part from me I do glory  
That thou, which stood'st like a huge pyramid  
Begun upon a huge and ample base,  
Shalt end in a little point, a kind of nothing.

*Enter, below,* PESCARA, MATATESTI, RODERIGO, and  
GRISOLAN

*Pes* How now, my lord !

*Mal* O sad disaster !

*Rod* How comes this ?

\* I suffer now, &c.] See note \*, p. 44

† Beyond death.] Found only in the 4to of 1623

*Bos* Revenge for the Duchess of Malfi murder'd  
By the Arragonian brethren, for Antonio  
Slain by this \* hand, for lustful Julia  
Poison'd by this man, and lastly for myself,  
That was an actor in the main of all  
Much 'gainst mine own good nature, yet i'the end  
Neglected

*Pes* How now, my lord !

*Card* Look to my brother  
He gave us these large wounds, as we were  
struggling

Here i'the rushes † And now, I pray, let me  
Be lud by and never thought of [Dies

*Pes* How fatally, it seems, he did withstand  
His own rescue !

*Mal* Thou wretched thing of blood, ‡  
How came Antonio by his death ?

*Bos* In a mist, I know not how  
Such a mistake as I have often seen  
In a play O, I am gone !  
We are only like dead walls or vaulted graves,  
That, run'd, yield no echo Fair you well  
It may be pain, but no harm, to me to die

\* *thus*] The three earliest texts "his"

† *the rushes*] See note †, p. 21

‡ *thing of blood*] Shakespeare has

"from face to foot

"He was a thing of blood"

*Coriolanus*, Act II Sc 2.

In so good a quarrel O, this gloomy world !  
In what a shadow, or deep pit of darkness,  
Doth womanish and fearful mankind live !  
Let worthy minds ne'er stagger in distrust  
To suffer death or shame for what is just  
Mine is another voyage [Dies

*Pes* The noble Delio, as I came to the palace,  
Told me of Antonio's being here, and show'd me  
A pretty gentleman, his son and heir

*Enter DELIO, and ANTONIO'S SON*

*Mal* O sir, you come too late !

*Delio* I heard so, and  
Was arm'd for t, ere I came Let us make noble  
use

Of this great ruin, and join all our force  
To establish this young hopeful gentleman  
In a mother's right These wretched eminent  
things

Leave no more fame behind em, than should one  
Fall in a frost, and leave his print in snow,  
As soon as the sun shines, it ever melts,  
Both form and matter I have ever thought  
Nature doth nothing so great for great men  
As when she's pleas'd to make them lords of truth  
Integrity of life is fame's best friend,  
Which nobly, beyond death, shall crown the end

[Exeunt



**THE DEVIL'S LAW-CASE.**



*The Devils Law case Or, When Women goe to Law the Devil is full of Business A new Tragicomedy The true and perfect Copie from the Originall As it was approovedly well Acted by her Majesties Servants Written by John Webster Non quoniam deus, sed quoniam bar London, Printed by A. M. for John Garsmand, and are to be sold at his Shop in Pauls Alley at the Signe of the crown 1625 4to*

That this play must have been written but a short time before it was given to the press is evident from the following allusion in it to the massacre of the English by the Dutch at Amboyna, which took place in February 1622,

"How ' go to the East Indies, and so many Hollanders gone to fetch sauce for their pickled herrings ' some have been peppered there too lately Act IV Sc 2

Whence the author derived the story of *The Devil's Law Case* I know not The following observations by Langbaine are hardly worth quoting "An accident like that of Romeo's stabbing Contarino out of malice, which turned to his preservation is (if I mistake not) in Skelcius his *Observations* At least I am sure, the like happened to Phaulcon Jason, as you may see in Q. Val Maximus, lib 1 cap 8 The like story is related in Goulart's *Historia Admirablis*, tome 1 p 178 " *Account of the Eng Dram Poets, &c*

TO THE RIGHT WORTHY AND ALL ACCOMPLISHED GENTLEMAN, SIR THOMAS FINCH,  
KNIGHT BARONET \*

SIR,

Let it not appear strange, that I do aspire to your patronage. Things that taste of any goodness love to be sheltered near goodness: nor do I flatter in this, which I hint, only touch at the original copy of your virtues. Some of my other works, as *The White Devil*, *The Duchess of Malfi*, *Guise*, † and others, you have formerly seen. I present this humbly to kiss your hands, and to find your allowance: nor do I much doubt it, knowing the greatest of the Critics have cheerfully entertained less poems than this, and had I thought it unworthy, I had not inquired after so worthy a patronage. Yourself I understand to be all courtesy. I doubt not therefore of your acceptance, but resolve that my election is happy, for which favour done me, I shall ever rest

Your worship's humbly devoted,

JONAS WINTER

TO THE JUDICIOUS READER

I hold it in these kind of poems with that of Horace, *Sapientia prima stultitiam curat*, ‡ to be free from those vices which proceed from ignorance, of which, I take it, this play will ingeniously acquit itself. I do chiefly therefore expose it to the judicious. *locus est et pluribus umbris*, § others have leave to sit down and read it, who come unbidden. But to these, should I in my present them with the most excellent music, it would delight them no more than *auriculas catharas collecta sordidolentes* ||. I will not further insist upon the approbation of it, for I am so far from praising myself, that I have not given way to divers of my friends, whose unbegged commendatory verses offered themselves to do me service in the front of this poem. A great part of the grief of this, I confess, lay in action, yet can no action ever be graceful, where the decency of the language, and ingenious structure of the scene, arrive not to make up a perfect harmony. What I have failed of this, you that have approved my other works, (when you have read this,) tax me of. For the rest, *Non ego ventosæ pluvie suffragia venor* ¶.

\* Sir Thomas Finch, Knight Baronet] Was the second son of Sir Moryc Finch. His mother having been created Countess of Winchelsea, he, on her decease in 1643, succeeded to her honours as first Earl of Winchelsea. He married Cecile, daughter of Sir John Wentworth, Bart., and died in 1659. In the later editions of Collins's *Pierius* his death is fixed in 1631, but see Hasted's *Hist. of Kent* vol. iii. p. 199, and the Corrigenda to it, p. 48.

† *Guise*] A lost play. See the Introductory Essay to this work.

‡ *Sapientia prima, &c.*] *Epist.* 1. 1.

§ *locus est, &c.*] Horace, *Epist.* 1. 5.

|| *auriculas catharas, &c.*] Horace, *Epist.* 1. 2.

¶ *Non ego, &c.*] Horace, *Epist.* 1. 19.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

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ROMFLO, a merchant son of LEONORA  
CONTARINO a nobleman  
I NCOTE, a knight of Malta  
CRISTIANO a Spanish lawyer  
JULIO, his son  
ARIOSO an advocate  
ANTONIO a lawyer  
SANTONFITA  
PROSPERO  
BAPTISTA  
A Capuchin  
Two Surgeons  
Judges, Lawyers, Bellmen, Register, Marshal, Herald, and Servants.

LEONORA  
JOSEFA her daughter  
ANGELICA, a nun  
WINIFRED

# THE DEVIL'S LAW-CASE.

## ACT I

### SCENE I \*

*Enter ROMELIO and PROSPERO*

*Pros* You have shown a world of wealth I did not think

There had been a merchant liv'd in Italy  
Of half your substance

*Rom* I'll give the King of Spain  
Ten thousand ducats yearly, and discharge  
My yearly custom The Hollanders scarce trade  
More generally than I my factors' wives  
Wear chaperons of velvet, and my scivvners,  
Merely through my employment, grow so rich  
They build their palaces and belvederes  
With musical water-works Never in my life  
Had I loss at sea they call me on the Exchange  
The Fortunate Young Man, and make great suit  
To venture with me Shall I tell you, sir,  
Of a strange confidence in my way of trading?  
I reckon it as certain as the gain  
In erecting a lottery.

*Pros* I pray, sir, what do you think  
Of Signior Baptista's estate?

*Rom* A mere beggar  
He's worth some fifty thousand ducats

*Pros* Is not that well?

*Rom* How, well! for a man to be melted to  
snow water

With toiling in the world from three-and twenty  
Till three score, for poor fifty thousand ducats!

*Pros* To your estate 'tis little, I confess  
You have the spring tide of gold

*Rom* Faith, and for silver,

Should I not send it packing to the East Indies,  
We should have a glut on't

*Enter Servant*

*Serv* Here's the great lord Contarino

*Pros* O, I know

His business, he's a suitor to your sister

*Rom* Yes, sir but to you,  
As my most trusted friend, I utter it,—  
I will break the alliance

*Pros* You are ill advis'd, then  
There lives not a complete gentleman  
In Italy, nor of a more ancient house

*Rom* What tell you me of gentry? 'tis naught  
else

But a superstitious relic of time past  
And sift it to the true worth, it is nothing  
But ancient riches, and in him, you know,  
They are pitifully in the wane He makes his  
colour

Of visiting us so often, to sell land,  
And thinks, if he can gain my sister's love,  
To recover the treble value

*Pros* Sure, he loves her  
Entirely, and she deserves it

*Rom* Faith, though she were  
Crook'd shouldered, having such a portion,  
She would have noble suitors but truth is,  
I would wish my noble venturer take heed,  
It may be, while he hopes to catch a gilt-head,  
He may draw up a gudgeon

*Enter CONTARINO*

*Pros* He's come Sir, I will leave you

[*Re-enter PROSPERO and Servant*]

*Con* I sent you the evidence of the piece of  
land

\* Scene I ] Naples A room in the house of Leonora  
(I had originally marked this scene "in the house of  
Romelio" but compare act II sc 3, where Leonora says,  
"Why do they ring  
Before my gate thus?")

I motion'd to you for the sale

*Rom* Yes

*Con* Has your counsel pens'd it?

*Rom* Not yet, my lord Do you intend to travel?

*Con* No

*Rom* O, then you lose

That which makes man most absolute

*Con* Yet I have heard

Of divers that, in passing of the Alps,

Have but exchang'd their virtues at dear rate

For other vices

*Rom* O, my lord, he not idle

The chiefest action for a man of great spirit

Is, never to be out of action \* We should think

The soul was never put into the body,

Which has so many rare and curious pieces

Of mathematical motion to stand still

Virtue is ever sowing of her seeds,

In the trenches for the soldier, in the wakeful study

For the scholar, in the furrows of the sea

For men of our profession, of all which

Arise and spring up honour Come, I know

You have some noble great design in hand,

That you levy so much money

*Con* Sir, I'll tell you

The greatest part of it I mean to employ

In payment of my debts, and the remainder

Is like to bring me into greater bonds,

As I aim it

*Rom* How, sir?

*Con* I intend it

For the charge of my wedding

*Rom* Are you to be married, my lord?

*Con* Yes, sir, and I must now entreat your pardon,

That I have conceal'd from you a business

Wherein you had at first been call'd to counsel,

But that I thought it a less fault in friendship,

To engagemyself thus far without your knowledge,

Than to do it against your will another reason

Was, that I would not publish to the world,

Nor have it whisper'd scarce, what wealthy voyage

I went about, till I had got the mine

In mine own possession

*Rom* You are dark to me yet

\* The chiefest action for a man of great spirit  
Is, never to be out of action] Mr Collier (*Preface to Coleridge's Seven Lectures*, &c p xcvi) maintains that here the right reading is "The chiefest axiom" &c,—which I think very doubtful, considering how our old dramatists (even Shakespeare himself) affect the repetition of words

*Con* I'll now remove the cloud Sir, your sister and I

Are vow'd each other's, and there only wants

Her worthy mother's and your fair consents

To style it marriage this is a way,

Not only to make a friendship, but confirm it

For our posterities How do you look upon't?

*Rom* Believe me, sir, as on the principal column

To advance our house why, you bring honour with you,

Which is the soul of wealth I shall be proud

To live to see my little nephews ride

O the upper hand of their uncles, and the daughters

Be rank'd by heralds at solemnities

Before the mother, all this deriv'd

From your nobility Do not blame me, sir,

If I be taken with't exceedingly,

For this same honour, with us citizens,

Is a thing we are mainly fond of, especially

When it comes without money, which is very seldom

But as you do perceive my present temper,

Be sure I am yours,—[*aside*] br'd with scorn and laughter

At your over confident purpose,—and, no doubt,

My mother will be of your mind

*Con* 'Tis my hope, sir [*Exit ROMELIO*]

I do observe how this Romelio

Has very worthy parts, were they not blasted

By insolent vain glory There rests now

The mother's approbation to the match,

Who is a woman of that state and bearing,

Though she be city born, both in her language

Her garments, and her table, she excels

Our ladies of the court she goes not gaudy,

Yet have I seen her wear one diamond

Would have bought twenty gay ones out of their clothes,

And some of them, without the greater grace,

Out of their hopesies. She comes I will try

How she stands affected to me, without relating

My contract with her daughter

*Enter LEONORA*

*Leon* Sir, you are nobly welcome, and presume  
You are in a place that's wholly dedicated

To your service

*Con* I am ever bound to you

For many special favours.

*Leon* Sir, your fame renders you

Most worthy of it

*Con* It could never have got

A sweeter air to fly in than your breath.\*

*Leon* You have been strange a long time, you are weary  
Of our unseasonable time of feeding  
Indeed, the Exchange bell makes us dine so late,  
I think the ladies of the court from us  
Learn to lie so long a bed

*Con* They have a kind of Exchange among them too

Marry, unless it be to hear of nows, I take it,  
Then's is, like the New Bourse,† thinly furnish'd  
With tires and now fashions. I have a suit to you.

*Leon* I would not have you value it the less,  
If I say, 'tis granted already

*Con* You are all bounty  
'Tis to bestow your picture on me

*Leon* O, sir,  
Shadows are coveted in summer, and with me  
'Tis full o' the leaf

*Con* You enjoy the best of time  
This latter spring of yours shows in my eye  
More fruitful, and more temperate withal,  
Than that whose date is only limited  
By the music of the cuckoo

*Leon* Indeed, sir, I dare tell you,  
My looking glass is a true one, and as yet  
It does not terrify me. Must you have my picture?

*Con* So please you, lady, and I shall preserve it  
As a most choicè object

*Leon* You will enjoin me to a strange punishment

With what a compell'd face a woman sits  
While she is drawing! I have noted divers,  
Either to feign smiles, or suck in the lips  
'To have a little mouth, ruffle the cheeks  
To have the dimple seen, and so disorder  
The face with affectation, at next sitting  
It has not been the same. I have known others  
Have lost the entire fashion of their face  
In half an hour's sitting.

*Con* How?

\* It could never have got

A sweeter air to fly in than your breath! See again our author in his *Monumental Column*, &c.

† Never found printers since they convers'd with death,  
A sweeter air to fly in than his breath.

And so too Massinger.

"My own prunes fly in"

In such pure air as your sweet breath, fair lady,  
Cannot but please me"

The Picture, act v. sc. last  
† the New Bourse] i. e. the New Exchange in the Strand, where were shops in which female finery and trinkets of every description were sold. Our old dramatists do not scruple to attribute to a foreign country the peculiarities of their own

*Leon*. In hot weather

The painting on their face has been so mellow,  
They have left the poor man harder work by half,  
To mend the copy he wrought by. But, indeed,  
If ever I would have mine drawn to the life,  
I would have a painter steal it at such a time  
I were devoutly kneeling at my prayers  
There is then a heavenly beauty in't, the soul  
Moves in the superficies

*Con* Excellent lady,  
Now you teach beauty a preservative  
More than 'gainst fading colours, and your  
judgment

Is perfect in all things

*Leon* Indeed, sir, I am a widow,  
And want the addition to make it so,  
For man's experience has still been held  
Woman's best eyecatch. I pray, sir, tell me —  
You are about to sell a piece of land

To my son, I hear

*Con* 'Tis truth

*Leon* Now I could rather wish  
That noblemen would ever live in the country,  
Rather than make their visits up to the city  
About such business. O, sir, noble houses  
Have no such goodly prospects any way  
As into their own land the decay of that,  
Next to their begging church land, is a ruin  
Worth all men's pity. Sir, I have forty thousand  
crouns

Sleep in my chest shall waken when you please,  
And fly to your command. Will you stay  
supper?

*Con* I cannot, worthy lady

*Leon* I would not have you come hither, sir,  
to sell,

But to settle your estate. I hope you understand  
Wherefore I make this proffer. So, I leave you

*Con* [Exit] [Ou] what a treasury have I perch'd! "I  
hope

You understand wherefore I make this proffer!"  
She has got some intelligence how I intend to  
marry

Her daughter, and ingenuously\* perceiv'd  
That by her picture, which I begg'd of her,  
I meant the fair Jolenta. Here's a letter  
Which gives express charge not to visit her  
Till midnight

[Reads]

"Fail not to come, for 'tis a business that concerns  
both our honours

Yours, in danger to be lost, Jolenta'

\* ingenuously] See note 1, p. 26

'Tis a strange injunction what should be the business?

She is not chang'd, I hope I'll thither straight,  
For women's resolutions in such deeds,  
Like bees, light oft on flowers, and oft on weeds

[Exit]

SCENE II \*

*Enter LINCOLN, ROMFIO, and JOLENTA*

*Rom* O, sister, come, the tailor must to work,  
To make your wedding clothes—

*Jol* The tomb maker,  
To take measure of my coffin

*Rom* Tomb maker!  
Look you, the King of Spain greets you

*Jol* What does this mean?  
Do you serve process on me?

*Rom* Process! come,  
You would be witty now

*Jol* Why, what's this, I pray?  
*Rom* Infinite grace to you—it is a letter  
From his catholic majesty for the commend  
Of this gentleman for your husband.

*Jol* In good season  
I hope he will not have my allegiance stretch'd  
To the undoing of myself

*Rom* Undo yourself! he does proclaim him  
here—

*Jol* Not for a traitor, does he?  
*Rom* You are not mad—

For one of the noblest gentlemen  
*Jol* Yet knigs many times  
Know merely but men's out sides Was this  
commendation

Voluntary, thank you?  
*Rom* Voluntary! what mean you by that?

*Jol* Why, I do not think but he begg'd it of  
the king,  
And it may fortune to be out of's way  
Some better suit, that would have stood his lord  
ship

In far more stead Letters of commendations!  
Why, 'tis reported that they are grown stale  
When places fall i the University

I pray you, return his pass, for to a widow  
That longs to be a courtier this paper  
May do knight's service

*Eico* Mistake not, excellent mistress these  
commends

Express, his majesty of Spain has given me  
Both addition of honour, as you may perceive

\* Scene II ] Another room in the same

By my habit, and a place here to command  
O'er thirty gulleys this your brother shows,  
As wishing that you would be partner  
In my good fortune

*Rom* I pray, come hither  
Have I any interest in you?

*Jol* You are my brother

*Rom* I would have you, then, use me with that  
respect

You may still keep me so, and to be sway'd  
In this main business of life, which wants  
Greatest consideration, your marriage,  
By my direction here's a gentleman—

*Jol* Sir, I have often told you,  
I am so little my own to dispose that way,  
That I can never be his

*Rom* Come, too much light  
Makes you moon ey'd are you in love with  
title?

I will have a herald, who's continual practice  
Is all in pedigree, come a wooing to you,  
Or an antiquary in old buskins

*Eico* Sir, you have done me  
The kindest wrong that e'er was offer'd to  
A gentleman of my breeding

*Rom* Why, sir?

*Eico* You have led me  
With a vain confidence that I should marry  
Your sister, have proclaim'd it to my friends,  
Employ'd the greatest lawyers of our state  
To settle her a jointure, and the issue  
Is, that I must become ridiculous  
Both to my friends and enemies I will leave you,  
Till I call to you for a strict account  
Of your unmanly dealing

*Rom* Stay, my lord—  
Do you long to have my throat cut?—Good my  
lord,

Stay but a little, till I have remov'd  
This count must from her eyes, till I wake her  
From this dull sleep, wherein she'll dream herself  
To a deformed beggar—You would marry  
The great lord Contarino—

*Enter LEONORA*

*Leon* Contarino  
Were you talking of? he lost last night at dice  
Five thousand ducats, and when that was gone,  
Set at once throw a lordship that twice trebled  
The former loss

*Rom* And that flew after

*Leon* And most cunningly  
Carried the gentleman in his caroeche

To a lawyer's chamber, there most legally  
To put him in possession was this wisdom?

*Rom* O, yes, their credit in the way of gaming  
Is the main thing they stand on, that must be paid,  
Though the brower bawl for's money and this  
lord

Does she prefer, i'the way of marriage,  
Before our choice here, noble Ercole

*Leon* You'll be advis'd, I hope Know for  
your sakes

I married, that I might have children,  
And for your sakes, if you'll be rul'd by me,  
I will never marry again Here's a gentleman  
Is noble, rich, well statur'd, but 'bove all,  
He loves you entirely his intents are aim'd  
For an expedition 'gainst the Turk,  
Which makes the contract cannot be delay'd

*Jol* Contract! you must do this without my  
knowledge!

Give me some potion to make me mad,  
And happily not knowing what I speak,  
I may then consent to t

*Rom* Come, you are mad already,  
And I shall never hear you speak good sense  
Till you name him for husband

*Erco* Lady, I will do

A manly office for you, I will leave you  
To the freedom of your own soul may it move  
whither

Heaven and you please!

*Jol* Now you express yourself  
Most nobly

*Rom* Stay, sir, what do you mean to do?

*Leon* Hail me [*kneels*] if thou dost marry  
Contarino,

All the misfortune that did ever dwell  
In a parent's curse light on thee!

*Erco* O, noble lady certainly heaven never  
Intended kneeling to this fearful purpose

*Jol* Your imprecation has undone me for ever!

*Erco* Give me your hand

*Jol* No, sir

*Rom* Give't me, then

O, what rare workmanship have I seen this  
To finish with your needle! what excellent music  
Have these struck upon the viol! Now I'll teach  
A piece of art

*Jol* Rather, a damnable cunning,  
To have me go about to give't away  
Without consent of my soul

*Rom* Kiss her, my lord

If crying had been regarded, maidenheads  
Had ne'er been lost, at least some appearance  
Of crying, as an April shower i'the sunshine

*Leon* She is yours

*Rom* Nay, continue your station, and deal you  
In dumb show kiss this doggedness out of her

*Leon* To be contracted in tears is but fashion-  
able

*Rom* Yet suppose that they were hearty,—

*Leon* Virgins must seem unwilling

*Rom* O, what else?

And you remember, we observe the like  
In greater ceremonies than these contracts,  
At the consecration of prelates they use ever  
Twice to say nay, and take it

*Jol* O brother!

*Rom* Keep your possession, you have the door  
by the ring,

That's livery and service in England \* but, my lord,  
Kiss that tear from her lip, you'll find the rose  
The sweeter for the dew

*Jol* Bitter as gall

*Rom* Ay, ay, all you women,  
Although you be of never so low stature,  
Have gall in you most abundant, it exceeds  
Your brains by two ounces I was saying some  
what —

O, do but observe i'the city, and you'll find  
The thickest baguns that were ever made,  
What a deal of wangling ere they could be  
brought

To an upshot!

*Leon* Great persons do not ever come together—

*Rom* With revelling faces, nor is it necessary  
They should the strangeness and unwillingness  
Wears the greater state, and gives occasion that  
The people may buzz and talk of't, though the  
bells

Be tongue tied at the wedding

*Leon* And truly I have heard say,  
To be a little strange to one another  
Will keep you longing fresh

*Rom* Ay, and make you beget  
More children when you're married some doctors  
Are of that opinion You see, my lord, we are  
merry

At the contract your sport is to come hereafter  
*Erco* I will leave you, excellent lady, and  
withal

Leave a heart with you so entirely yours,  
That, I protest, had I the least of hope

\* you have the door by the ring

That's livery and service in England] The allusion here  
is to a ceremony used in the common law on conveyance  
of lands, houses &c when the ring or latch of the door  
is delivered to the feoffee livery and seisin are delivery  
and possession



To enjoy you, though I were to wait the time  
That scholars do in taking their degree  
In the noble arts, 'twere nothing howsoever,  
He parts from you that will depart from life  
To do you any service, and so, humbly  
I take my leave

*Jol.* Sir, I will pray for you [*Exit ENCOLE*]

*Rom.* Why, that's well, 'twill make your  
prayer complete,  
To pray for your husband

*Jol.* Husband!

*Leon.* This is

The happiest hour that I ever arriv'd at [*Exit*

*Rom.* Husband! ay, husband come, you  
peevish thing,

Smile me a thank for the pains I have taken

*Jol.* I hate myself for being thus enforced  
You may soon judge, then, what I think of you  
Which are the cause of it

*Enter WINTERED, passing over*

*Rom.* You, lady of the laundry, come hither

*Win.* Sir!

*Rom.* Look,\* as you love your life, you have an  
eye

Upon your mistress I do henceforth bar her  
All visitants I do hear there are bawds abroad  
That bring cut works† and wantoons,‡ and  
convey letters

To such young gentlewomen, and there are others  
That deal in corn cutting and fortune telling  
Let none of these come at her, on your life,  
Nor Deuce ace, the wafer woman, that prints abroad  
With musk melons and malakatoons,§ nor

\* Look as you love your life, you have an eye

[upon your mistress, &c.] Here Webster recollected  
Ben Jonson,

"Be you sure now,  
You have all your eyes about you and let in  
No face woman, nor bawd, that brings French marks  
And cut works see you, nor old cronies with wafers,  
To convey letters nor no youths, disguised  
Like country wives, with cream and marrow puddings  
Much know ye may be vented in a pudding  
Much bawdy intelligence they are shrewd cyphers"

*The Devil is an ass, act II sc 1*

† cut works] See note †, p 6

‡ wantoons] Qy if from "mantone, a great robe or  
mantle"? Florio's Ital. In t ed 1611

§ malakatoons] The malakatoon, malcotton mal-  
cotton, malcotton, or malgatoon, (for so variously do  
old writers spell the word,) was a sort of lute peach  
Gerard in his *Herball*, enumerating different kinds of  
peaches, mentions "the Blacke Peach, the Malcotton  
the White," &c p 1446 ed 1633

"Pine are much after the Figure of a Scotch [Scotch?]  
Thistle, and in my minde taste most like a Peach or  
Malgatoon." Note on a poem (p 10) entitled *A Descrip-  
tion of the Last Voyage to Bermudas, on the Ship Mary  
Gold*, by J H [ardy]. 1671, 4to

The Scotchwoman with the cittern, do you mark,  
Nor a dancer by any means, though he ride on a  
foot cloth,\*

Nor a hackney-coachman, if he can speak French  
*Win.* Why, sir,—

*Rom.* By no means, no more words —

Nor the woman with marrow-bone-puddings I  
have heard

Strange juggling tricks have been convey'd to a  
woman

In a pudding you are apprehensive?

*Win.* O good sir, I have travell'd

*Rom.* When you had a bastard, you travell'd†  
indeed

But, my precious chaperoness,  
I trust thee the better for that, for I have heard,  
There is no wailer keeper of a park,  
To prevent stalkers or your night walkers,  
Than such a man as in his youth has been  
A most notorious deer stealer

*Win.* Very well, sir,

You may use me at your pleasure

*Rom.* By no means, Winifred, that were the way  
To make thee travel again Come, be not angry,  
I do but jest, thou know'st, wit and a woman  
Are two very frail things, and so, I leave you

[*Exit*]

*Win.* I could weep with you, but 'tis no matter,  
I can do that at any time I have now  
A greater mind to rail a little plague of these  
Uns metaphisical matches! they make us loathe  
The most natural desire our grandam Eve ever  
left us

Force one to marry against their will! why, 'tis  
A more ungodly work than enclosing the commons

*Jol.* Prithee, peace

This is indeed an argument so common,  
I cannot think of matter new enough  
To express it bad enough

*Win.* Here's one, I hope,

Will put you out of it

*Enter CONTARINO*

*Con.* How now, sweet mistress!

You have made sorrow look lovely of late,

You have wept

*Win.* She has done nothing else these three  
days had you stood behind the arras, to have  
heard her shed so much salt water as I have  
done, you would have thought she had been  
turned fountain

\* foot cloth] See note \*, p 7

† travell'd] Here, in the first edition of this collection,  
I printed "travell'd" but the pun is plain enough with  
the old spelling

Con. I would fain know the cause can be worthy

This thy sorrow

Jol [to WIN] Reach me the *casquet*\*—I am studying, su,

To take an inventory of all that's mine

Con What to do with it, lady?

Jol To make you a deed of gift

Con That's done already, you are all mine

Win Yes, but the devil would fain put in for's share,

In likeness of a separation

Jol O, su, I am bewitch'd

Con Ha!

Jol Most certain, I am forespoken†

To be married to another can you ever think

That I shall ever thrive with? am I not, then, bewitch'd?

All comfort I can teach myself is this,—

There is a time left for me to die nobly,

When I cannot live so

Con Give me, in a word, to whom, or by whose means,

Are you thus torn from me?

Jol By Lord Lucio, my mother, and my brother

Con I'll make his bravery‡ fitter for a grave

Than for a wedding

Jol So you will beget

A far more dangerous and strange disease

Out of the cure you must love him again

For my sake, for the noble Ercole

Had such a true compassion of my sorrow,—

Hark in your ear, I'll show you his right worthy

Demeanour to me

Win O you pretty ones!

I have seen this lord many a time and oft

Set her in's lap, and talk to her of love

So feelingly, I do protest it has made me

Run out of myself to think on't.

\* *casquet*] A word not found in dictionaries I meet with it in a formidable list of articles necessary for a lady's toilette in *Lingua* 'such stirre with Sticks and Combes, *casquets*, Dressings, Purles Falles, Squares Buskes, Bodies, Scarfes, Neck laces, Carcanets, &c' [Sig I 2, ed. 1607]

† *forespoken*] Used here with a quibble,—one of its meanings being 'bewitched'

‡ *my*] The old copy "by"

§ *bravery*] i.e. finery.

O sweet breath'd monkeys,\* how they grow together!

Well, 'tis my opinion,

He was no woman's friend that did invent

A punishment for kissing

Con If he bear himself so nobly,

The manliest office I can do for him

Is to afford him my pity, since he's like

To fall of so dear a purchase for your mother,

Your goodness quits her ill for your brother,

He that vows friendship to a man, and proves

A traitor, deserves rather to be hang'd

Than he that counterfeits money, yet for your sake

I must sign his pardon too Why do you tremble?

Be safe, you are now free from him

Jol O, but, sir,

The intermission from a fit of an ague

Is grievous, for, indeed, it doth prepare us

To entertain torment next morning

Con Why, he's gone to sea

Jol But he may return too soon

Con To avoid which, we will instantly be married

Win To avoid which, get you instantly to bed together,

Do, and I think no civil lawyer for his fee

Can give you better counsel

Jol Fie upon thee! prithee, leave us

Con Be of comfort, sweet mistress

Jol On one condition, we may have no quarrel About this

Con Upon my life, none

Jol None, upon your honour!

Con With whom? with Ercole?†

You have delivered him guiltless

With your brother? he's part of yourself

With your complimentary mother?

I use not fight with women

To-morrow we'll be married

Let those that would oppose this union

Grow ne'er so subtle, and entangle themselves

In their own work like spiders, while we two

Haste to our noble wishes, and presume

The hindrance of it will breed more delight,

As black copartments show‡ gold more bright

[Exeunt]

\* *monkeys*] The old copy "monkey"

† *With whom? with Ercole? &c*] I let the first six lines of this speech stand as they do in the old copy—they seem to defy any tolerable metrical arrangement.

‡ *copartments show*] The old copy "copartments shewes"

## ACT II

## SCENE I \*

*Enter CRISPIANO and SANITONEI A**Cris* Am I well habited?*San* Exceeding well, any man would take you for a merchant. But, pray, sir, resolve me, what should be the reason that you, being one of the most eminent civil lawyers in Spain, and but newly arrived from the East Indies, should take this habit of a merchant upon you?*Cris* Why, my son lives here in Naples, and in's not doth far exceed the exhibition† I allowed him.*San* So, then, and in this disguise you mean to trace him?*Cris* Partly for that, but there is other business of greater consequence.*San* Futh, for his expense, 'tis nothing to your estate: what, to Don Crispiano, the famous corie gidor of Seville, who by his mere practice of the law, in less time than half a jubilee, hath gotten thirty thousand ducats a-year?*Cris* Well, I will give him line, let him run on in's course of spending.*San* Freely?*Cris* Freely.*For* I protest, if that I could conceive My son would take more pleasure or content, By any course of riot, in the expense, Than I took joy, nay, soul's felicity, In the getting of it, should all the wealth I have Waste to as small an atomy as flies. I the sun, I do protest on that condition It should not move me.*San* How's this? Cannot he take more pleasure in spending it riotously than you have done by scraping it together? O, ten thousand times more! and I make no question, five hundred young gallants will be of my opinion. Why, all the time of your collectionship Has been a perpetual calendar: begin first With your melancholy study of the law. Before you came ‡ to finger the ruddocks, after that,The tiring importunity of clients,  
To rise so early, and sit up so late,You made yourself half ready in a dream,\*  
And never pray'd but in your sleep. Can I think That you have half your lungs left with crying out For judgments and days of trial? Remember, sir, How often have I borne you on my shoulder, Among a shoal or swarm of reeking night-caps,† When that your worship has bopiss'd yourself, Either with vehemency of argument, Or being out from the matter: I am merry.*Cris* Be so.*San* You could eat like a gentleman, at leisure, But swallow [d] it like flip dragons,‡ as if you had liv'd

With chewing the cud after.

*Cris* No pleasure in the world was comparable to it.*San* Possible?*Cris* He shall never taste the like, Unless he study law.*San* What, not in wenching, sir?  
Tis a court-game, believe it, as familiar As gleeck § or any other.*Cris* Wenching! O, fie! the disease follows it. Beside, can the fingering taffetas or lawns Or a painted hand or a breast, be like the pleasure In taking clients' fees, and piling them In several goodly rows before my desk? And according to the bigness of each heap, Which I took by a leer (for lawyers do not kill them),

I wail'd || my cap, and withal gave great hope. The cause should go on their sides.

*San* What think you, then, Of a good cry of hounds? it has been known Dogs have hunted lordships to a fault.

\* You made yourself half ready in a dream] To make oneself ready is the old expression for dressing oneself. All night caps] See note † p. 60.

† Flip dragons] Husins, plums, can't ends &amp;c made to float in a dish of ardent spirits from which when set on fire, they were to be snatched by the mouth and swallowed. The voracious youths of olden time delighted in drinking off flip dragons to the health of their mistresses. This nasty sport, still common in Holland, I have seen practised in our own country by boys during Christmas holidays.

§ gleeck] A fashionable game at cards in our author's time. Full instructions how to play at "this noble and delightful Game or Recreation" may be found in *The Compleat Gamester*, p. 67, et seq. ed. 1709.

|| wail'd] I c. lowered.

\* Scene I.] An apartment in some house of public resort,—on the Quay or on the Exchange, perhaps.

† exhibition] i. e. pension, allowance.

‡ came] The old copy "come."

*Cris* Cry of curs!

The noise of clients at my chamber door  
Was sweeter music far, in my conceit,  
Than all the hunting in Europe

*San* Pray, stay, sir

Say he should spend it in good house keeping

*Cris* Ay, marry, sir, to have him keep a good house,

And not sell't away, I'd find no fault with that  
But his kitchen I'd have no bigger than a saw pit,  
For the smallness of a kitchen, without question,  
Makes many noblemen in France and Spain  
Build the rest of the house the bigger.

*San* Yes, mock beggars

*Cris* Some sevenscore chimneys,

But half of them have no tunnels.

*San* A pox upon them, kickshaws, that beget  
Such monsters without fundaments!

*Cris* Come, come, leave citing other vanities,  
For neither wine, nor lust, nor riotous feasts,  
Rich clothes, nor all the pleasure that the devil  
Has ever practis'd with to raise a man  
To a devil's likeness, e'er brought him that  
pleasure

I took in getting my wealth so I conclude,  
If he can outvie me, let it fly to the devil —  
Yon's my son what company keeps he?

*Enter ROMBERG, JULIO, ARIOSTO, and BARBERA*

*San* The gentleman he talks with is Rombergo,  
The merchant

*Cris* I never saw him till now

'A has a brave sprightly look I knew his father,  
And sojourn'd in his house two years together  
Before this young man's birth I have news to  
tell him

Of certain losses happen'd him at sea,  
That will not please him

*San* What's\* that dapper fellow  
In the long stocking? I do think 'twas he  
Came to your lodging this morning

*Cris* 'Tis the same

There he stands but a little piece of flesh,  
But he is the very miracle of a lawyer,  
One that persuades men to peace, and compounds  
quarrels

Among his neighbours, without going to law

*San* And is he a lawyer?

*Cris* Yes, and will give counsel

In honest causes gratis, never in his life  
Took fee but he came and spoke for't, is a man  
Of extreme practice, and yet all his longing  
Is to become a judge

\* If hat's] The old copy 'What'

*San*. Indeed, that's a rare longing with men of  
his profession I think he'll prove the miracle of  
a lawyer indeed

*Rom* Here's the man brought word your father  
died i'the Indies

*Jul* He died in perfect memory, I hope,  
And made me his heir

*Cris* Yes, sir

*Jul* He's gone the right way, then, without  
question Friend, in time of mourning we must  
not use any action that is but necessary to the  
making men merry I do therefore give you  
nothing for your good tidings

*Cris* Nor do I look for it, sir

*Jul* Honest fellow, give me thy hand I do  
not think but thou hast carried new year's gifts  
to the court in thy days, and learn'd'st there to  
be so free of thy pains-taking

*Rom* Here's an old gentleman says he was  
chamber fellow to your father, when they studied  
the law together at Barcelona

*Jul* Do you know him?

*Rom* Not I, he's newly come to Naples

*Jul* And what's his business?

*Rom* 'A says he's come to read you good counsel

*Cris* [aside to ARI] To him, rate him soundly

*Jul* And what's your counsel?

*ARI* Why, I would have you leave  
Yon whoring

*Jul* He comes hotly upon me it first —  
Whoring!

*ARI* O young quat,\* incontinence is plagu'd  
In all the creatures of the world!

*Jul* When and you ever hear that a cock-  
sparrow

Had the French pox?

*ARI* When did you ever know any of them fit  
but in the nest? ask all your cantharide mongers  
that question remember yourself, sir

*Jul* A very fine naturalist! a physician, I take  
you, by your round glop,† for 'tis just of the  
bigness, and no more, of the case for a mind  
'tis concluded you are a physician What do  
you mean, sir? you'll take cold

*ARI* 'Tis concluded you are a fool a precious  
one you are a mere stick of sugn candy,‡ a  
man may look quite thorough you

*Jul* You are a very bold gamester

\* O young quat] Quat means originally a puppet —  
Compare Shakespeare,

'I have rubb'd this young quat almost to the sense'  
*Othello*, Act V Sc I.

† Glop] i.e. broaches (properly, large wide ones)

‡ you are a mere stick of sugn candy &c.] See note\*,

*Ar.* I can play at chess, and know how to handle a rook

*Jul.* Pray, preserve your velvet from the dust  
*Ar.* Keep your hat upon the block, sir, 'twill continue fashion the longer

*Jul.* I was never so abus'd with the hat in the hand

In my life

*Ar.* I will put on. Why, look you, Those lands that were the client's are now become The lawyer's, and those tenements that were The country gentleman's are now grown To be his tailor's

*Jul.* Tailor's!

*Ar.* Yes, tailors in France, they grow to great abominable purchase,\* and become great officers—How many ducats think you he has spent within a twelvemonth, besides his father's allowance?

*Jul.* Besides my father's allowance! Why, gentleman, do you think an auditor begat me? Would you have me make even at year's end?

*Rom.* A hundred ducats a month in breaking Venice glasses

*Ar.* He learnt that of an English drunkard, and a knight too, as I take it—This comes of your numerous wardrobe

*Rom.* Ay, and weaving cut work,† a pound a pur!

*Ar.* Your dainty embroidered stockings, with overblown roses,‡ to hide your gouty ankles

*Rom.* And weaving more taffeta for a garter than would serve the galley dung boat for streamers

*Ar.* Your switching up at the horse race, with the illustrations

*Rom.* And studying a puzzling arithmetic at the cock pit

*Ar.* Shaking your elbow at the table board §

*Rom.* And resorting to your whore in hired velvet, with a spangled copper fringe at her Netherlands

*Ar.* Whereas, if you had stayed at Padua, and fed upon cow trotters and fresh beef to supper,—

*Jul.* How I am baited!

*Ar.* Nay, be not you so forward with him neither, for 'tis thought you'll prove a main part of his undoing

\* purchase] See note †, p. 74

† cut-work] See note †, p. 6

‡ roses] See note \*, p. 41

§ table-board] The old copy "Taule-board"—Tables (Lat. *Tabularum lusus*, Fr. *Tables*), is the old name for backgammon but other games were played with the same board. On the back of the title-page of the old play of *Arden of Feversham*, ed. 1633, is a representation of a table board.

*Jul.* I think this fellow is a witch

*Rom.* Who I, sir?

*Ar.* You have certain rich city chuffs, that when they have no acres of their own, they will go and plough up fools, and turn them into excellent meadow, besides some enclosures for the first cherries in the spring, and apricocks, to please a friend at court with. You have potheecaries deal in selling commodities\* to young gallants, will put four or five coxcombs into a sieve, and so dump with them upon their counter they'll senice them through like Guinea pepper they cannot endure to find a man like a pair of tenners, they would undo him in a trice

*Rom.* May be there are such

*Ar.* O, terrible exactors, fellows with six hands and three heads!

*Jul.* Ay, those are hell hounds

*Ar.* Take heed of them, they'll rent thee like tentehooks. Haik in your ear, there is intelligence upon you—the report goes, there has been gold conveyed beyond the sea in hollow anchors. Farewell, you shall know me better, I will do thee more good than thou art aware of. [Exit]

*Jul.* He's a mad fellow

*San.* He would have made an excellent barber, he does so curry it with his tongue. [Exit]

*Cris.* Sir, I was directed to you

*Rom.* From whence?

*Cris.* From the East Indies

*Rom.* You are very welcome

*Cris.* Please you walk apart, I shall acquaint you with particulars Touching your trading to the East Indies

*Rom.* Willingly pray, walk, sir

[Re-enter CRISPINO and ROMILIO

Enter ERCOLE

*Erc.* O my right worthy friends, you have stay'd me long One health, and then aboard, for all the galleys Are come about

Enter CONTARINO

*Con.* Signior Ercole,

The wind has stood my friend, sir, to prevent Your putting to sea.

*Erc.* Pray, why, sir?

*Con.* Only love, sir,

That I might take my leave, sir, and withal Entreat from you a private recommends To a friend in Malta—it would be deliver'd To your bosom, for I had no time to write.

\* commodities] See note †, p. 27

*Exc* Pray, leave us, gentlemen

(*Exeunt JULIO and BAPTISTA*)

Will please you sit? [*They sit down.*]

*Con* Sir, my love to you has proclaim'd you one

Whose word was still led by a noble thought,  
And that thought follow'd by as fair a deed  
Deceive not that opinion we were students  
At Padua together, and have long  
To the world's eye shown like friends was it  
hearty

On your part to me?

*Exc* Unfeign'd.

*Con* You are false

To the good thought I held of you, and now  
Join the worst part of man to you, your malice,  
To uphold that falsehood sacred innocence  
Is fled your bosom Signior, I must tell you  
To draw the picture of unkindness truly,  
Is to express two that have dearly lov'd,  
And fall'n at variance 'Tis a wonder to me,  
Knowing my interest in the fair Jolenta,  
That you should love her

*Exc* Compare her beauty and my youth together,  
And you will find the fair effects of love  
No miracle at all

*Con* Ycs, it will prove

Prodigious to you I must stay your voyage

*Exc* Your warrant must be mighty

*Con* 'T' has a seal

From heaven to do it, since you would ravish  
from me

What's there entitled mine and yet I vow,  
By the essential front of spotless virtue,  
I have compassion of both our youths,  
To approve which, I have not taken the way,  
Like an Italian, to cut your throat  
By practice,\* that had given you now for dead,  
And never frown'd upon you

*Exc* You deal fair, sir

*Con* Quit me of one doubt, pray, sir

*Exc* Move it

*Con* 'Tis this,

Whether her brother were a main instrument  
In her design for marriage

*Exc* If I tell truth,

You will not credit me

*Con* Why?

*Exc* I will tell you truth,

Yet show some reason you have not to believe me  
Her brother had no hand in't is't not hard  
For you to credit this? for you may think,

I count it baseness to engage another  
Into my quarrel, and for that take leave  
To dissemble the truth Sir, if you will fight  
With any but myself, fight with her mother,  
She was the motive

*Con* I have no enemy in the world, then, but  
yourself

You must fight with me

*Exc* I will, sir

*Con* And instantly

*Exc* I will haste before you point whither

*Con* Why, you speak nobly, and for this fair  
dealing,

Were the rich jewel which we vary for  
A thing to be divided, by my life,  
I would be well content to give you half  
But since 'tis vain to think we can be friends,  
'Tis needful one of us be taken away  
From being the other's enemy

*Exc* Yet, methinks,

This looks not like a quarrel

*Con* Not a quarrel!

*Exc* You have not appalled your fury well,  
It goes too plun, like a scholar

*Con* It is an ornament

Makes it more terrible, and you shall find it  
A weighty injury, and attended on  
By discreet valour because I do not strike you,  
Or give you the lie,—such foul preparations  
Would show like the stale injury of wine,—  
I reserve my rage to sit on my sword's point,  
Which a great quantity of your best blood  
Cannot satisfy

*Exc* You promise well to yourself

Shall have no seconds?

*Con* None, for fear of prevention

*Exc* The length of our weapons?

*Con* Well fit them by the way

So whether our time calls us to live or die,

Let us do both like noble gentlemen

And true Italians

*Exc* For that let me embrace you

*Con* Methinks, being an Italian, I trust you  
To come somewhat too near me

But your jealousy gave that embrace to try

If I were arm'd, did it not?

*Exc* No, believe me,

I take your heart to be sufficient proof,

Without a privy coat, and, for my part,

A taffeta is all the shirt of mail

I am arm'd with

*Con* You deal equally \*

[*Exeunt*]

\* practice] i. e. artifice, treachery

\* Mr Lamb calls this scene between Contarino and

*Re-enter JULIO, with a Servant*

*Jul* Where are these gallants, the brave Ercole  
And noble Contarino?

*Ser* They are newly gone, sir,  
And bade me tell you that they will return  
Within this half hour

*Re-enter ROMFIO*

*Jul* Met you the Lord Ercole?

*Rom* No, but I met the devil in villanous  
tidings

*Jul* Why, what's the matter?

*Rom* O, I am pour'd out  
Like water! the greatest rivers in the world  
Are lost in the sea, and so am I pray, leave me  
Where's Lord Ercole?

*Jul* You were scarce gone hence,  
But in came Contarino

*Rom* Contarino!

*Jul* And entreated  
Some private conference with Ercole,  
And on the sudden they have given us the slip  
*Rom* One mischief never comes alone they  
are gone

To fight

*Jul* To fight!

*Rom* An you be gentlemen,  
Do not talk, but make haste after them

*Jul* Let's take several ways, then,  
And if 't be possible, for women's sakes,  
For they are proper men, use our endeavours  
That the prick do not spoil them *[Exeunt]*

#### SCENE II \*

*Enter ERCOLE and CONTARINO*

*Con* You'll not forgo your interest in my  
mistress?

*Erc* My sword shall answer that come, are  
you ready?

*Con* Before you fight, sir, think upon your  
cause,

It is a wondrous foul one, and I wish  
That all your exercise, these four days past,  
Had been employ'd in a most fervent prayer,  
And the foul sin for which you are to fight  
Chiefly remember'd in't

*Erc* I'd as soon take  
Your counsel in divinity at this present,  
As I would take a kind direction from you

Ercole "the model of a well managed and gentlemanlike  
difference" *Spec of Eng Dram Poets*, p 193

\* Scene II ] A field near Naples.

For the managing my weapon, and, indeed,  
Both would show much aliko Come, are you  
ready?

*Con* Bethink yourself

How far the object is that we contend for

*Erc* O, I cannot forget it *[They fight]*

*Con* You are hurt

*Erc* Did you come hither only to tell me so,  
Or to do it? I mean well, but 'twill not thrive

*Con* Your cause, your cause, sir  
Will you yet be a man of conscience, and make  
Restitution for your rage upon your death bed?

*Erc* Never, till the grave gather one of us  
*[They fight again]*

*Con* That was fair, and home, I think

*Erc* You prate as if you were in a fence school

*Con* Spare your youth, have compassion on  
yourself

*Erc* When I am all in pieces! I am now unfit  
For any lady's bed, take the rest with you  
*[CONTARINO, wounded, falls upon ERCOLE]*

*Con* I am lost in too much daring—Yield  
your sword

*Erc* To the pangs of death I shall, but not to  
thee

*Con* You are now at my repairing or confusion  
Beg your life

*Erc* O, most foolishly demanded,—  
To bid me beg that which thou canst not give!

*Enter ROMFIO, PIOSPERO, BATTISTA, ARIOSTO, and  
JULIO*

*Pros* See, both of them are lost! we come too  
late

*Rom* Take up the body, and convey it  
To Saint Sebastian's monastery

*Con* I will not part with his sword, I have  
won't

*Jul* You shall not—  
Take him up gently, so, and bow his body,  
For fear of bleeding inward  
Well, these are perfect lovers

*Pros* Why, I pray?

*Jul* It has been ever my opinion,  
That there are none love perfectly indeed,  
But those that hang or drown themselves for love  
Now these have chose a death next to beheading.  
They have cut one another's throats, brave valiant  
lads

*Pros* Come, you do ill, to set the name of  
valour

Upon a violent and mad despair  
Hence may all learn, that count such actions well,  
The roots of fury shoot themselves to hell  
*[Exeunt]*

## SCENE III \*

*Enter ROMELIO and ARIOSTO*

*Ario* Your losses, I confess, are infinite,  
Yet, sir, you must have patience

*Rom* Sir, my losses  
I know, but you I do not.

*Ario* 'Tis most true  
I am but a stranger to you, but am wish'd  
By some of your best friends to visit you,  
And, out of my experience in the world,  
To instruct you patience

*Rom* Of what profession are you?

*Ario* Sir, I am a lawyer

*Rom* Of all men living,  
You lawyers I account the only men  
To confirm patience in us your delay,  
Would make three parts of this little Christian world

Run out of their wits else Now I remember  
You read lectures to Julio are you such a teacher  
For patience?

*Ario* Yes, sir, I have had some crosses

*Rom* You are married, then, I am certain

*Ario* That I am, sir

*Rom* And have you studied patience?

*Ario* You shall find I have

*Rom* Did you ever see your wife make you  
cuckold?

*Ario* Make me cuckold?

*Rom* I ask it seriously and you have not seen  
that,

Your patience has not ta'en the right degree  
Of wearing scarlet, I should rather take you  
For a bachelor in the art than for a doctor

*Ario* You are merry

*Rom* No, sir, with leave of your patience  
I am horrible angry

*Ario* What should move you  
Put forth that harsh interrogatory, if these eyes  
Ever saw my wife do the thing you wot of?

*Rom* Why, I'll tell you,—  
Most radically to try your patience,  
And the mere question shows you but a dunce  
in't,—

It has made you angry there's another lawyer's  
beard

In your forehead, you do bristle

*Ario* You are very conceited +  
But, come, this is not the right way to cure you  
I must talk to you like a divine

*Rom* I have heard

Some talk of it very much, and many times  
To their auditors' impatience but, I pray,  
What practice do they make of 't in their lives?  
They are too full of choler with living honest,  
And some of them not only impatient  
Of their own slightest injuries, but stark mad  
At one another's preferment Now to you, sir  
I have lost three goodly caracks \*

*Ario* So I hear

*Rom* The very spico in them,  
Had they been shipwreck'd here upon our coast,  
Would have made all our sea a diench

*Ario* All the sick horses in Italy  
Would have been glad of your loss, then

*Rom* You are conceited too

*Ario* Come, come, come,  
You gave those ships most strange, most dreadful,  
And unfortunate names, I never look'd they'd  
prosper

*Rom* Is there any ill omen in giving names to  
ships?

*Ario* Did you not call one *The storm's defiance*,  
Another *The scourge of the sea*, and the third  
*The great Leviathan*?

*Rom* Very right sir

*Ario* Very devilish names  
All three of them, and surely I think  
They were curs'd in their very cradles,—I do mean,  
When they were upon their stocks

*Rom* Come, you are superstitious  
I'll give you my opinion, and tis serious  
I am persuaded there came not cuckolds enow  
To the first launching of them, and 'twas that made  
them

Thrive the worse for't O, your cuckolds handsel  
Is pray'd for in the city!

*Ario* I will hear no more  
Give me thy hand my intent of coming hither  
Was to persuade you to patience as I live,  
If ever I do visit you again,  
It shall be to entreat you to be angry sure, I will,  
I'll be as good as my word, believe it

*Rom* So, sir [*Exit ARIOSTO*] How now!  
Are the screech owls abroad already?

*Enter LEONORA*

*Leon.* What a dismal noise your bell makes!  
Sure, some great persons dead

*Rom* No such matter,  
It is the common bell man goes about  
To publish the sale of goods.

*Leon* Why do they ring

\* *Scene III*] The court of Leonora's house  
† conceited] i. e. disposed to jest, merry

\* *caracks*] i. e. large ships of burden.



Before my gate thus? Let them into the court \*  
I cannot understand what they say

*Enter Two Bellmen and a Capuchin*

*Cap* For pity's sake, you that have tears to shed,  
Sigh a soft requiem, and let fall a bead  
For two unfortunate nobles, whose sad fate  
Leaves them both dead and excommunicate  
No churchman's prayer to comfort their last  
groans,

No sacred sod † of earth to lido their bones,  
But as their fury wrought them out of breath,  
The canon speaks them guilty of their own death

*Leon* What noblemen, I pray, sir?

*Cap* The Lord Lacole  
And the noble Contarino, both of them slain  
In single combat

*Leon* O I am lost for ever!

*Rom* Denied Christian burial! I pray, what  
does that,

O! the dead lazy march in the funeral,  
Or the flattery in the epitaphs, which shows  
More sluttish far than all the spiders' webs  
Shall ever grow upon it, what do these  
Add to our well being after death?

*Cap* Not a scruple

*Rom* Very well, then  
I have a certain meditation,  
If I can think of [t], somewhat to this purpose  
I'll say it to you, while my mother there  
Numbers her beads

You that dwell near these graves and vaults,  
Which oft do hide physicians' faults,  
Note what a small room does suffice  
To express men's good their vanities  
Would fill more volume in small hand  
Than all the evidence of church land  
Funerals hide men in civil wearing,  
And are to the drapery a good hearing,  
Make the heralds laugh in their black raiment,  
And all die worthies die worth payment  
To the altar offerings, though then fame,  
And all the charity of their name,  
'Tween heaven and this yield no more light  
Than rotten trees which shine in the night  
O, look the last act be the best in the play,  
And then rest, gentle bones yet pray,  
That when by the precise you are view'd,  
A supersedeas be not su'd,  
To remove you to a place more airy,

That, in your stead, they may keep chary  
Stock fish or sea-coal, for the abuses  
Of sacrilego have turn'd graves to viler uscs.  
How, then, can any monument say,  
Here rest these bones till the last day,  
When Time, swift both of foot and feather,  
May bear them the sexton kens not whither?  
What care I, then,\* though my last sleep  
Be in the desert or in the deep,  
No lamp nor taper, day and night,  
To give my charnel chargeable light?  
I have there like quantity of ground,  
And at the last day I shall be found —  
Now, I pray, leave me

*Cap* I am sorry for your losses

*Rom* Um, sir, the more spacious that the  
tennis court is,

The more large is the hazard  
I dare the spiteful Fortune do her worst,  
I can now fear nothing

*Cap* O, sir, yet consider,  
He that is without fear is without hope,  
And sins from presumption better thoughts  
attend you!

*[Exeunt Capuchin and Bellmen]*

*Rom* Poor Jolenta! should she hear of this,  
She would not, after the report, keep fresh  
So long as flowers in graves

*Enter PROSPERO*

How now, Prospero!

*Pros* Contarino has sent you here his will,  
Wherein 's has made your sister his sole heir

*Rom* Is he not dead?

*Pros* He's yet living

*Rom* Living! the worse luck

*Leon* The worse! I do protest it is the best  
That ever came to disturb my prayers

*Rom* How!

*Leon* Yet I would have him live  
To satisfy public justice for the death  
Of Ercole O, go visit him, for heaven's sake!  
I have within my closet a choice relic,  
Preservative 'gainst swooning, and some earth  
Brought from the Holy Land, right sovereign  
To staunch blood — Has he skilful surgeons, think  
you?

*Pros* The best in Naples

*Rom* How oft has he been dress'd?

*Pros* But once

\* *Let them into the court*] Here we are to suppose that the court-gate is opened either by Romeo or by an attendant

† *sed*] The old copy "seed."

\* *What care I then, &c*] Compare the splendid conclusion of Sir Thomas Brown's *Urn Burial*, "'Tis all one to be in St. Innocent's Church-yard as in the sands of Egypt, ready to be any thing in the ecstasie of being over, as content with six foot as the Moles of Adrianus"

*Leon.* I have some skill this way  
The second or third dressing will show clearly  
Whether there be hope of life I pray, be near him,  
If there be any soul can bring me word,  
That there is hope of life

*Rom.* Do you prize his life so ?

*Leon.* That he may live, I mean,  
To come to his trial, to satisfy the law

*Rom.* O, is't nothing else ?

*Leon.* I shall be the happiest woman !

[*Exeunt LEONORA and PROSPERO*]

*Rom.* Here is cruelty apparell'd in kindness !  
I am full of thoughts, strange ones, but they're no  
good ones

I must visit Contarino, upon that  
Depends an engine shall weigh up my losses,  
Were they sunk as low as hell yet let me think,  
How I am impair'd in an hour, and the cause of't,  
Lost in security O, how this wicked world  
bewitches,

Especially made insolent with riches !  
So sails with fore winds stretch'd do soonest break,  
And pyramids a'the top are still most weak. [*Exit*]

#### SCENE IV \*

[*Enter Capuchin, and 1 ROOKS led between two*]

*Cap.* Look up, sir

You are preserv'd beyond natural reason,  
You were brought dead out o'the field, tho  
surgeons

Ready to have embalm'd you

*Etc.* I do look

On my action with a thought of terror  
To do ill and dwell in't is unmanly

*Cap.* You are divinely inform'd, sir

*Lic.* I fought for one in whom I have no more  
right  
Than false executors have in orphans' goods  
They cozen them of yet though my cause were  
naught,  
I rather chose the hazard of my soul,

\* *Scene IV* ] A room in the monastery of Saint Sebastian

Than forgo the compliment of a choleric man  
I pray, continue the report of my death, and give  
out,

'Cause the church denied me Christian burial,  
The vice admiral of my galleys took my body,  
With purpose to commit it to the earth,  
Either in Sicil or Malta

*Cap.* What am you at

By this rumour of your death ?

*Etc.* There is hope of life

In Contarino, and he has my prayers  
That he may live to enjoy what is his own,  
The fair Jolenta where,\* should it be thought  
That I were breathing, happily her friends  
Would oppose it still

*Cap.* But if you be suppos'd dead,  
The law will strictly prosecute his life  
For your murder

*Etc.* That's prevented thus

There does belong a noble privilege  
To all his family, ever since his father  
Boie from the worthy emperor Charles the Fifth  
An answer to the French king's challenge, at such  
time

The two noble princes were engag'd to fight  
Upon a frontier aim o'the sea, in a flat bottom'd  
bont,

That if any of his family should chance  
To kill a man i'the field in a noble cause,  
He should have his pardon now, sir, for his cause,  
The world may judge if it were not honest  
Pray, help me in speech, 'tis very painful to me

*Cap.* Sir, I shall

*Etc.* The guilt of this lies in Romelio,  
And, as I hear, to second this good contract,  
He has got a nun with child

*Cap.* These are crimes

That either must make work for speedy repentance  
Or for the devil

*Etc.* I have much compassion on him,  
For sin and shame are ever tied together  
With gordian knots, of such a strong thread spun,  
They cannot without violence be undone. [*Exeunt*]

\* *where] i.e. whic*

## ACT III.

## SCENE I \*

*Enter AMOSIO and CRISTIANO*

*Am.* Well, sir, now I must claim  
Your promise, to reveal to me the cause  
Why you live thus clouded

*Cris.* Sir, the King of Spain  
Suspects that your Romeo here, the merchant,  
Has discover'd some gold mine to his own use,  
In the West Indies, and for that employs me  
To discover in what part of Christendom  
He vents this treasure besides, he is inform'd  
What mad tricks have been play'd of late by  
ladies

*Am.* Most true and I am glad the King has  
heard on't  
Why, they use their lords as if they were their  
wards,

And as your Dutchwomen in the Low Countries  
Take all and pay all, and do keep their husbands  
So silly all their lives of their own estates,  
That, when they are sick and come to make their  
will,

They know not precisely what to give away  
From their wives, because they know not what  
they are worth,

So here should I repent what factions,  
What bat-fowling for offices,  
As you must conceive their games all the night,  
What calling in question one another's honesties,  
With all what away they bear in the viceroi's court,  
You'd wonder it it

'Twill do well shortly, can we keep them off  
From being of our council of war

*Cris.* Well, I have vow'd  
That I will never sit upon the bench more,  
Unless it be to curb the insolencies  
Of these women

*Am.* Well, take it on my word, then,  
Your place will not long be empty [Exeunt

## SCENE II †

*Enter ROMELIO in the habit of a Jew*

*Rom.* Excellently well-habited! why, methinks  
That I could play with mine own shadow now,

And be a rare Italianated Jew,  
To have as many several change of faces  
As I have seen carv'd upon one cherry stone,  
To wind about a man like rotten ivy,  
Fit into him like quicksilver, poison a friend  
With pulling but a loose hair from's beard, or give  
a dronch,

He should linger off't nine years, and need  
complain

But in the spring and fall, and so the cause  
Imputed to the disease natural for slight villainies,  
As to coin money, corrupt ladies' honours,  
Betray a town to the Turk, or make a bonfire  
Of the Christian navy, I could settle to't,  
As if I had eat a politician,  
And digested\* him to nothing but pure blood  
But stay, I lose myself this is the house —  
Within there †

*Enter Two Surgeons*

*First Sur.* Now, sir!

*Rom.* You are the men of art that, as I hear,  
Have the Lord Contarino under cure

*Second Sur.* Yes, sir, we are his surgeons,  
But he is past all cure

*Rom.* Why, is he dead?

*First Sur.* He is speechless, sir, and we do find  
his wound

So fester'd near the vitals, all our art,  
By warm drinks, cannot clear th' imposthumation,  
And he's so weak, to make [incision]†  
By the orifix were present death to him \*

*Rom.* He has made a will, I hear

*First Sur.* Yes, sir

*Rom.* And deputed Jolenta his heir

*Second Sur.* He has, we are witness to't

*Rom.* Has not Romeo been with you yet,  
To give you thanks and ample recompense  
For the pains you have ta'en?

*First Sur.* Not yet

*Rom.* Listen to me, gentlemen, for I protest,  
If you will seriously mind your own good,  
I am come about a business shall convoy  
Large legacies from Contarino's will  
To both of you

\* *digested*] The old copy "disgested" (a spelling common in early writers).

† *incision*] A word has here dropt out from the old copy

\* *Scene I*] A room in the house of Amosio

† *Scene II*] A street. Before the lodging of Contarino

*Second Sur* How, sir ' why, Romelio has the will,

And in that he has given us nothing

*Rom* I pray, attend me I am a physieann

*Second Sur* A physician ' where do you practise?

*Rom* In Rome

*First Sur* O, then you have store of patients

*Rom* Store! why, look you, I can kill my twenty a month

And work but 't'he forenoons you will give me leave

To jest and be merry with you But as I said,

All my study has been physie I am sent

From a noble Roman that is near akin

To Contarino, and that ought indeed,

By the law of alliance, be his only heir,

To practise his good and yours

*Both Sur* How, I pray, sir?

*Rom* I can by an extraction which I have, Though he were speechless, his eyes set in 's head His pulses without motion, restore to him, For half an hour's space, the use of sense, And perhaps a little speech having done this, If we can work him, as no doubt we shall, To make another will, and therein assign This gentleman his heir, I will assure you, Fore I depart this house, ten thousand ducats, And then we'll pull the pillow from his head, And let him e'en go whither the religion sends him That he died in

*First Sur* Will you give's ten thousand ducats?

*Rom* Upon my Jewish

*Second Sur* 'Tis a bargain, sir, we are yours  
[CONTARINO IN A BED \*

Here is the subject you must work on

*Rom* Well said, you are honest men, And go to the business roundly but, gentlemen, I must use my art singly

*First Sur* O, sir, you shall have all privacy

*Rom* And the doors lock'd to me

*Second Sur* At your best pleasure -- Yet for all this, I will not trust this Jew

*First Sur* Faith, to say truth, I do not like him neither, he looks like a rogue This is a fine toy, fetch a man to life,

To make a new will ' there is some trick in't I'll be near you, Jew [Exeunt Surgeons

*Rom* Excellent, as I would wish these credulous fools

Have given me freely what I would have bought With a great deal of money -- Softly ' here's breath yet

Now, Ercole, for part of the revenge

Which I have vow'd for thy untimely death ' Besides this politic working of my own,

That seems precedent, why should this great man live,

And not enjoy my sister, as I have vow'd

He never shall? O, he may alter's will

Every new moon, if he please to prevent which,

I must put in a strong evert Come forth, then,

My desperate stiletto, that may be woin

In a woman's hair, and ne'er discover'd,

And either would be taken for a bodkin,

Or a curling iron at most why, 'tis an engine

That's only fit to put in execution

Barmotho pigs,\* a most unmanly weapon,

That steals into a man's life he knows not how

O, [that] great Cesar, he that paid the shock

Of so many armed pikes, and poison'd darts,

Swords, slings, and battleaxes, should at length,

Sitting at ease on a cushion, come to die

By such a shoe maker'sawl as this, his soul let forth

At a hole no bigger than the incision

Made for a wheel ' Uds foot, I am horribly angry

That he should die so secretly yet wherefore

Do I condemn thee thereof so cruelly,

Yet shake him by the hand? 'tis to express,

That I would never have such weapons used

But in a plot like this, that's treacherous

Yet this shall prove most merciful to thee,

For it shall preserve thee

From dying on a public scaffold, and withal

Bring thee an absolute cure, thus [Stabs him

So, 'tis done

And now for my escape

Re-enter Surgeons

*First Sur* You rogue mountebank,

\* Contarino in a bed] Here the audience were to imagine a change of scene, -- to the bed chamber of the wounded Contarino. Either, a traverse (or curtain) being drawn back, Contarino was discovered lying on a bed, or else a body containing Contarino was thrust upon the stage -- In Heywood's *If you know not me, you know nobody*, we find "Enter Elizabeth in her bed," Sig. A. 4, ed. 1623, and similar stage-directions occur in various other old plays.

\* Barmotho pigs] i.e. pigs of the Bermudas, or (as the word was also written, -- see p. 79) Bermouths.

"'Tis the land of peace,

Where hogs and tobacco yield fur increase.

I am for the Bermudas.

Middleton's *Any Thing for a Quiet Life*, Works, iv. 499, ed. Dyce. In *Odeon's Complaint* by Taylor, the water-poet, is an "Epitaph in the Bermooda tongue, which must be pronounced with the accent of the grunting of a hogge."

I will try whether your inwards can endure  
To be wash'd in scalding lard

*Rom.* Hold ! I turn Christian

*Second Sur* Nay, prithee, be a Jew still,  
I would not have a Christian be guilty  
Of such a villanous act as this is.

*Rom.* I am Romeo the merchant

*First Sur* Romeo ! you have prov'd yourself  
A cunning merchant indeed

*Rom.* You may read why I came hither

*Second Sur* Yes, in a bloody Roman letter

*Rom.* I did hate this man, each minute of his  
breath

Was torture to me

*First Sur* Had you forborne this act, he had  
not liv'd

Thus two hours

*Rom.* But he had died then,

And my revenge unsatisfied Here's gold  
Never did wealthy man purchase the silence  
Of a terrible scolding wife at a dearer rate  
Than I will pay for yours here's your earnest  
In a bag of double ducats

*Second Sur* Why, look you, sir, as I do weigh  
this business,

This cannot be counted murder in you by no  
means

Why, 'tis no more than should I go and choke  
An Irishman, that were three quarters drown'd,  
With pouring aquabringh in's throat

*Rom.* You will be secret ?

*First Sur* As your soul

*Rom.* The West Indies shall sooner want gold  
than you, then

*Second Sur* That protestation has the music of  
the mint in't

*Rom.* [aside] How unfortunately was I surpris'd !  
I have made myself a slave perpetually

To these two beggars [Exit

*First Sur* Excellent ! by this act he has made  
his estate ours

*Second Sur* I'll presently grow a lazy surgeon,  
and ride on my foot cloth \* I'll fetch from him  
every eight days a policy for a hundred double  
ducats if he grumble, I'll prick

*First Sur* But let's take heed he do not poison  
us.

*Second Sur* O, I will never eat nor drink with  
him,  
Without unicorn's horn in a hollow tooth.

*Com.* O !

*First Sur* Did he not groan ?

*Second Sur* Is the wind in that door still ?

*First Sur* Ha ! come hither, note a strange  
accident

His steel has lighted in the former wound,  
And made free passage for the congeal'd blood  
Observe in what abundance it delivers  
The putrefaction

*Second Sur* Methinks he fetches  
His breath very lively

*First Sur* The hand of heaven is in't,  
That his intent to kill him should become  
The very direct way to save his life

*Second Sur* Why, this is like one I have heard  
of in England,

Was cur'd o' the gout by being rack'd in the Tower  
Well, if we can recover him, here's reward  
On both sides howsoever we must be secret

*First Sur* We are tied to't

When we cure gentlemen of foul diseases,  
They give us so much for the cure, and twice as  
much,  
That we do not blab on't Come, let's to work  
roundly,

Heat the lotion, and bring the sewing [Exit

- \* -

SCENE III \*—A table set forth with two tapers,  
a death's head, a book JOLANTA in mourning  
ROMEO sits by her

*Rom.* Why do you grieve thus ? take a looking  
glass,

And see if this sorrow become you that pale face  
Will make men think you us'd some art before,  
Some odious painting Contarino's dead

*Jol.* O, that he should die so soon !

*Rom.* Why, I pray, tell me,  
Is not the shortest fave the best ? and are not  
bad plays

The worse for their length ?

*Jol.* Add not to the ill you've done  
An odious elander he stuck in the eyes o' the count  
As the most choise jewel there

*Rom.* O, be not angry  
Indeed, the court to well compos'd nature  
Adds much to perfection, for it is, or should be,  
As a bright crystal mirror to the world  
To dress itself but I must tell you, sister,  
If the excellency of the place could have  
Wrought salvation, the devil had ne'er fall'n  
From heaven he was proud —Leave us, leave us !  
Come, take your seat again I have a plot,

\* foot-cloth See note \*, p. 7

\* Scene III ] A room in the house of Leonora.

If you will listen to it seriously,  
That goes beyond example, it shall breed,  
Out of the death of these two noblemen,  
The advancement of our house

*Jol* O, take heed

A grave is a rotten foundation

*Rom* Nay, nay, hear me

'Tis somewhat indirectly, I confess,  
But there is much advancement in the world  
That comes in indirectly I pray, mind me  
You are already made by absolute will  
Containno's heir now, if it can be prov'd  
That you have issue by Lord Freole,  
I will make you inherit his land too

*Jol* How's this?

Issue by him, he dead, and I a virgin!

*Rom* I knew \* you would wonder how it could  
be done,

But I have had the case so rudically,  
Not all the lawyers in Christendom  
Shall find any the least flaw in't I have a mistress  
Of the order of Saint Clare, a beauteous nun  
Who, being cloister'd ere she knew the heat  
Her blood would arrive to, had only time enough  
To repent, and idleness sufficient  
To fall in love with me, and to be short,  
I have so much disorder'd the holy or lei,  
I have got this nun with child

*Jol* Excellent work

Made for a dumb and wife!

*Rom* I am glad you grow thus pleasant  
Now will I have you presently give out  
That you are full two months quicken'd with child  
By Ercole, which rumour can begot  
No scandal to you, since we will affirm  
The precontract was so exactly done  
By the same words us'd in the form of marriage,  
That with a little dispensation,  
A money matter, it shall be register'd  
Absolute matrimony

*Jol* So, then, I conceive you,

My conceiv'd child must prove your bastard

*Rom* Right,

For at such time my mistress falls in labour  
You must feign the like

*Jol* 'Tis a pretty feat this,

But I am not capable of it

*Rom* Not capable!

*Jol* No, for the thing you would have me  
counterfeit

Is most essentially put in practice, nay, 'tis done,  
I am with child already

*Rom* Ha! by whom?

*Jol* By Contarino do not knit the brow,  
The precontract shall justify it, it shall,  
Nay, I will get some singular fine churchman,  
Or though he be a plural one, shall affirm  
He coupled us together

*Rom* O, misfortune!

Your child must, then, be reputed Freole's

*Jol* Your hopes are dash'd, then, since your  
notary's issue

Must not inherit the land

*Rom* No matter for that,

So I preserve her fame I am strangely puzzled  
Why, suppose that she be brought a bed before you,  
And we conceal her issue till the time  
Of your delivery, and then give out  
That you have two at a birth, ha, were't not  
excellent?

*Jol* And what resemblance think you would  
they have

To one another? twins are still alike

But this is not your aim, you would have your  
child

Inherit Freole's land O my soul soul!

Have you not made me yet wretched enough,

But after all this frosty age in youth,

Which you have witch'd upon me, you will seek  
To poison my fame!

*Rom* That's done already

*Jol* No, sir, I did but feign it,

To a fatal purpose, as I thought

*Rom* What purpose?

*Jol* If you had lov'd or tender'd my dear  
honour,

You would have lock'd your pomard in my heart,  
When I nam'd I was with child but I must live

To hunger out till the consumption

Of my own sorrow kill me

*Rom* [aside] This will not do

The devil has on the sudden furnish'd me

With a rare charm, yet a most unnatural

Falsehood no matter, so 'twill take —

Stay, sister, I would utter to you a business,

But I am very loth, a thing, indeed,

Nature would have compassionately conceal'd

Till my mother's eyes be clos'd

*Jol* Pray, what's that, sir?

*Rom* You did observe

With what a dear regard our mother tender'd

The Lord Contarino, yet how passionately

She sought to cross the match why, this was  
merely

To blind the eye o'the world, for she did know  
That you would marry him, and he was capable

\* *knew*] The old copies "know"

My mother doted upon him, and it was plotted  
Cunningly between them, after you were married,  
Laving all three together in one house,—  
A thing I cannot whisper without horror  
Why, the malice scarce of devils would suggest  
Incontinence 'tween them two

*Jol.* I remember, since his hurt,  
She has been very passionately inquiring  
After his health

*Rom.* Upon my soul, this jewel,  
With a piece of the holy cross in't, this relic,  
Valu'd at many thousand crowns, she would have  
sent him

Lying upon his death-bed

*Jol.* Professing, as you say,  
Love to my mother, wherefore did he make  
Me his heir?

*Rom.* His will was made afore he went to fight,  
When he was first a suitor to you

*Jol.* To fight? O, well remember'd  
If he lov'd my mother, wherefore did he lose  
His life in my quarrel?

*Rom.* For the affront sake, a word you under-  
stand not,  
Because Ercole was pretended rival to him,  
To clear your suspicion, I was gull'd in't too  
Should he not have fought upon't, he had under-  
gone

The censure of a coward

*Jol.* How came you by  
This wretched knowledge?

*Rom.* His surgeons\* overheard it,  
As he did sigh it out to his confessor,  
Some half hour fore he died

*Jol.* I would have the surgeons hang'd  
For abusing confession, and for making me  
So wretched by the report Can this be truth?

*Rom.* No, but direct falsehood,  
As ever was banish'd the court Did you ever hear  
Of a mother that has kept her daughter's husband  
For her own tooth? He fancied you in one kind,  
For his lust, and he lov'd  
Our mother in another kind, for her money,—  
The gallant's fashion right But, come, neer  
think on't,

Throw the fowl to the devil that hatch'd it, and  
let this

Bury all ill that's in't,—she is our mother

*Jol.* I never did find any thing i'the world

\* *surgeons*] Here, and the next speech, the old copy  
has "Surgeon", and further on in this scene it has,—  
"in the absence of his Surgeon,"

My charity did that for him in a trice,  
They would have done at leisure," &c  
(Compare the preceding scene)

Turn my blood so much as this here's such a  
conflict

Between apparent presumption and unbelief,  
That I shall die in't.

O, if there be another world i'the moon,  
As some fantasies dream,\* I could wish all men,  
The whole race of them, for their inconstancy,  
Sent thither to people that! Why, I protest,  
I now affect the Lord Ercole's memory  
Better than the other's.

*Rom.* But, were Contarino living!—

*Jol.* I do call any thing to witness,  
That the divine law prescrib'd us†  
To strengthen an oath, were he living and in  
health,

I would never marry with him Nay, since I have  
found the world

So false to me, I'll be as false to it,  
I will mother this child for you.

*Rom.* Ha!

*Jol.* Most certainly it will beguile part of my  
sorrow

*Rom.* O, most assuredly, make you smile to  
think,

How many times i'the world lordships descend  
To divers men, that might, an truth were known  
Be heir, for any thing belongs to the flesh,  
As well to the Turk's richest eunuch

*Jol.* But do you not think  
I shall have a horrible strong breath now?

*Rom.* Why!

*Jol.* O, with keeping your counsel, 'tis so terrible  
foul

*Rom.* Come, come, come, you must leave these  
bitter flashes

*Jol.* Must I dissemble dishonesty? you have  
divers

Counterfeit honesty but I hope here's none  
Will take exceptions I now must practise  
The art of a great belied woman, and go feign  
Their quibbles and swoonings

*Rom.* Eat unripe fruit and oatmeal,  
To take away your colour

*Jol.* Dine in my bed  
Some two hours after noon

*Rom.* And when you are up,  
Make to your petticoat a quilted preface,  
To advance your belly

\* *O if there be another world i'the moon*  
*As some fantasies dream*] Compare Milton

† Not in the neighbouring moon, as some have dream'd"  
*Par. Lost, Book iii. v. 450*

† *That the divine law prescrib'd us*] *Qy* "That the  
divine law has prescrib'd to us" (or "has proscribed us")?

*Jol* I have a strange conceit now  
I have known some women, when they were with  
child,  
Have long'd to beat their husbands what if I,  
To keep decorum, exercise my longing  
Upon my tailor that way, and noddle him soundly?  
He'll make the larger bill for't

*Rom* I'll get one  
Shall be as tractable to't as stockfish  
*Jol* O my fantastical sorrow! cannot I now  
Be miserable enough, unless I wear  
A pied fool's coat? nay, worse, for when our  
passions

Such giddy and uncertain changes breed,  
We are never well till we are mad indeed [*Exit*

*Rom* So, nothing in the world could have done  
this,

But to beget in her a strong distaste  
Of the Lord Centarino O jealousy,  
How violent, especially in women!  
How often has it rais'd the devil up  
In form of a law case! My especial care  
Must be, to nourish craftily this fiend  
'Tween the mother and the daughter, that the  
deceit

Be not perceiv'd My next task, that my sister,  
After this suppos'd child birth, be persuaded  
To enter into religion 'tis concluded  
She must never marry, so I am left guardian  
To her estate And lastly, that my two surgeons  
Be wag'd to the East Indies let them prate  
When they are beyond the line, the calentine,  
Or the scurvy, or the Indian pox, I hope,  
Will take order for their coming back —  
O, here's my mother

*Enter LEONORA*

I ha' strange news for you,  
My sister is with child

*Leon* I do look now for some great misfortunes  
To follow, for, indeed, mischiefs  
Are like the visits of Franciscan friars,—  
They never come to prey upon us single  
In what estate left you Centarino?

*Rom* Strango that you can skip  
From the former sorrow to such a question!  
I'll tell you in the absence of his surgeons,\*  
My charity did that for him in a trice  
They would have done at leisure and been paid  
for't,  
I have kill'd him.

*Leon* I am twenty years older  
Since you last open'd your lips.

\* surgeons] The old copy "Surgeon"

*Rom* Ha!

*Leon* You have given him the wound you  
speak of

Quite thorough your mother's heart

*Rom* I will heal it presently, mother, for this  
sorrow

Belongs to your error you would have him live  
Because you think he's father of the child,  
But Jolenta vows by all the rights of truth,  
'Tis Ereole's It makes me smile to think  
How cunningly my sister could be drawn  
To the contract, and yet how familiarly  
To his bed doves never couple without  
A kind of mummur

*Leon* O, I am very sick!

*Rom* Your old disease, when you are griev'd,  
You are troubled with the mother\*

*Leon* I am rapt with the mother indeed,  
That I ever bore such a son

*Rom* Pray, tend my sister,  
I am infinitely full of business

*Leon* Stay, you will mourn for Centarino!

*Rom* O, by all means 'tis fit, my sister is his  
hair [*Exit*

*Leon* I will make you chief mourner, believe it  
Never was woe like mine O, that my care,  
And absolute study to preserve his life,  
Should be his absolute ruin! Is he gone, then?  
There is no plague the world can be compar'd  
To impossible desire for they are plagu'd  
In the desire itself Never, O, never  
Shall I behold him living, in whose life  
I liv'd far sweeter than in mine own!  
A precise curiosity† has undone me why did I not  
Make my love known directly? 't had not been  
Beyond example, for a matron

To affect the honourable way of marriage  
So youthful a person O, I shall run mad!  
For as we love our youngest children best,  
So the last fruit of our affection,  
Wherever we bestow it, is most strong,  
Most violent, most irresistible,  
Since 'tis indeed our latest harvest-home,  
Last merriment fore winter, and we widows,  
As men report of our best picture makers,  
We love the piece we are in hand with better  
Than all the excellent work we have done before  
And my son has depriv'd me of all this! ha, my  
son!

I'll be a fury to him like an Amazon lady,  
I'd cut off this right pap that gave him suck,

\* the mother] See note t, p. 68

† curiosity] i. e. niceness, scrupulousness.



To shoot him dead I'll no more tender him  
Than had a wolf stol'n to my tent i'the night,  
And robb'd me of my milk, nay, such a creature  
I should love better far—Ha, ha! what say you?  
I do talk to somewhat, methinks, it may be  
My evil Genius. Do not the bells ring?  
I have a strange noise in my head. O, fly in pieces!  
Come, age, and wither me into the malice  
Of those that have been happy! let me have  
One property more than the devil of hell  
Let me envy the pleasure of youth heartily  
Let me in this life fear no kind of ill  
That have no good to hope for—let me die  
In the distraction of that worthy princess  
Who loathed food,\* and sleep, and ceremony,  
For thought of losing that brave gentleman  
She would fain have said, had not a false conveyance

Express'd him stubborn hearted—let me sink  
Where neither man nor memory may e'er find me  
*[Falls down]*

*Enter Capuchin and ERCOLE*

*Cap* This is a private way which I command  
As her confessor I would not have you seen yet,  
Till I prepare her [*ERCOLLE retires*].—Peace to you,  
lady!

*Leon* Ha!

*Cap* You are well employ'd, I hope—the best  
pillow i'the world

For this your contemplation is the earth  
And the best object heaven

*Leon* I am whispering to a dead friend

*Cap* And I am come  
To bring you tidings of a friend was dead  
Restor'd to life again

*Leon* Say, sir

*Cap* One whom,  
I dare presume, next to your children,  
You tender'd above life

*Leon* Heaven will not suffer me  
Utterly to be lost

*Cap* For he should have been  
Your son-in-law,—miraculously sav'd  
When surgery gave him o'er

*Leon* O, may you live  
To win many souls to heaven, worthy sir,  
That your crown may be the greater! Why, my son  
Made me believe he stole into his chamber,

And ended that which Ercole began  
By a deadly stab in's heart

*Erco* [*aside*] Alas, she mistakes!  
'Tis Contarino she wishes living—but I must fasten  
On her last words, for my own safety

*Leon* Where, O, where shall I meet this comfort?

*Erco* [*coming forward*] Here in the vowed  
comfort of your daughter

*Leon* O, I am dead again! instead of the man,  
You present me the grave swallow'd him

*Erco* Collect yourself, good lady  
Would you behold brave Contarino living,  
There cannot be a nobler chronicle  
Of his good than myself—if you would view him  
dead,

I will present him to you bleeding fresh  
In my pontency

*Leon* Sir, you do only live  
To redeem another ill you have committed,  
That my poor innocent daughter perish not,  
By your villainy, whom you have got with child  
*Erco* Here begin all my compassion—O poor  
soul!

She is with child by Contarino, and he dead,  
By whom should she preserve her fame to the  
world

But by myself that lov'd her above the world?  
There never was a way more honourable  
To exercise my virtue, than to father it,  
And preserve her credit, and to marry her  
I'll suppose her Contarino's widow, bequeath'd  
to me

Upon his death, for, sure, she was his wife,  
But that the ceremony of the church was wanting  
Report this to her, madam, and withal,  
That never father did conceive more joy  
For the birth of an heir, than I to understand  
She had such confidence in me—I will not now  
Press a visit upon her, till you have prepar'd her,  
For I do read in your distraction,  
Should I be brought o'the sudden to her presence,  
Either the hasty flight, or else the shame,  
May blast the fruit within her—I will leave you  
To commend as loyal faith and service to her  
As o'er heart harbour'd by my hope of bliss,  
I never liv'd to do good act but this

*Cap* [*aside to ERCO*] Withal, an you be wise,  
Remember what the mother has reveal'd  
Of Romeo's treachery

*[Exeunt ERCOLE and Capuchin]*

*Leon* A most noble fellow! in his loyalty  
I read what worthy comforts I have lost  
In my dear Contarino, and all adds  
To my despair—Within there!

\* In the distraction of that worthy prince as  
Who loathed food, &c.] Here, I think, there is a  
manifest allusion to the closing scene of Queen Elizabeth's life, and to what Mr. Lodge calls "the well  
known, but weakly authenticated tale of the Countess of  
Nottingham and the ring."

*Enter WINIFRED*

Fetch the picture  
Hangs in my inner closet. [*Exit WINIFRED*]

I remember  
I let a word slip of Romeo's practice \*  
At the surgeons', no matter, I can save it  
I have deeper vengeance that's preparing for him,  
To let him live and kill him, that's revenge  
I meditate upon

*Re-enters WINIFRED with the Picture*

So, hang it up  
I was enjoined by the party ought that picture,  
Forty years since, ever when I was vex'd,  
To look upon that what was his meaning in it  
I know not, but methinks upon the sudden  
It has furnish'd me with mischief, such a plot  
As never mother dream'd of. Here begins  
My part in the play my son's estate is sunk  
By loss at sea, and he has nothing left  
But the land his father left him 'Tis concluded  
The law shall undo him—Come hither  
I have a weighty secret to impart,  
But I would have thee first confirm to me,  
How in my trust that thou canst keep my counsel  
Beyond death

*Win* Why, mistress, 'tis your only way,  
To enjoin me first that I reveal to you  
The worst act I e'er did in all my life,  
So one secret shall bind one another

*Leon* Thou instructest me  
Most ingenuously,† for, indeed, it is not fit  
Where any act is plotted that is naught,  
Any of counsel to it should be good,  
And in a thousand ills have happ'd 't' the world,  
The intelligence of one another's shame  
Have wrought far more effectually than the tie  
Of conscience or religion

*Win* But think not, mistress,  
That any sin which ever I committed  
Did concern you, for proving false in one thing,  
You were a fool if ever you would trust me  
In the least matter of weight

*Leon* Thou hast liv'd with me  
These forty years, we have grown old together,  
As many ladies and their women do,  
With talking nothing and with doing less,  
We have spent our life in that which least con-  
cerns life,

Only in putting on our clothes and now I think  
on't,

I have been a very courtly mistress to thee,—  
I have given thee good words, but no deeds  
now 's the time

To requite all my son has six lordships left him  
*Win* 'Tis truth

*Leon* But he cannot live four days to enjoy them

*Win* Have you poison'd him?

*Leon* No, the poison is yet but brewing

*Win* You must minister it to him with all  
privacy

*Leon* Privacy? It shall be given him  
In open court, I'll make him swallow it  
Before the judges face if he be master  
Of poor ten arpines\* of land forty hours longer,  
Let the world repute me an honest woman

*Win* So twill, I hope

*Leon* O, thou canst not conceive  
My unmatchable plot! Let's to my ghostly father,  
Where first I will have thee make a promise  
To keep my counsel, and then I will employ thee  
In such a subtle combination,  
Which will require, to make the practice fit  
Four devils five advocates, to one woman's wit

*[Exeunt]*

## ACT IV

## SCENE I ‡

*Enter, at one door, LEONORA, SANITONKILA, WINIFRED,  
and Register, at the other, ARIOSTO*

*San.* Take her into your office, sir, she has that  
In her belly will dry up your ink, I can tell you—

\* practice] See note \*, p. 117

† ingenuously] See note †, p. 20

‡ Scene I] A room, it would appear, in the house of  
Ariosto but, on his exit, p. 130 a change of scene  
seems to be supposed,—to the house of Contilupo (Qy,  
might this scene be marked as taking place in one of the

This is the man that 's your learned counsel,  
A fellow that will troll it off with tongue  
He never goes without restorative powder  
Of the lungs of fox in's pocket, and Malaga raisins,  
To make him long-winded—Sir, this gentle-  
woman

Entreats your counsel in an honest cause,

halls surrounding the Hall of Justice in the ancient  
palace of the Vicaria? See *Auples, Political, Social, and  
Religious, By Lord B\*\*\*\*\**, 1856, vol. ii. 27—8).

\* arpines] *Fr arpent* an acre

Which, please you, sir, this brief, my own poor labour,

Will give you light of [Gives the brief]

*Ario* Do you call this a brief?

Here's, as I weigh them, some four score sheets of paper

What would they weigh, if there were cheese wriapt in them,

Or fig dates?

*San* Joy come to you, you are merry

We call this but a brief in our office

The scope of the business lies i'the maigent

*Ario* Methinks you prate too much

I never could endure an honest cause

With a long prologue to't.

*Leon* You trouble him

*Ario* What's here? O strange! I have liv'd this sixty years,

Yet in all my practice never did shake hands

With a cause so odious—Sirrah, are you here knave!

*San* No, sir, I am a clerk

*Ario* Why, you whoreson fogging rascal,

Are there not whores now for presentations

Of overseers wrong the will o'the dead,

Oppressions of widows or young orphans,

Wicked divorces, or your vicious cause

Of *Plus quam satis* to content a woman,

But you must find new stratagems, new purses nets!—

O women, as the ballad lives to tell you,

What will you shortly come to!

*San* Your fee is ready, sir

*Ario* The devil take such fees,

And all such suits i'the tail of them!—See, the slave

Has writ false Latin!—Sirrah ignominus,

Were you ever at the university!

*San* Never, sir,

But 'tis well known to divers I have comment'd

In a pew of our office

*Ario* Where? in a pew of your office!

*San* I have been dry founder'd i'th' this four years,

Seldom found non resident from my desk

*Ario* Non resident, sub summer!

I'll tear your libel for abusing that word,

By virtue of the clergy [Tears the brief]

*San* What do you mean, sir?

It cost me four nights' labour

*Ario* Hadst thou been drunk so long,

Thou'dst done our court better service

*Leon* Sir, you do forget your gravity, methinks

*Ario* Cry ye mercy, do I so?

And, as I take it, you do very little remember

Either womanhood or Christianity Why do ye muddle

With that seducing knave, that's good for naught,

Unless t be to fill the office full of fleas,

Or a winter itch, wears that spacious ink horn

All a vacation only to cure tetter's,

And his penknife to weed corns from the splay toes

Of the right worshipful of the office!

*Leon* You make bold with me, sir

*Ario* Woman, you're mad, I'll swear, and have more need

Of a physician than a lawyer

The melancholy humour flows in your face,

Your painting cannot hide it Such vile suits

Disgrace our courts, and these make honest lawyers

Stop their own ears whilst they plead, and that's the reason

You younger men, that have good conscience,

Wear such large night caps Ho, old woman, so pray

For lunacy, or else the devil himself

Has t'een possession of thee May like cause

In any Christian court never find name!

Bad suits, and not the law, breed the law's shame. [Exit]

*Leon* Sure, the old man's frantic.

*San* Plague on's gouty fingers!

Were all of his mind, to entertain no suits

But such they thought were honest, sure our lawyers

Would not purchase \* half so fast

*Enter CONTILUPPO, a young lawyer*

Put here's the man,

Learnd Signior Contilupo, here's a fellow

Of another piece, believe't—I must make shift

With the foul copy

*Contil* Business to me?

*San* To you, sir, from this lady

*Contil* She is welcome

*San* 'Tis a foul copy, sir, you'll hardly read it

There's twenty double ducats,—can you read, sir?

*Contil* Exceeding well, very, very exceedingly well

*San* [aside] This man will be sav'd, he can read Lord, Lord,

To see what money can do! be the hand ne'er so foul, Somewhat will be pick'd out on't

\* *purse nets*] i.e. nets, the mouths of which are drawn together by a string

\* *purchase*] i.e. acquire wealth see note l, p. 74

*Contil* Is not this *vivere honeste*?

*San* No, that's struck out, sir,  
And wherever you find *vivere honeste* in these  
papers,

Give it a dash, sir

*Contil* I shall be mindful of it.  
In troth, you write a pretty secretary  
Your secretary hand ever takes best,  
In mine opinion

*San* Sir, I have been in France,  
And there, believe t, your court-hand generally  
Takes beyond thought

*Contil* Even as a man is traded in't

*San* [*aside*] That I could not think of this  
virtuous gentleman  
Before I went to the other hog rubber! \*  
Why, this was wont to give young clerks half  
fees

To help him to clients — Your opinion in the  
case, sir?

*Contil* I am struck with wonder, almost  
ecstasy'd,

With this most goodly suit

*Leo* It is the fruit

Of a most hearty penitence

*Contil* 'Tis a case

Shall leave a precedent to all the world,  
In our succeeding annals, and deserves  
Rather a spacious public thirthe  
Then a pent court for audience — it shall teach  
All ladies the right path to rectify  
Their issue

*San* Lo, you, here's a man of comfort!

*Contil* And you shall go unto a peaceful  
grave,

Discharg'd of such a guilt as would have lain  
Howling for ever at your wounded heart,  
And rose with you to judgment

*San* O, give me such a lawyer as will think  
Of the day of judgment!

*Leon* You must urge the business  
Against him as spitefully as may be

*Contil* Doubt not — What, is he summon'd?

*San* Yes, and the court will sit within this  
half hour

Peruse your notes, you have very short warning

*Contil* Never fear you that —

Follow me, worthy lady, and make account

This suit is ended already [Exit

\* *hog rubber*] Not a "dictionary word," but old Bar-  
ton uses it, "The very rusticks and hog rubbers, Mc-  
milens and Coridon, &c." *Anal. of Melancholy*, p. 540,  
ed. 1660

## SCENE II \*

*Enter Officers, preparing seats for the Judges to them*  
*ERCOLT muffled*

*First Off* You would have a private seat, sir?

*Erc* Yes, sir

*Second Off* Here's a closet belongs to the court  
Where you may hear all unscen

*Erc* I thank you there's money

*Second Off* I give you your thanks again, sir  
[*ERCOLT goes into the closet*]

*Enter CONPARINO and the Two Surgeons, disguised*

*Con* Is't possible Romeo's persuaded

You are gone to the East Indies?

*First Sur* Most confidently

*Con* But do you mean to go?

*Second Sur* How! go to the East Indies! and  
so many Hollanders gone to fetch sauce for their  
pickled herrings! some have been peppered there  
too lately! But, I pray, being thus well recovered  
of your wounds, why do you not reveal yourself?

*Con* That my fan Jolenta should be rumoured  
To be with child by noble Ercol,  
Makes me expect to what a violent issue  
These passages will come — I hear her brother  
Is marrying the infant she goes with,  
Fore it be born, as, if it be a daughter  
To the Duke of Austria's nephew, — if a son,  
Into the noble ancient family

Of the Palatinate! He's a subtle devil,  
And I do wonder what strange suit in law  
Has happ'd between him and his mother

*First Sur* 'Tis whisper'd among the lawyers,  
'Twill undo him for ever

*Enter ANTONELLA and WINIFRED*

*San* Do you hear, officers?

You must take special care that you let in  
No brachygraphy men § to take notes

*First Off* No, sir!

*San* By no means

We cannot have a cause of any fame,  
But you must have scurvy pamphlets and low  
ballads

\* *Scene II*] A court of justice

† *some have been peppered there too lately*] Webster alludes  
to the massacre of the English by the Dutch at Am-  
boyna, in February, 1622. The *True Relation* of the  
atrocity has been several times reprinted. Dryden  
wrote an execrable play on the subject.

‡ *Palatinate*] Or "*Pallavicini*."

§ *brachygraphy-men*] i. e. short hand writers — no great  
favourites of our old dramatists who had sometimes to  
complain of their plays being printed without their con-  
sent, in a mutilated state, from copies taken down by  
brachygraphy during the representation

Engender'd of it presently—Have you broke fast yet?

Win Not I, sir

San 'Twas very ill done of you,

For this cause will be long pleading, but no matter,

I have a medicine in my buckram bag

To stop your stomach

Win What is't? green ginger?

San Green ginger, nor pellitory of Spain

Neither yet 'twill stop a hollow tooth better Than either of them

Win Pray, what is't?

San Look you,

It is a very lovely pudding pie,

Which we clerks find great relief in

Win I shall have no stomach

San No matter in you have not I may persuade

Some of our learned counsel with't I have done it Many a time and often when a cause Has provid like an after game at Irish†

*Enter at one bar CRISTIANO like a Judge with a cloth, Judge CONTILLO, and another lawyer at another bar, ROMANO AMOSIO, and DONNA with a black veil or kerchief and JERRO*

Cris 'Tis a strange suit—Is Leonora come?

Contil She's here, my lord—Make way there for the lady!

Cris Take off her veil it seems she is ashamed To look her cause in the face

Contil She's sick, my lord

Ario She's mad, my lord, and would be kept more dark—

[To ROM] By your favour, sir, I have now occasion To be at your elbow, and within this half hour Shall entreat you to be angry, very angry

Cris Is Romcho come?

Rom I am here, my lord, and call'd, I do protest,

To answer what I know not, for as yet

I am wholly ignorant of what the court

Will charge me with

Cris I assure you, the proceeding Is most unequal then, for I perceive

The counsel of the adverse party furnish'd With full instruction

Rom Pray, my lord, who is my accuser?

Cris 'Tis your mother

Rom [*sings*] She has discover'd Containos murder!

If she prove so unnatural to call

My life in question, I am arm'd to suffer

This to end all my losses

Cris Sir, we will do you

This favour, you shall hear the accusation

Which being known, we will adjourn the court

Till a fortnight hence you may provide your counsel

Ario I advise you take their offer,

Or else the lunacy runs in a blood,

You're more mad than she

Rom What are you, sir?

Ario An angry fellow that would do thee good,

For goodness sake itself, I do protest,

Neither for love nor money

Rom Further stand further I shall gall you gout else

Ario Come, come, I know you for an honest Indy merchant,

You have a spice of pride in you still

Rom My lord,

I'm so strengthen'd in my innocence,

For my the least shadow of a crime

Committed against my mother or the world

That she can charge me with, here do I make it

My humble suit, only this hour and place

May give it a full hearing, and as free

And unrestrained a sentence

Cris Be not too confident,

You have cause to fear

Rom Let fear dwell with earthquakes

Shipwrecks at sea, or prodigies in heaven

I cannot set myself so many fathom

Beneath the height of my true heart as fear

Ario Very fine words, I assure you, if they were To any purpose

Cris Well, have your entreaty

And if your own credulity undo you,

Blame not the court hereafter—Fall to your plea

Contil May it please your lordship and the reverend court

To give me leave to open to you a case

So rare, so altogether void of precedent,

That I do challenge all the spacious volumes

Of the whole civil law to show the like

We are of counsel for this gentleman;

We have receiv'd our fee yet the whole course

Of what we are to speak is quite against her,

\* so] The old copy "not"

† *an after-game at Irish*] Irish, "a game within this tables," differed very little from back-gammon. "Irish," says *The Compleat Gamester*, "is an ingenious game, and requires a great deal of skill to play it well, especially the After-game for an After-game I know not what instructions to give you you must herein trust to your own judgment and the chance of the dice, and if they run low for some time, it will be so much the better" pp 111, 112, ed 1709

Yet we'll deserve our fee too    There stands one,  
 Romelio the merchant    I will name him to you  
 Without either title or addition,  
 For those false beams of his supposed honour,  
 As void of true heat as are painted \* fires  
 Or glow worms in the dark, suit him all basely,  
 As if he had bought his gentry from the herald  
 With money got by extortion    I will first  
 Produce this Asop's crow, as he stands forfeit  
 For the long use of his gay borrow'd plumes,  
 And then let him hop naked    I come to the  
 point

'Tis been a dream in Naples, very near  
 This eight and thirty years, that this Romelio  
 Was nobly descended, he has tank'd himself  
 With the nobility, shamefully usurp'd  
 Their place, and in a kind of saucy pride,  
 Which, like to mushrooms, ever grow most rank  
 When they do spring from dung hills, sought to  
 outsway

The Fisks,† the Grimaldi, Doni,  
 And all the ancient pillars of our state  
 View now what he is come to,—this poor thing,  
 Without a name, this cuckoo hatch'd in the nest  
 Of a hedge sparrow ‡

*Rom* Speaks he all this to me?

*Asio* Only to you, sir

*Rom* I do not ask thee    prudence, hold thy  
 prating

*Asio* Why, very good, you will be presently  
 As angry as I could wish

*Contil* What title shall I set to this base coin?  
 He has no name, and for a aspect, he seems  
 A grant in a May game, that within  
 Is nothing but a porter    I'll undertake,  
 He had as good have travell'd all his life  
 With gypsies    I will sell him to any man  
 For an hundred cecchins, and he that buys him  
 of me

Shall lose by the hand too

*Asio* Lo, what you are come to,  
 You that did scorn to trade in any thing  
 But gold, or spices, or your cochineal †

He rates you now at poor John ‡

*Rom* Out upon thee!

I would thou wert of his side

*Asio* Would you so?

*Rom* The devil and thee together on each hand,

To prompt the lawyer's memory when he  
 founders

*Cris* Signior Contilupo, the court holds it fit  
 You leave this stale declaiming 'gainst the person,  
 And come to the matter

*Contil* Now I shall, my lord

*Cris* It shows a poor malicious eloquence,  
 And it is strange men of your gravity  
 Will not forgo it    verily, I presume,  
 If you but heard yourself speaking with my ears,  
 Your phrase would be more modest

*Contil* Good my lord, be assur'd  
 I will leave all circumstance, and come to the  
 purpose

This Romelio is a bastard

*Rom* How, a bastard?

O mother, now the day begins grow hot  
 On your side!

*Contil* Why, she is your accuser

*Rom* I had forgot that    Was my father married  
 To any other woman at the time  
 Of my begetting?

*Contil* That's not the business

*Rom* I turn me, then, to you that were my  
 mother,

But by what name I am to call you now,  
 You must instruct me    were you ever married  
 To my father?

*Leon* To my shame I speak it, never

*Cris* Not to Francisco Romelio?

*Leon* May it please your lordships,  
 To him I was, but he was not his father

*Contil* Good my lord, give us leave in a few  
 words

To expound the middle, and to make it plain  
 Without the least of scruple, for I take it  
 There cannot be more lawful proof 'till the world  
 Than the oath of the mother

*Cris* Well, then, to your proof,  
 And be not tedious

*Contil* I'll conclude in a word  
 Some nine and thirty years since, which was the  
 time

This woman was married, Francisco Romelio,  
 This gentleman's putative father and her husband,  
 Being not married to her past a fortnight,  
 Would needs go travel, did so, and continu'd  
 In France and the Low Countries eleven months  
 Take special note o'the time, I beseech your  
 lordship,

For it makes much to the business. In his  
 absence

He left behind to sojourn at his house  
 A Spanish gentleman, a fine spruce youth

\* are painted] The old copy    are all painted    —the eye  
 of the transcriber or compositor having caught the  
 all in the next line

† Fisks] Qy "Fisch:"

‡ poor John] i. e. a coarse kind of fish (generally hake)  
 salted and dried

By the lady's confession, and you may be sure  
He was no eunuch neither he was one  
Romeho lov'd very dearly, as oft haps  
No man alive more welcome to the husband  
Than he that makes him cuckold This gentle-  
man, I say,

Breaking all laws of hospitality,  
Got his friends wife with child a full two months  
Fore the husband return'd

*San* Good sir, forget not the lamb-skin

*Contil* I warrant thee

*San* I will pinch by the buttock  
To put you in mind of it

*Contil* Prithce, hold thy prating -  
Whats to be practis'd now my lord's marry,  
this

Romeho being a young novice not acquainted  
With this precedence, very innocently  
Returning home from travel finds his wife  
Grown an excellent good huswife, for she had set  
Her women to spin flax, and, to that use,  
Had in a study which was built of stone  
Stor'd up at least an hundred weight of flax  
Marry, such a thread is was to be spun from the  
flax

I think the like was never heard of

*Cris* What was that?

*Contil* You may be certain she would lose no  
time

In bragging that her husband had got up  
Her belly to be short, at seven months end,  
Which was the time of her delivery,  
And when she felt her self to fall in travail  
She makes her waiting woman - by mischance,  
Set fire to the flax, the fright \* wherof,  
As they pretend, causes this gentle woman  
To fall in pain, and be deliver'd  
Eight weeks afore her reckoning

*San* Now, sir, remember the lamb-skin

*Contil* The midwife straight howls out, there  
was no hope

Of the infant's life, swaddles it in a flax'd lamb-  
skin,

As a bird hatch'd too early, makes it up  
With three quarters of a face, that made it look  
Like a changeling, cries out to Romeho  
To have it christen'd, lest it should depart  
Without that it came for - and thus are many  
serv'd

That take care to get gossips for those children  
To which they might be godfathers themselves,  
And yet be no arch-puritans neither

*Cris* No more!

*Arzo* Pray, my lord, give him way, you spoil  
his oratory else

Thus would they jest, were they foe'd to open  
Their sisters' cases

*Cris* You have urg'd enough  
You first affirm her husband was away from her  
I seven months?

*Contil* Yes, my lord

*Cris* And at seven months' end,  
After his return, she was deliver'd  
Of this Romeho, and had gone her full time?

*Contil* Tino, my lord

*Cris* So by this account this gentleman was  
begot

In his supposed father's absence?

*Contil* You have it fully

*Cris* A most strange suit this - tis beyond  
example,

Either time past or present for a woman  
To publish her own dishonour voluntarily,  
Without being call'd in question, some forty years  
After the sin committed, and her counsel  
To enlarge the offence with as much oratory  
As ever I did hear them in my life  
Defend a guilty woman, tis most strange  
Or why with such a person'd violence  
Should she labour her son's undoing - we observe  
Obedience of creatures to the law of nature  
Is the stay of the whole world, here that law is  
broke,

For though our civil law makes difference  
[Between the base and the legitimate,  
Compassionate nature makes them equal, nay,  
She many times picks them - I pray, resolve  
me, sir

Have not you and your mother had some suit  
In law together lately?

*Rom* None, my lord

*Cris* No! no contention about parting your  
goods?

*Rom* Not any

*Cris* No fliv, no unkindness?

*Rom* None that ever arriv'd it my knowledge

*Cris* But think yourself this cannot choose but  
savour

Of a woman's malice deeply, and I fear  
You're practis'd upon most devilishly - How  
happ'd,

Gentlewoman, you reveal'd this too sooner?

*Leon* While my husband liv'd, my lord, I durst  
not

*Cris* I should rather ask you why you reveal  
it now?

\* *fright* The old copy "flight"

*Leon* Because, my lord, I loath'd that such  
a sin  
Should he smother'd with me in my grave my  
penitence,

Through to my shame, prefers the revealing of it  
'Bove worldly reputation

*Cris* Your penitence!  
Might not your penitence have been as hearty,  
Though it had never summou'd to the court  
Such a conflux of people?

*Leon* Indeed, I might have confess'd it  
privately  
To the church, I grant, but you know repentance  
Is nothing without satisfaction

*Cris* Satisfaction? why, your husband's dead  
What satisfaction can you make him?

*Leon* The greatest satisfaction in the world,  
my lord  
To restore the land to the right heir, and that's  
My daughter

*Cris* O, she's straight begot, then  
*Ario* Very well may it please this honourable  
court,  
If he be a bastard, and must forfeit his land  
for it,

She has prov'd herself a strumpet, and must lose  
her dower let them go begging together

*San* Who shall pay us our fees, then?  
*Cris* Most just

*Ario* You may see now what an old house  
You are like to pull over your head, dim

*Rom* Could I conceive this publication  
Grew from a hearty penitence, I could bear  
My undoing the more patiently but my lord,  
There is no reason, as you said even now  
To satisfy me but this suit of hers  
Springs from a devilish malice, and her pretence  
Of a griev'd conscience and religion,  
Like to the horrid powder treason in England,  
Is a most bloody unnatural revenge  
I hid under it O, the violences of women!  
Why, they are creatures made up and compounded  
Of all monsters, poison'd minerals,  
And sorcerous herbs that grow

*Ario* Are you angry yet?

*Rom* Would man express a bad one, let him  
forsake

All natural example, and compare  
One to another they have no more mercy  
Than ruinous fires in great tempests.

*Ario* Take heed you do not crack your voice,  
sir

*Rom* Hard hearted creatures, good for nothing  
else

But to wind dead bodies

*Ario* Yes, to weave sewing lace  
With the bones of their husbands that were long  
since buried,

And curse them when they tangle

*Rom* Yet why do I  
Take bristardly so distastefully, when is the world  
A many things that are essential parts

Of greatness are but by ships, and are father'd  
On the wrong parties,

Preferment in the world a many times  
Basely begotten? nay, I have observ'd

The immaculate justice of a poor man's cause,  
In such a court as this, his not known whom

To call father, which way to direct itself  
For compassion—but I forget my temper

Only that I may stop that lawyer's throat  
I do beseech the court and the whole world,

They will not think the baseness of me  
For the vice of a mother, for that woman's sin,  
To which you all are swayed when it is done,  
I would not give my consent

*Cris* Stay, here's an accusation  
But here's no proof What was the Spaniard's name  
You accuse of whultery?

*Contil* Don Crispiano, my lord

*Cris* What part of Spain was he born in?

*Contil* In Castile

*Jul* This may prove my father

*San* And my sister my client's spoil'd, then

*Cris* I knew that Spaniard well if you be a  
bastard,

Such a man being your father, I dare vouch you  
A gentleman—and in that, Signior Contilupo,

Your oratory went a little too far

When do we name Don John of Austria

The emperor's son, but with reverence?

And I have known in divers families

The bastards the greater spirits But to the  
purpose

What time was this gentleman begot?

And be sure you lay your time right

*Ario* Now the matter comes to the touch-stone

*Contil* In anno seventy one, my lord

*Cris* Very well, seventy one,

The battle of Lepanto was fought in it

A most remarkable time, twill be

For no man's pleasure and what proof is there,

More than the affirmation of the mother,

Of this corporal dealing?

*Contil* The deposition

Of a waiting woman serv'd her the same time

\* man] The old copy "men"



*Cris* Where is she?

*Contd.* Where is our solicitor with the waiting woman?

*Ario* Room for the bag and baggage!

*San* Here, my lord, *ore tennis*

*Cris* And what can you say, gentlewoman?

*Win* Please your lordship, I was the party that dealt in the business, and brought them together.

*Cris* Well.

*Win* And conveyed letters between them.

*Cris* What needed letters, when tis said he lodged in her house?

*Win* A running ballad now and then to her viol, for he was never well but when he was fiddling.

*Cris* Speak to the purpose. did you ever know them bed together?

*Win* No, my lord, but I have brought him to the bed-side.

*Cris* That was somewhat near to the business. And, what, did you help him off with his shoes?

*Win* He wore no shoes, an't please you, my lord.

*Cris* No! what, then,—pumps?

*Win* Neither.

*Cris* Boots were not fit for his journey.

*Win* He wore tennis court woollen shippers, for fear of creaking, sir, and making a noise, to wake the rest o'the house.

*Cris* Well, and what did he there in his tennis court woollen shippers?

*Win* Please your lordship, question me in Latin, for the cause is very foul: the examiner o'the court was fain to get it out of me alone: 'the cunning house, cruse he would not spoil the youth o'the office.

*Ario* Here's a latten spoon, and a long one, to feed with the devil!

\* *Here's a latten spoon and a long one, to feed with the devil!* [Latten means a kind of mixed metal the composition of which has been variously explained by lexicographers. According to Mr Halliwell (*Dict. of Arch. and Prov. Words*) it very much resembled brass in its nature and colour—Webster alludes here to the proverb: "he had need of a long spoon, that eats with the devil." The following anecdote, which fathers upon Shakespeare, a pun similar to that in the text, has been repeated in several books. I now transcribe it from the MS. volume where it was originally discovered—a collection of *Merry Passages and Jestes* by L'Estrange, Sir Roger's nephew, among the Harleian MSS. 4795. Plat. LIX. A. "Shakespeare was godfather to one of Ben Jonson's children, and after the christning being in a doope study Jonson came to cheere him up, and askt him why he was so melancholy? no faith Ben (says he) not I, but I have been considering a great while what should be the fittest gift for me to bestow upon my God child, and I

*Win* I'd be loth to be ignorant that way, for I hope to marry a proctor, and take my pleasure abroad at the commencements with him.

*Ario* Come closer to the business.

*Win* I will come as close as modesty will give me leave. Truth is, every morning when he lay with her, I made a candle for him, by the appointment of my mistress, which he would still refuse, and call for small drink.

*Cris* Small drink!

*Ario* For a julep!

*Win* And said he was wondrous thirsty.

*Cris* What's this to the purpose?

*Win* Most effectual, my lord. I have heard them laugh together extremely, and the curtain rods fall from the tester of the bed: and he never came from her but he thrust money in my hand, — and once, in truth, he would have had some dealing with me—which I took, he thought 'twould be the only way in the world to make me keep counsel the better.

*San* That's a stinger: tis a good wench: he not daunted.

*Cris* Did you ever find the point of two in the bed?

*Win* What a questions that to be asked! may it please your lordship, tis to be thought he lay nearer to her than so.

*Cris* What age are you of, gentlewoman?

*Win* About six-and-forty, my lord.

*Cris* Anno seventy one, And Romcho is thirty eight: by that reckoning, You were a bawd at eight year old: now, verily, You fell to the trade betimes.

*San* There you're from the bus.

*Win* I do not know my age directly, sure, I am elder. I can remember two great frosts, and three great plagues, and the loss of Cilair, and the first coming up of the breeches with the great codpiece, and I pray what age do you take me of, then?

*San* Well come off again.

*Ario* An old hunted hare, She has all her doubles.

*Rom* For your own gravities, And the reverence of the court, I do beseech you, Rip up the cause no further, but proceed To sentence.

have resolved at last, I pry the what, says he? I faith Ben! he gave him a dozen good *Latten spoons* and thou shalt translate them." At the end of the vol. the writer gives a list of his authorities, from which we learn, that the story just quoted was told to him by "Dun." (Donne?)

*Cris* One question more, and I have done  
Might not this Crispiano, this Spaniard,  
Lie with your mistress at some other time,  
Either afore or after, than i'the absence  
Of her husband?

*Leon* Never

*Cris* Are you certain of that?

*Leon* On my soul, never

*Cris* That's well, he never lay with her  
But in anno seventy one, let that be remember'd —  
Stand you aside awhile — Mistress, the truth is,  
I knew this Crispiano, liv'd in Naples  
At the same time, and lov'd the gentleman  
As my bosom friend, and, as I do remember,  
The gentleman did leave his picture with you,  
If age or neglect have not in so long time  
Ruin'd it

*Leon* I preserve it still, my lord

*Cris* I pray, let me see't, let me see the face  
I then lov'd so much to look on

*Leon* Fetch it

*Leon* I shall, my lord

*Cris* No, no, gentlewoman,  
I have other business for you

[*First one to the picture*]

*First Sen* Now were the time to cut Romeo's  
throat,  
And accuse him for your murder

*Con* By no means

*Second Sen* Will you not let us be men of  
fashion,  
And down with him now he's going?

*Con* Peace, let's attend the sequel

*Cris* I commend you, lady,  
There was a man matter of conscience  
How many ills spring from adultery!  
First, the supreme law that is violated,  
Nobility oft stain'd with bastardy  
Inheritance of land falsely possess'd,  
The husband scorn'd, wife sham'd, and babes  
unblest

[*The picture is brought in*]  
So, hang it up i'the court — You have heard  
What has been urg'd against Romeo  
Now my definitive sentence in this cause  
Is, I will give no sentence at all

*Ario* No!

*Cris* No, I cannot, for I am in debt a party

*San* How, a party? here are fine cross tricks  
What the devil will he do now!

*Cris* Signor Ariosto, his majesty of Spain  
Confers my place upon you by this patent,  
Which till this urgent hour I have kept  
From your knowledge may you thrive in't, noble  
sir,

And do that which but few in our place do,—  
Go to their grave uncurs'd

*Ario* This law business  
Will leave me so small leisure to serve God,  
I shall serve the king the worse

*San* Is he a judge?

We must, then, look for all conscience, and no law  
He'll beggar all his followers

*Cris* Sir,  
I am of your counsel, for the cause in hand  
Was begun at such a time fore you could speak,  
You had need therefore have one speak for you  
*Ario* Stay, I do here first make protestation,  
I neer took fee of this Romeo

For being of his counsel, which may free me,  
Being now his judge, for the imputation  
Of taking a bribe Now, sir, speak your mind

*Cris* I do first entreat that the eyes of all here  
present

May be fix'd upon this

*Leon* O, I am confounded! this is Crispiano

*Jud* This is my father how the judges have  
bleat'd him!

*Win* You may see truth will out in spite of the  
devil

*Cris* Behold, I am the shadow of this shadow,  
Age has made me so take from me forty years,  
And I was such a summer fruit is this,  
At least the punter fagu'd so for, indeed,  
Punting and epitaphs are both alike,—  
They flatter us, and say we have been this  
But I am the party here that stands accus'd  
For adultery with this woman, in the year  
Seventy one now I call you my lord, to witness,  
Four years before that time I went to the Indies,  
And till this month did never set my foot since  
In Europe, and for my former incontinence,  
She has vow'd there was never any w't remained,  
then,

But this is a mere practice\* gainst her son!

And I beseech the court it may be sifted,  
And most severely punish'd

*San* Ud's foot, we are spoil'd

Why, my client's prov'd an honest woman

*Win* What do you think will become of me  
now?

*San* You'll be made dance *Lacryma*, I I fear, at a  
cut's full

\* practice] See note \*, p. 117

† dance *Lacryma*] One of the dances, so frequent in  
our old dramatists, to a musical work by John Dowland,  
the famous lutenist, the "most musical" according to  
A. Wood, (*Pastorale* Part I p. 242 ed Bliss,) that his  
age did behold "it is dedicated to Anne the Queen of  
James I and entitled *Lacryma*, or seven Tears figured on

*Ario* You, mistress, where are you now?  
Your tennis court slippers\* and your taen drink  
In a morning for your hot liver? where's the man  
Would have had some dealing with you, that you  
might

Keep counsel the better?

*Win* May it please the court, I am but a young  
thing, and was drawn wry-wry into the business

*Ario* How young? of five-and forty?

*Win* Five-and forty! an shall please you, I am  
not five-and twenty she made me colour my hair  
with beau flower, to seem elder than I was, and  
then my rotten teeth, with eating sweet meats,—  
why, should a fairer look in my mouth, he might  
mistake my age—O mistress mistress, you are  
an honest woman, and you may be ashamed on't,  
to abuse the court thus!

*Leon* Whatso'er I have attempted  
'Gainst my own fame or the reputation  
Of that gentleman my son, the Lord Contarino  
Was cause of it

*Con* [aside] Who, I?

*Ario* He that should have married your  
daughter!

It was a plot betwixt, then, to confer  
The land on her that should have been his wife

*Leon* More than I have said already all the world  
Shall ne'er extract from me—I entreat from both  
Your equal pardons

*Jul* And I from you, sir

*Chris* Surah, stand you aside,

I will talk with you hereafter

*Jul* I could never away with† after reckonings

*Leon* And now, my lords, I do most voluntarily  
Confine myself unto a stricter prison  
And a severer penance than this court  
Can impose, I am enter'd into religion

*Con* [aside] I the cause of this practice! this  
ungodly woman

Has sold herself to falsehood I will now  
Reveal myself

*Erco* [coming from the closet] Stay, my lord,  
here's a window

To let in more light to the court

*Con* [aside] Mercy upon me! O, that thou art  
living,

Is mercy indeed!

*First Sur* Stay, keep in your shell a little longer

*Erco* I am Ercole

*Ario* A guard upon him for the death of  
Contarino!

*Erco* I obey the arrest o'the court

*Rom* O, sir, you are happily restor'd to life  
And to us your friends!

*Erco* Away! thou art the traitor

I only live to challenge this former suit

'Tis but thy fame this accusation  
Reaches to thy fame and life The brave Contarino  
Is generally supposed slain by this hand,—

*Con* [aside] How knows he the contrary?

*Leon* But truth is,

Having receiv'd from me some certain wounds  
Which were not mortal, this vile murderer,  
Being by will deputed overseer  
Of the nobleman's estate to his sister's use,  
That he might make him some from\* surviving  
To revoke that will, stole to him in his bed  
And kill'd him

*Rom* Strange, unheard of! more practice yet!

*Ario* What proof of this?

*Leon* The report of his mother deliver'd to me,  
In distraction for Contarino's death

*Con* [aside] For my death! I begin to apprehend  
That the violence of this woman's love to me  
Might practise the disinheriting of her son

*Ario* What say you to this, I honour!

*Leon* Such a thing

I did utter out of my distraction

But how the court will censure that report  
I leave to their wisdoms

*Ario* My opinion is

That this late slander urg'd against her son  
Takes from her all manner of credit she  
That would not stick to deprive him of his living  
Will as little tender his life

*Leon* I beseech the court

I may retire myself to my place of penance  
I have vow'd myself and my woman

*Ario* Go when you please

[*Exeunt LEONORA, and WINIFRED*]

What should move you be

Thus forward in the accusation?

*Erco* My love to Contarino

*Ario* O, it bore

Very bitter fruit at your last meeting

*Erco* 'Tis true but I begun to love him when  
I had most cause to hate him, when our bloods  
Embrac'd each other, then I pitied  
That so much valour should be hazarded

On the fortune of a single rapier,  
And not spent against the Turk

*Ario* Stay, sir, be well advis'd,

\* *from*] In some of the old copies this word is omitted

*seven passionate Pavans, with divers other Pavans,  
Gahard's, and Almada's, set forth for the Lute, Viols, or  
Violons, in five parts*

\* *slippers*] The old copy "slips" but see p. 136

† *away with*] i.e. endure

There is no testimony but your own  
To approve you slew him, therefore no other way  
To decide it but by duel

*Con* Yes, my lord, I dare affirm, 'gainst all the world,

This nobleman speaks truth

*Ario* You will make yourself a party in the duel

*Rom* Let him, I will fight with them both, sixteen of them

*Eico* Sir, I do not know you

*Con* Yes, but you have forgot me, you and I have sweat in the breach together at Malta

*Irco* Cry you mercy, I have known of your nation

Brave soldiers

*Iul* [*aside*] Now, if my father

Have any true spirit in him, I'll recover his good opinion—Do you hear? do not swear, sir,

for I dare swear that you will swear a lie,

A very filthy, stinking, rotten lie,

And if the lawyers think not this sufficient,

I'll give the lie in the stomach,—

That's somewhat deeper than the throat,—

Both here, and all France over and over,

From Marseilles or Bayonne to Cádiz sands,

And there draw my sword upon thee, and new count it

In the gravel of thy kidneys

*Ario* You the defendant

Charged with the murder, and you second there,

Must be committed to the custody  
Of the Knight Marshal,—and the count gives charge

They be to-morrow ready in the lists  
Before the sun be risen

*Rom* I do entreat the court there be a guard  
Plac'd o'er my sister, that she enter not  
Into religion: she's rich, my lords,  
And the persuasions of friars, to gain  
All her possessions to their monasteries,  
May do much upon her

*Ario* We'll take order for her

*Clis* There is a nun too you have got with child  
How will you dispose of her?

*Rom* You question me as if I were glad already

When I have quenched this wild fire in Lincoln's  
Fame blood I'll tell you [*Exit*]

*Eico* You have judg'd to day

A most confused practice, that takes end  
In as bloody a trial, and we may observe  
By these great persons, and their indirect  
Proceedings, shadow'd in a veil of state,  
Mountains are deformed heaps, swells up dole,  
Vices wholesomer, though lower and trod on oft

*San* Well, I will put up my papers,  
And send them to France for a precedent,  
That they may not say yet, but for one strange  
law suit

We come somewhat near them [*Exeunt*]

ACT V

SCENE I \*

*Enter JOLENTA and ANGIOLLO with a great bellied*

*Jol* How dost thou, friend? welcome thou and I

Were play-fellows together, little children,

So small a while ago, that, I presume,

We are neither of us wise yet

*Angio* A most sad truth on my part

*Jol* Why do you pluck your veil  
Over your face?

*Angio* If you will believe truth,  
There's naught more terrible to a guilty heart  
Than the eye of a respected friend

*Jol* Say, friend,  
Are you quick with child?

*Angio* Too sure

*Jol* How could you know first \*  
Of your child when you quicken'd?

*Angio* How could you know, friend?  
'Tis reported you are in the same taking

*Jol* Ha, ha, ha! so 'tis given out,  
But Ercole's coming to life again has shrunk  
And made invisible my great belly, yes, faith,  
My being with child was merely in supposition,  
Not practice

*Angio* You are happy what would I give  
To be a maid again!

*Jol* Would you? to what purpose?  
I would never give great purchase for that thing  
Is in danger every hour to be lost Pray thee,  
laugh

A boy or a girl, for a wager?

\* Scene I ] A room in the house of Leonora  
† Than] The old copy "As"

\* *first*  
Of your] The old copy "Of your first."

*Angio* What heaven please

*Jol* Nay, nay, will you venture  
A chain of pearl with me, whether?

*Angio* I'll lay nothing,  
I have ventur'd too much for't already, my fame  
I make no question, sister, you have heard  
Of the intended combat.

*Jol* O, what else?  
I have a sweetheart in t'gainst a brother  
*Angio* And I a dead friend, I fear what good  
counsel

Can you minister unto me?

*Jol* Faith, only this,  
Since there's no means in the world to hinder it,  
Let thou and I, wench, get as far as we can  
From the noise of it

*Angio* Whither?

*Jol* No matter, my whither

*Angio* Any whither, so you go not by sea  
I cannot abide rough water

*Jol* Not endure to be tumbled? say no more,  
then,

We'll be land soldiers for that trick take heart,  
Thy boy shall be born a brave Roman

*Angio* O, you mean  
To go to Rome, then

*Jol* Within there!

*Enter Servant*

Bear this letter

To the Lord Ercole *[Exit Servant with letter]*

Now, wench, I am for thee,

All the world over

*Angio* I, like your shade, pursue you *[Exeunt]*

## SCENE II †

*Enter PROSPERO and SAMPSONELLA*

*Pros* Well, I do not think but to see you as  
pretty a piece of flesh-flesh!

*San* In time I may marry, I am resolved to  
take a new way for't. You have lawyers take  
their clients' fees, and their backs are no sooner  
turned but they call them fools, and laugh at them.

*Pros* That's ill done of them

*San* There's one thing too that has a vile abuse  
in't

*Pros* What's that?

*San* Marry, this,—that no proctor in the term  
time be tolerated to go to the tavern above six  
times i'th' forenoon

\* *salt*] Some of the old copies '*salt*'

† *Scene II*] An apartment in Castel Nuovo

*Pros* Why, man!

*San* O, sir, it makes their clients overtaken,  
and become friends sooner than they would be

*Enter ERCOLE with a letter, and CONTARINO coming in  
friars' habits, as having been at the Bathunder, a  
ceremony used afore these combats*

*Erco* Leave the room, gentlemen

*[Exeunt SERVANT and PROS]*

*Con* *[aside]* Wherefore should I with such an  
obstinacy

Conceal myself any longer? I am taught,  
That all the blood which will be shed to-morrow  
Must fall upon my head one question  
Shall fix it or untie it—Noble brother,  
I would fain know how it is possible,  
When it appears you love the fair Jolenta  
With such a height of fervor you were ready  
To father another's child and marry her,  
You would so suddenly engage yourself  
To kill her brother, one that ever stood  
Your loyal and firm friend?

*Erco* Sir, I'll tell you,

My love, as I have formerly protested,  
To Contarino, whose unfortunate end  
The traitor wrought and here is one thing more  
Deeds all good thoughts of him, which I now  
receiv'd

From Jolenta

*Con* In a letter?

*Erco* Yes, in this letter,  
For, having sent to her to be resolv'd  
Most truly who was father of the child,  
She writes back that the shame she goes withal  
Was begot by her brother

*Con* O most incestuous villain!

*Erco* I protest,

Before I thought 'twas Contarino's issue,  
And for that would have veil'd her dishonour

*Con* No more

It is the armorer brought the weapons?

*Erco* Yes, sir

*Con* I will no more think of her

*Erco* Of whom?

*Con* Of my mother,—I was thinking of my  
mother

Call the armorer

*[Exeunt]*

## SCENE III \*

*Enter First Surgeon, and WINIFRED*

*Win* You do love me, sir, you say?

*First Sur* O, most entirely!

\* *Scene III*] A room in the house of Leonora

*Win* And you will marry me?

*First Sur* Nay, I'll do more than that  
The fashion of the world is many times  
To make a woman naught, and afterwards  
To marry her, but I, o'the contrary,  
Will make you honest first, and afterwards  
Proceed to the wedlock

*Win* Honest? what mean you by that?

*First Sur* I mean, that you suborning the  
late law-suit

Has got you a filthy report now, there is no way,  
But to do some excellent piece of honesty,  
To recover your good name

*Win* How, sir?

*First Sur* You shall straight go and reveal to  
your old mistress,

For certain truth, Contarino is alive

*Win* How, living?

*First Sur* Yes, he is living

*Win* No, I must not tell her of it

*First Sur* No? why?

*Win* For she did bind me yesterday by oath  
Never more to speak of him

*First Sur* You shall reveal it, then,  
To Aristo the judge

*Win* By no means, he has heard me tell  
So many lies i'the court, he'll never believe me  
What if I told it to the Capuchin?

*First Sur* You cannot

Think of a better, as for your young mistress,  
Who, as you told me, has persuaded you  
To run away with her, let her have her humour  
I have a suit Romeo left i'the house,  
The habit of a Jew, that I'll put on,  
And pretending I am robb'd, by break of day,  
Procure all passengers to be brought back,  
And by the way reveal myself, and discover  
The comical event They say she's a little mad,  
This will help to cure her Go, go presently,  
And reveal it to the Capuchin

*Win* Sir I shall [He exits]

## SCENE IV +

*Enter JULIO, PROSPERO, and SAVITORELLA*

*Jul* A pox on't,  
I have undertaken the challenge very foolishly  
What if I do not appear to answer it?

*Pro* It would be absolute conviction  
Of cowardice and perjury, and the Dane  
May to your public shame reverse your arms,

Or have them ignominiously fasten'd  
Under his horse tail

*Jul* I do not like that so well  
I see, then, I must fight, whether I will or no

*Pros* How does Romeo bear himself? They say  
He has almost brain'd one of our cunning'st  
fencers

That practis'd with him

*Jul* Very certain and now you talk of fencing,  
Do not you remember the Welsh gentleman  
That was travelling to Rome upon return?

*Pros* No what of him?

*Jul* There was a strange experiment of a fencer

*Pros* What was that?

*Jul* The Welshman in's play, do what the  
fencer could,

Hung still an arse, he could not for his life  
Make him come on bravely, till one night at  
snapper,

Observing what a deal of Puma cheese  
His scholar devoured, goes ingeniously  
The next morning and makes a spacious button  
For his foil of toasted cheese and as sure as  
you live,

That made him come on the brachiest

*Pros* Possible?

*Jul* Marry, it taught him an ill grace in a play,  
It made him gape still, gape as he put in for it,  
As I have seen some hungry usher

*San* The toasting of it belike  
Was to make it more supple, had he chanc'd  
To have hit him o'the chaps

*Jul* Not unlikely Who can tell me  
If we may breathe in the duel?

*Pros* By no means

*Jul* Nor drink?

*Pros* Neither

*Jul* That's scurvy, anger will make me very  
dry

*Pros* You mistake, sir, 'tis sorrow that is very  
dry

*San* Not always, sir, I have known sorrow  
very wet

*Jul* In rainy weather?

*San* No, when a woman has come dropping wet  
Out of a cuckoo stool

*Jul* Then 'twas wet indeed, sir

*Enter ROMEO very melancholy, and then the Capuchin*

*Cap* [aside] Having from Leonora's waiting-  
woman

Deliver'd a most strange intelligence  
Of Contarino's recovery, I am come  
To sound Romeo's penitence, that perform'd,

\* as for] The old copy "for as"

† Scene IV] An apartment in Castel Nuovo

To end these errors by discovering  
What she related to me —Peace to you, sir!

[To ROMFOLIO]

Pray, gentlemen, let the freedom of this room  
Be mine a little —Nay, sir, you may stay

[To JULIO]

[Exit PROSPERO and SANITONETTA]

Will you pray with me?

Rom No, no, the world and I  
Have not made up our accounts yet.

Cap Shall I pray for you?

Rom Whether you do or no, I care not

Cap O, you have a dangerous voyage to take!

Rom No matter, I will be mine own pilot  
Do not you trouble your head with the business

Cap Pray, tell me, do not you meditate of death?

Rom Phew, I took out that lesson,  
When I once lay sick of an ague I do now  
Labour for life for life Sir, can you tell me,  
Whether your Toledo or your Milan blade  
Be best tempered?

Cap These things you know,  
Are out of my practice

Rom But these are things, you know,  
I must practise with to-morrow

Cap Were I in your case,  
I should present to myself strange shadows

Rom Turn you,—were I in your case, I should  
laugh

At mine own shadow Who has lined you  
To make me coward?

Cap I would make you a good Christian

Rom Withal let me continue  
An honest man, which I am very certain  
A coward can never be You take upon you  
A physician's place, rather than a divine's  
You go about to bring my body so low,  
I should fight the lists to-morrow like a dog  
And be made away in a slumber [noise,

Cap Did you murder Contarino?

Rom That's a scurvy question now

Cap Why, sir?

Rom Did you ask it as a confessor or as a spy?  
Cap As one that fain would justify the devil  
Out of your way

Rom Um, you are but weakly made for't  
He's a cunning wrestler, I can tell you, and has  
broke

Many a man's neck.

Cap But to give him the foil  
Goes not by strength

Rom Let it go by what it will  
Get me some good victuals to breakfast, I am  
hungry

Cap Here's a food for you [Offering him a book

Rom Pshaw, I am not to commence doctor,  
For then the word,\* "Devour that book," were  
proper

I am to fight, to fight, sir, and I'll do't,  
As I would feed, with a good stomach

Cap Can you feed,  
And apprehend death?

Rom Why, sir, is not death  
A hungry companion? say, is not the grave  
Sud to be a great devourer! Get me some victuals  
I knew a man that was to lose his head  
Feed with an excellent good appetite,  
To strengthen his heart, scarce half an hour  
before,

And if he did it that only was to speak,  
What should I that am to do?

Cap This confidence,  
If it be grounded upon truth, tis well

Rom You must understand that resolution  
Should ever wait upon a noble death,  
As captains bring their soldiers out o'the field,  
And come off last, for, I pray, what is death?  
The safest trench 't'he world to keep man free  
From fortune's gunshot to be afraid of that,  
Would prove me weaker than a teeming woman,  
That does endure a thousand times more pain  
In bearing of a child

Cap O, I tremble for you!  
For I do know you have a storm within you  
More terrible than a sea fight, and, your soul  
Being heretofore drowned in security,  
You know not how to live nor how to die  
But I have an object that shall startle you,  
And make you know whither you are going

Rom I am afraid for't

Enter ROSORA, with two coffins borne by her servants, and  
two winding sheets stuck with flowers presents one to  
her son and the other to Julio

'Tis very welcome, this is a decent garment  
Will never be out of fashion I will kiss it.—  
All the flowers of the spring  
Meet to perfume our burying  
These have but their growing prime,  
And man does flourish but his time  
Survey our progress from our birth,  
We are set, we grow, we turn to earth.  
Courts adieu, and all delights, [Soft music  
All bewitching appetites!  
Sweetest breath, and clearest eye,  
Like perfumes, go out and die,

\* the word] See note §, p. 16

And consequently this is done  
As shadows wait upon the sun  
Yan the ambition of kings,  
Who seek by trophies and dead things  
To leave a living name behind,  
And weave but nets to catch the wind —  
O, you have wrought a miracle, and melted  
A heart of adamant! you have compris'd  
In this dumb pageant a right excellent form  
Of penitence

Cap I am glad you so receive it

Rom This object does persuade me to forgive  
The wrong she has done me, which I count the way  
To be forgiven yonder, and this shroud  
Shows me how rankly we do smell of earth,  
When we are in all our glory — Will it please you  
[To LEONORA]

Enter that closet, where I shall confer  
'Bout matters of most weighty consequence,  
Before the duel! [Exit LEONORA into the closet]

Jul Now I am right in the bangle for the  
gallows  
What a scurvy fashion 'tis, to hang oaks coffin in  
a scarf!

Cap Why, this is well  
And now that I have made you fit for death,  
And brought you even as low as is the grave,  
I will raise you up again, speak comfort to you  
Beyond your hopes, turn this intended duel  
To a triumph

Rom More divinity yet!  
Good sir, do one thing first there's in my closet  
A prayer book that is cover'd with gilt vellum,  
Fetch it, and, pry you, certify my mother  
I'll presently come to her

[Exit the Capuchin into the closet, the door of  
which ROM locks]

So now you are safe

Jul What have you done?

Rom Why, I have lock'd them up  
Into a turret of the castle, safe enough  
For troubling us this four hours — an he please,  
He may open a casement, and whistle out to  
the sea

Like a boatswain, not any creature can hear him  
Wit' not thou a weary of his preaching?

Jul Yes, if he had had an hour glass by him,  
I would have wish'd him he would have jogg'd  
it a little

But your mother, your mother's lock'd in too

Rom So much the better,  
I am rid of her howling at parting

Jul Hark! he knocks to be let out, an he  
were mad.

Rom Let him knock till his sandals fly in pieces

Jul Ha! what says he? Contarino living!

Rom Ay, ay,

He means he would have Contarino's living  
Bestow'd upon his monastery, 'tis that  
He only fishes for — So, 'tis brook of day,  
We shall be call'd to the combat presently

Jul I am sorry for one thing

Rom What's that?

Jul That I made not mine own ballad I do fear  
I shall be rogishly abus'd in metre,  
If I miscarry — Well, if the young Capuchin  
Do not talk o'the flesh as fast now to your mother  
As he did to us o'the spirit! If he do,  
'Tis not the first time that the prison royal  
Has been guilty of close committing

Rom Now to the combat

[Exit]

## SCENE V \*

Enter CAPUCHIN and LEONORA, above, † at a window

Leon Contarino living!

Cap Yes, indeed, he is living, and Leonora's  
second

Leon Why has he lock'd us up thus?

Cap Some evil angel

Makes him deaf to his own safety — we are shut  
Into a turret, the most desolate prison  
Of all the castle, and his obstinacy,  
Madness, or secret hate, has thus prevented  
The saving of his life

Leon O, the saving Contarino's!

His is worth nothing — For heaven's sake, call  
louder

Cap To little purpose

Leon I will leap these battlements,  
And may I be found dead time ‡ enough  
To hinder the combat!

Cap O, look upwards rather

Then deliverance must come thence — To see how  
heaven

Can invert man's firmest purpose! His intent  
Of murdering Contarino was a mean  
To work his safety, and my coming hither  
To save him is his ruin — wretches turn  
The tide of their good fortune, and being drench'd  
In some presumptuous and hidden sin,  
While they aspire to do themselves most right,  
The devil, that rules i'the air §, hangs in their light

\* Scene V Before Castel Nuovo

† above] See note \*, p. 100

‡ time] Qy "in time"? But the versification of this  
play is in many places wretched.

§ The devil, that rules i'the air, &c.] See note †, p. 87



**Leon** O, they must not be lost thus! Some good Christian  
Come within our hearing! Ope the other case-  
ment  
That looks into the city  
**Cap** Madam, I shall [Exeunt

## SCENE VI

*The lists of arms. Enter the Marshal CRISPINO and ARIOSTO, he to be the judge, and SANITONELLA*

**Mar** Give the appellant his summons, do the like  
To the defendant

*Two bucklers are set up in lists at a distance. Enter ERCO and COSTANTINO, at the other end of the lists*

Can any of you ride aught whither the combat  
Should not proceed?

**Combatants** Nothing

**Ario** Have the knights weighed,  
And measured their weapons?

**Mar** They have

**Ario** Proceed, then, to the battle, and may  
heaven

Determine the right!

**Herald** *Soit la bataille, et victoire à ceux qui ont droit!*

**Rom** Stay! I do not well know whither I am  
going,

'Twere needful therefore, though at the last gasp,  
To have some church-man's prayer—Run, I pray  
thee,

To Castel Nuovo\* this key will release  
A Capuchin and my mother, whom I shut  
Into a turret, bid him† make haste and pray,  
I may be dead ere he comes [Exit an Attendant  
Now, *Victoire à ceux qui ont droit!*

*All the Champ* *Victoire à ceux qui ont droit!*

*The combat is continued to a good length, when enter  
LEONORA and the CAPUCHIN*

**Leon** Hold, hold, for heaven's sake, hold!

**Ario** What are these that interrupt the combat?  
Away to prison with them!

**Cap** We have been prisoners too long—  
O, sir, what mean you? Contarino's living

**Erco** Living!

**Cap** Behold him living

**Erco** You were but now my second, now I  
make you  
Myself for ever

**Leon** O, here's one between  
Claims to be nearer

**Con** And to you, dear lady,  
I have entirely vow'd my life

**Rom** If I do not

Dream, I am happy too

**Ario** How insolently  
Has this high Court of Honour been abus'd!

*Enter ANGIOLELLA veiled and JOFANTA, her face coloured  
like a Moor—the two surgeons, one of them like a Jew*

How now! who are these?

**Sec Sur** A couple of strange fowl, and I the  
falconer

That have sprung them—this is a white nun  
Of the order of Saint Clare, and this a black one,  
You'll take my word for it [Discovers JOFANTA

**Ario** She's a black one, indeed

**Jof** Like or dislike me, choose you whether  
The down upon the raven's feather

Is as gentle and as sleek

As the mole on Venus' cheek

Hence, vain show! I only care

To preserve my soul most fair

Never mind the outward skin,

But the jewel that's within,

And though I want the crimson blood,

Angels boast my sisterhood

Which of us now judge you whiter?

Her whose credit proves the lighter,

Or this black and obon hue,

That, unstain'd, keeps flesh and true?

For I proclaim't without control,

There's no true beauty but i'the soul

**Erco** O, 'tis the fan Joventa!—To what purpose  
Are you thus eclip'd?

**Jof** Sir, I was running away  
From the rumour of this combat, I fled likewise  
From the untrue report my brother spread,  
To his politic ends, that I was got with child

**Leon** Cease here all further scrutiny, this paper  
Shall give unto the court each circumstance  
Of all these passages

**Ario** No more attend the sentence of the  
court

Rareness and difficulty give estimation  
To all things are i'the world you have met both  
In these several passages now it does remain

That these so comical events be blasted

With no severity of sentence You, Romelio,

Shall first deliver to that gentleman,

Who stood your second, all those obligations

\* Castel Nuovo] Concerning "the Castel Nuovo, an ancient Spanish castle, of enormous dimensions" see *Naples, Political, Social, and Religious* By Lord B\*\*\*\*\*. 1856 vol i 6

† *him*] The old copy "them"

Wherein he stands engag'd to you, receiving  
Only the principal

*Rom* I shall, my lord

*Jul* I thank you

I have an humour now to go to sea  
Against the pirates, and my only ambition  
Is to have my ship furnish'd with a rare consort \*  
Of music, and when I am pleas'd to be mad,  
They shall ply me *Orlando*

*San* You must lay wut for the fiddlers,  
They'll fly away from the press like watermen

*Ario* Next, you shall marry that nun

*Rom* Most willingly

*Angio* O sir, you have been unkind,  
But I do only wish that this my shame  
May win all honest virgins not to seek

\* [consort] See note on *Northward Ho*, act II, scene I

The way to heaven, that is so wondrous steep,  
Th[ough] those vows they are too frail to keep

*Ario* Contarino, and Romeo, and yourself,  
Shall for seven years maintain against the Turk  
Six galleys — Leonora, Jolenta,

And Angioletta there, the beauteous nun,  
For then vows' breach unto the monastery,  
Shall build a monastery — Lastly, the two  
surgeons,

For concealing Contarino's recovery,

Shall exercise their art at their own charge

For a twelvemonth in the galleys — So we leave  
you,

Wishing your future life may make good use  
Of these events, since that these passages,  
Which threaten'd ruin, built on rotten ground,  
Are with success beyond our wishes crown'd

[Exeunt]



## APPIUS AND VIRGINIA

*Appius and Virginia a Tragedy By John W. B. Printed in the year 1654 Ato*

The above is the only old edition of this play it was put forth in 1654, with a new title page, professing to be *Printed by Humphrey Moseley* and again, with a third title page in 1679, is *Acted at the Dukes Theater and at the Swan at The Roman Virgin or The Jewes Judge* and is *Printed and are to be sold by most Bookellers* It has been reprinted in the fifth vol. of a *Continuation of Dodsleys Old Plays*

In a MS. in the Lord Chamberlains Office (see Malone's *Hist. Acc. of the English Stage* p. 10, ed. Boswell) entitled in the margin *Cockpit Plays Appianus* and dated Aug. 10, 1659, it appears that William Brouncker [the first Lord] went governor of the Kings and Queens young company of players at the Cockpit in Drury Lane having represented unto his Majesty that forty five plays of which the names are given, and of which the list mentioned *Appius and Virginia*, "doe all and every of them properly and at right belong to the said his Majesty and consequently that they are all his property The Majesty signified his royal pleasure to the Lord Chamberlain requiring him to declare to all other companies of actors, that they are not any ways to intermeddle with or act any of the above mentioned plays."

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

---

VIRGINIUS  
AUFILIUS CLAUDIUS  
MINURCIUS  
SEURICIUS OPTILIUS  
MARCUS CLAUDIUS  
NUMITORIUS  
ICHIUS  
VATERIUS  
HORATIUS \*  
SERIORIUS  
Two Cousins of Appius  
An Advocate  
A Roman Officer  
Scouters  
CORBULO the Clown

VIRGINIA  
JULIA  
CATHARTINA  
Nurse

Italians, Soldiers, Servants, &c

---

\* *Horatius*] In the old copy, this personage is, throughout the play, called "*Horatio*"

# APPIUS AND VIRGINIA.

## ACT I

### SCENE I \*

*Enter MINUTIUS, CILIUS, and Lectors*

*Min* Is Appius sent for, that we may acquaint him

With the decree o' the senate?

*First Lect* He is, my lord,

And will attend your lordships presently

*Opp* Lector, did you tell him that our business

Was from the senate?

*First Lect* I did, my lord, and here he is at hand

*Enter VIRGILIUS CLAUDIUS, his two Cousins and MARCUS CLAUDIUS*

*App Claud* My lords, your pleasure?

*Min* Appius,† the senate greet you well, and by us do signify unto you that they have chosen you one of the Decemviri

*App Claud* My lords, far be it from the thoughts of so poor a plebeian as you or unworthy servant Appius to soar so high the dignity of so eminent a place would require a person of the best parts and blood in Rome. My lords, he that must steer at the head of an empire ought to be the mirror of the times for wisdom and for policy, and therefore I would beseech the senate to elect one worthy of the place, and not to think of one so unfit as Appius

*Min* My lord, my lord, you dally with your wits

\* *Scene I* ] Rome. Before the senate house

† *Appius, &c* ] Though this and the next speech are so arranged in the old copy as to look like blank verse, they are undoubtedly prose (to which the editor of 1810 reduced only the latter one) *Qy* is there any corruption here? Since throughout all the rest of the play Minutius and Appius speak in blank verse we may wonder that in this solitary instance Webster should have made them speak in prose

I have seen children \* oft eat sweetmeats thus,

As fearful to devour them

You are wise, and play the modest courtier right,

To make so many bits of your delight

*Opp* But you must know, what we have once concluded

Cannot, for any private man's affection,

Be slighted. Take your choice, then, with best judgment

Of these two proffers, either to accept

The place propos'd you, or be banish'd Rome

Immediately—Lectors, make way!—We expect

Your speedy resolution

*[Exeunt OPPIDIUS, MINUTIUS, and Lect*

*First Cous* Noble cousin,

You wrong yourself extremely to refuse

So eminent a place

*Sec Cous* It is a means

To raise your kindred. Who shall dare oppose

Himself against our family, when yonder

Shall sit your power and frown?

*App Claud* Or banish'd Rome!—

I pray, forbear a little—Marcus,—

*Mar Claud* Sir?

*App Claud* How dost thou like my cunning?

*Mar Claud* I protest

I was beagu'd, fearing lest the senate

Should have accepted at your feign'd refusal

See how your kindred and your friends are muster'd

To warm them at your sun-shine! Were you now

In prison, or arraign'd before the senate

For some suspect of treason, all these swallows

Would fly your stormy winter not one sing

Their music is the summer and the spring

\* *I have seen children, &c* ] See note \*, p. 65

*App Claud* Thou observ'st shrewdly Well,  
I'll fit them for't  
I must be one of the Decemviri,  
Or banish'd Rome? banish'd? laugh, my trusty  
Marcus,

I am eufor'd to my ambition  
I have heard of cunning footmen that have worn  
Shoes made of leal some ten days fore a race,  
To give them humble and more active feet  
So great men should, that aspire eminent place,  
Load themselves with excuse and fust denial,  
That they with more speed may perform the trial  
"Mark his humility," says one "How far  
His dreams are from ambition!" says another,  
"He would not show his eloquence, lest that  
Should draw him into office" and a third  
Is meditating on some thrifty suit  
To beg fore dinner If I as many hands  
As had Briareus, I'd extend them all  
To catch this office 'twas my sleep's disturber,  
My diet's ill digestion, my melancholy,  
Past physic's cure

*Mar Claud* The senators return

*Re enter MINUTIUS, OFFICIUS, and LICTORS*

*Min* My lord, your answer?

*App Claud* To obey, my lord, and to know  
how to rule,

Do differ much to obey, by nature comes,  
But to command, by long experience  
Never were great men in so eminent place  
Without their shadows envy will attend  
On greatness till this general frame takes end.  
'Twixt these extremes of state and banishment  
My mind hath held long conflict, and at last  
I thus return my answer—noble friends,  
We now must part, necessity of state  
Compels it so,  
I must inhabit now a place unknown,  
You see't compels me leave you Fare you well

*Festus* To banishment, my lord?

*App Claud* I am given up  
To a long travel full of fear and danger,  
To waste the day in sweat, and the cold night  
In a most desolate contemplation,  
Banish'd from all my kindred and my friends,  
Yea, banish'd from myself, for I accept  
This honourable calling

*Min* Worthy Appius,  
The gods conduct you hither—Lictors, his  
robes

*Sec Cus* We are made for ever, noble kins-  
man

'Twas but to fright us

*App Claud* But, my loving kinsmen,  
Mistake me not, for what I spake was true,  
Bear witness all the gods I told you first,  
I was to inhabit in a place unknown  
'Tis very certain, for this reverend sent  
Receives me as a pupil, rather gives  
Ornament to the person, than our person  
The least of grace to it I show'd you next  
I am to travel, \* 'tis a certain truth  
Look, by how much the labour of the mind  
Exceeds the body's, so far am I bound  
With pain and industry, beyond the toil  
Of those that sweat in war, beyond the toil  
Of any artisan pale cheeks, and sunk eyes,  
A head with watching dizzy'd, and a hum  
Turn'd white in youth,—all these at a dear rate  
We purchase speedily that tend a state  
I told you I must leave you, 'tis most true  
Henceforth the face of a barbarian  
And yours shall be all one, henceforth I'll know  
you

But only by your virtue brother or father,  
In [a] dishonest suit, shall be to me  
As is the branded slave Justice should have  
No kindred, friends nor foes, nor hate nor love,  
As free from passion as the gods above  
I was your friend and kinsman, now your judge,  
And whilst I hold the scales, a downy feather  
Shall as soon turn them as a mass of pearl  
Or diamonds

*Mar Claud* [aside] Excellent, excellent lip  
wing!

There's other stuff closed in that subtle breast  
He sings and beats his wings far from his nest

*App Claud* So, gentlemen, I take it, here  
takes end

Your business, my acquaintance fare you well

*Fest Cus* Hies a quick change! who did  
expect this cloud?

Thus men when they grow great do straight  
grow proud [Exeunt Cousins]

*App Claud* Now to our present business at the  
camp

The army that deth winter before Algidum†  
Is much distress'd we hear Minutius,  
You, with the levies and the little core  
This present dearth will yield, are speedily  
To hasten thither, so to appease the mind  
Of the intemperate soldier

*Min* I am ready,  
The levies do attend me our lieutenant  
Send on our troops

\* travel] See note †, p. 112

† before Algidum] Old copy "'fore Agidon"

*App Claud* Farewell, Minutius  
The gods go with you, and be still at hand  
To add a triumph to your bold command

[*Exeunt*]

## SCENE II \*

*Enter NUMITORIUS, ICHNIUS, and VIRGINIA*

*Num* Noble Ichnius, welcome teach yourself  
A bolder freedom here, for, by our love,  
Your suit to my fair niece doth parallel  
Her kindred's wishes There's not in all Rome  
A man that is by honour more approv'd,  
Nor worthier, were you poor, to be belov'd

*Ich* You give me, noble lord, that character  
Which I could never yet read in myself  
But from your censure† shall I take much care  
To adorn it with the fairest ornaments  
Of unambitious virtue Here I hold  
My honourable pattern, one whose mind  
Appears more like a ceremonious chapel  
Full of sweet music, than a thronging presence  
I am confirm'd the court doth make some show  
Fairer than else they would do, but her port,  
Being simple virtue, beautifies the court

*Virginia* It is a flattery, my lord,  
You breathe the upon me, and it shows much like  
The borrow'd painting which some ladies use  
It is not to continue many days,  
My wedding garments will outwear this praise

*Num* Thus ladies still foretell the funeral  
Of their lords' kindness

*Enter a Servant, who whispers ICHNIUS in the ear*

But, my lord, what news?

*Ich* Virginia, my lord, your noble brother,  
Disguis'd in dust and sweat, is now arriv'd  
Within the city troops of artisans  
Follow his panting horse, and with a strange  
Confus'd noise, partly with joy to see him,  
Partly with fear for what his haste portends,  
They show as if a sudden mutiny  
O'erspread the city

*Num* Cousin, take your chamber

[*Exit VIRGINIA*]

What business from the camp?

*Ich* Sure, sir, it bears  
The form of some great danger, for his horse,  
Bloody with spurring, shows as if he came  
From forth a battle never did you see  
'Mongst quails or cocks in fight a bloodier heel  
Than that your brother strikes with In this form

\* Scene II ] A room in the house of Virginius  
† censure] i.e. opinion

Of o'erspent horseman, having, as it seems,  
With the distracting of his news, forgot  
House, friends, or change of raiment, he is gone  
To the senate house

*Num* Now the gods bring us safety!  
The face of this is cloudy let us haste  
To the senate house, and there inquire how near  
The body moves of this our threaten'd fear

[*Exeunt*]

## SCENE III \*

*Enter APPILIUS CLAUDIUS melancholy after MARCUS CLAUDIUS*

*Mar Claud* My lord,—

*App Claud* Thou troublest me

*Mar Claud* My hands as ready arm'd to  
work your peace,

As my tongue bold to inquire your discontents  
Good my lord, hear me

*App Claud* I am at much variance  
Within myself, there's discord in my blood,  
My powers are all in combat, I have nothing  
Left but seclusion in me

*Mar Claud* Trust my bosom  
To be the closet of your private griefs  
Believe me, I am uncrann'd

*App Claud* May I trust thee?

*Mar Claud* As the firm centric to endure the  
burden

Of your light foot, as you would trust the poles  
To bear on them this any canopy,  
And not to fear their shinking I am strong,  
Fix'd, and unshaking

*App Claud* Art thou? then thine ear +  
I love

*Mar Claud* Ha! ha! he!

*App Claud* Can this my ponderous secrecy  
Be in thine ear so light? seems my disturbance  
Worthy such scorn that thou deni'st my griefs  
Believe me, Claudius, I am not a twig  
That every gust can shike, but 'tis a tempest  
That must be able to use violence

On my grown branches Wherefore laugh'st  
thou, then?

*Mar Claud* Not that you're mov'd it makes  
me smile in scorn,

That wise men cannot understand themselves,  
Nor know their own prov'd greatness Claudius  
laughs not

To thank you love, but that you are so hopeless  
Not to presume to enjoy whom you affect.

\* Scene III ] A room in the house of Appius Claudius  
† ear] Old copy, "eter"



What's she in Rome your greatness cannot awe,  
Or your rich purse purchase? Promises and  
threats

And statecraft's lictors to arrest such pleasures  
As they would bring within their strict com-  
mands

Why should my lord droop, or deject his eye?  
Can you command Rome, and not countermand  
A woman's weakness? Let your grace bestow  
Your praise and power on me. I'll prostitute you.\*

*App Claud* Ask both, and wish them to  
purchase me

The rich fee simple of Virginius' heart

*Mai Claud* Virginius!

*App Claud* Here!

*Mai Claud* I have already found  
An easy path which you may safely tread,  
Yet no man trace you

*App Claud* Thou art my comforter

*Mai Claud* Her father's busied in our foreign  
wars,

And there hath chief employment all their pay  
Must your discretion scruple keep it back,  
Restrain it in the common treasury

Thus may a statesman 'gainst a soldier stand,  
To keep his purse weak, whilst you run his  
hand

Her father thus kept low, gifts and rewards  
Will tempt the mind the soldier, nay, haply  
draw

The father in to plead in your behalf  
But should these fail then siege her virgin tower  
With two prevailing engines, fear and power

*App Claud* Go, then, and prove a speeding ad-  
vocate

Arm thee with all our bounty, oratory  
Variety of promise

*Enter VALERIUS*

*Val* Lord Appius, the Decemvirs entreat  
Your voice in this day's senate. Old Virginius  
Craves audience from the camp, with earnest suit  
For quick despatch

*App Claud* We will attend the senate—  
Claudius, be gone

[*Exeunt MARCUS CLAUDIUS and VALERIUS*]

*Enter OPPIDIUS and SENATORS*†

*Opp* We sent to you to assist us in this council  
Touching the expeditions of our war

\* *I'll prostitute you* Seems to mean I'll prostitute, pander for you,—a Latinism, one of the senses of *prosterne* being to prostitute

† *Enter Oppidius and Senators* Here, of course, the

*App Claud* Ours is a willing presence to the  
trouble

Of all state cares—Admit him from the camp

*Enter VIRGINIUS*

*Opp* Speak the camp's will

*Virginius* The camp wants money, we have  
store of knocks,

And wounds God's plenty, but we have no pay  
This three months did we never house our heads  
But in yon great star chamber, never bedded  
But in the cold field beds, our victual fails us,  
Yet meet with no supply, we're fairly promis'd,  
But soldiers cannot feed on promises,  
All our provant apparel's\* torn to rags,  
And our munition fails us. Will you send us  
To fight for Rome like Leggians? Noble gentle  
men,

Are you the high state of Decemvirs,  
That have those things in manage? Pity us,  
For we have need on't. Let not your delays  
Be cold to us, whose bloods have oft been  
heated

To gain you fame and riches. Prove not to us  
(Doing our friends) worse foes than we fight with  
Let's not be starv'd in kindness. Sleep you now  
Upon the bench, when your deaf ears should  
listen

Unto the wretchless clamours of the poor?  
Then would I had my drums here, they might  
rattle.

And rouse you to attendance! Most grave fathers  
Show yourselves worthy stewards to our mother,  
Fair Rome, to whom we owe no bastard sons  
Though we be soldiers. She hath in her store  
Food to maintain life in the camp, as well  
As surfeit for the city. Do not save  
The foe a labour. Send us some supply,  
Lest, ere they kill us, we by famine die

*App Claud* Shall I, my lords, give answer to  
this soldier?

*Opp* Be you the city's voice

*App Claud* Virginius, we would have you  
thus possess'd†

We sit not here to be present'd and taught,  
Nor to have any suitor give us limit,  
Whose power admits no curb. Next know,  
Virginius,

The camp's our servant, and must be dispos'd,

audience were to suppose a change of scene. Perhaps a curtain was drawn and Oppidius and the Senators were discovered seated

\* *provant apparel* i.e. clothing provided for the army  
† *possess'd* i.e. informed

Controll'd, and us'd by us, that have the strength  
To knit it or dissolve it When we please,  
Out of our princely grace and clemency,  
To look upon your wants, it may be then  
We shall redress them but till then, it fits not  
That any petty fellow wag'd by us  
Should have a tongue sound here, before a bench  
Of such grave auditors Further,—

*Virginius* Pray, give me leave  
Not here! Pray, Appius, is not this the judg-  
ment seat?

Where should a poor man's cause be heard but  
here?

To you the statistics of long flourishing Rome,  
To you I call,—if you have charity,  
If you be human, and not quite given o'er  
To fury and met'd, if you be Roman,  
If you have any soldier's blood at all  
Flow in your veins, help with your able arms  
To prop a sinking camp an minute  
Of fair Rome's sons, cold, weak, hungry, and  
clotheless,

Would feed upon your surfeit will you save  
them,

Or shall they perish?

*App Claud* What we will, we will,  
Be that your answer perhaps at further leisure  
We'll help you, not your merit, but our pleasure

*Virginius* I will not curse thee, Appius, but I  
wish

Thou wert i'the camp amongst the mutineers  
To tell my answers, not to trouble me  
Make you us dogs, yet not allow us bones?  
O, what are soldiers come to! Shall your camp,  
The strength of all your peace, and the non wall  
That rings this pomp in from invasive steel,  
Shall that decay? Then let the foreign fies  
Chimber these buildings, let the sword and  
slaughter

Chase the gown'd senate through the streets of  
Rome,

To double dye their robes in scarlet let  
The enemy's stripp'd arm have his crimson'd  
browns

Up to the elbows in your traitorous blood,  
Let Janus' temple be devolv'd, your treasures  
Ripp'd up to pay the common adversaries  
With our due wages Do you look for less?  
The rottenness of this misgovern'd state  
Must grow to some disease, incurable  
Save with a sack or slaughter

*App Claud* You're too bold

*Virginius* Know you our extremities?

*App Claud* We do

*Virginius* And will not help them?

*App Claud* Yes

*Virginius* When?

*App Claud* Hereafter

*Virginius* Hereafter! when so many gallant  
spirits,

That yet may stand betwixt you and destruction,  
Are sunk in death? Hereafter! when disorder  
Hath swallow'd all our forces!

*App Claud* We'll hear no more

*Opp* Peace, fellow, peace! know the Deceiv'd  
And then authority we shall commit you else

*Virginius* Do so, and I shall thank you, be  
reliev'd,

And have a strong house o'er me, fear no alarms  
Given in the night by my quick perils  
Your guilty in the city feeds more duntly  
Than doth your general 'tis a better office  
To be an under keeper than a captain —  
The gods of Rome amend it!

*App Claud* Break up the senate

*Virginius* And shall I have no answer?

*App Claud* So, farewell

[*Exit all except VIRGINIUS*]

*Virginius* What slave would be a soldier, to be  
censur'd

By such as ne'er saw danger to have our pay,  
Our worths, and merits blanch'd in the scale  
Of base moth eaten peace! I have had wounds  
Would have made all this bench fume and look  
pale

But to behold them search'd They lay their heads  
On their soft pillows, pore upon their bags,  
Grow fit with laziness and resty ease,  
And us that stand betwixt them and disaster  
They will not spare a chime. O my soldiers,  
Before you want, I'll sell my small possessions  
Even to my skin to help you, plate and jewels,  
All shall be yours Men that are men indeed,  
The earth shall find, the sun and air must feed

*Enter NUTRICIUS, ICIUS VALENTIUS and VIRGINIA*

*Nut* Your daughter, noble brother, hearing  
late

Of your arrival from the camp, most humbly  
Prostrates her filial duty

*Virginius* Daughter, rise —

And, brother, I am only rich in her,  
And in your love, link'd with the honour'd  
friendship

Of those fair Roman lords — For you, Icius,  
I hear I must adopt you with the title  
Of a new son you are Virginia's chief,  
And I am proud she hath built her far election

Upon such store of virtues May you grow,  
Although a city's child, to know a soldier,  
And rate him to his merit!

*Iul* Noble father

(For henceforth I shall only use that name),  
Our meeting was to urge you to the process  
Of our fair contract

*Virginius* Witness, gentlemen,  
Here I give up a father's interest,  
But not a father's love that I will ever  
Wear next my heart for it was born with her,  
And grows still with my age

*Num* Iulius,  
Receive her—witness, noble gentlemen

*Iul* With all my heart I would Iulius  
could  
Do as much for me but Rome affords not such  
Another *Virginius*

*Virginia* I am my father's daughter, and by him  
I must be away'd in all things

*Num* Brother, this happy contract asks a feast,  
As a thing due to such solemnities

It shall be at my house, where we this night  
Will sport away some hours

*Virginius* I must to horse

*Num* What, ride to night!

*Virginius* Must see the camp to-night  
'Tis full of trouble and distracted fears,  
And may grow mutinous I am bent to ride

*Iul* To night!

*Virginius* I am engag'd short farewells now  
must serve,

The universal business calls me hence,  
That toucheth a whole people Rome, I fear,  
Thou wilt pay me for what thou dost forbear

[*Exeunt*]

## ACT II

### ACT II—SCENE I \*

*Enter CORBIO to the Clown, who joins VIRGINIA †*

*Virginia* Sirrah, go tell Calphurnius I am  
walking

To take the air entreat her company,  
Say I attend her coming

*Corb* Madam, I shall but if you could walk  
abroad, and get an heir, it were better, for your  
father hath a fair revenue, and never a son to  
inherit

*Virginia* You are, sirrah,—

*Corb* Yes, I am sirrah, but not the party that  
is born to do that though I have no lordships,  
yet I have so much manners to give my betters  
place

*Virginia* Whom mean you by your betters?

*Corb* I hope I have learnt to know the three  
degrees of comparison, for though I be *bonus*,  
and you *melior* as well as *mulier*, yet my Lord  
Iulius is *optimus*

*Virginia* I see there's nothing in such private  
done

But you must inquire after

*Corb* And can you blame us, madam, to long  
for the merry day, as you do for the merry night?

*Virginia* Will you be gone, sir?

*Corb* O yes, to my Lady Calphurnia's, I re-  
member my errand [*Exit*]

*Virginia* My father's wondrous pensive, and  
withal

With a suppressed rage left his house displeas'd,  
And so in post is hurried to the camp  
It sals me much, to expel which melancholy,  
I have sent for company

*Enter MARCUS CLAUDIUS and MUSICIANS*

*Mar Claud* This opportunity was subtly  
waited

It is the best part of a politician,  
When he would compass ought to fame his  
industry,

Wisely to wait the advantage of the hours,  
His happy minutes are not always present—  
Express your greatest art, Virginia hears you.

[*Song* \*

*Virginia* O, I conceive the occasion of this  
harmony

Iulius sent it, I must thank his kindness

*Mar Claud* Let not Virginia inter her  
contemplation

\* *Song*] See note †, p. 45

† *rate*] So the Editor of 1816—The old copy "rate"—  
Mr Collier (*Preface to Coleridge's Seven Lectures*, &c., p.  
lxxxv), treating of various typographical errors in the  
works of our old dramatists, writes as follows "But  
the most remarkable proof to the same effect occurs in

\* *Scene I*] A street

† To this stage-direction, the old copy adds, "after  
her *M. Claudius* with presents"

So high, to call this visit an intrusion,  
For which she understands I took my message  
From one that did compose it with affection,  
I know she will not only extend pardon,  
But grace it with her favour

*Virginia* You much to excuse for courtesies,  
As if I were so barren of civility,  
Not to esteem it worthy of my thanks  
Assure yourself I could be longer patient  
To hear my ears so forestal

*Mar Claud* Join all your voices till you make  
the air

Proud to stamp your notes, and to please her  
With a sweet echo, serve Virginia's pleasure

As you have been so full of gentleness  
To hear with patience what was brought to serve  
you,

So hearken with your usual clemency  
To the relation of a lover's sufferings  
Your figure still does revel in his dreams  
He banquets on your memory, yet finds  
Not thoughts enough to satisfy his wishes,  
As if Virginia had compos'd his heart,  
And fills it with her beauty

*Virginia* I see he is a miser in his wishes,  
And thinks he never has enough of that  
Which only he possesses but, to give  
His wishes satisfaction, let him know  
His heart and mine do dwell so near together,  
That hourly they converse and guard each other

*Mar Claud* Is fair Virginia content she  
knows

Her favour dwells with the same man I plead for?

*Virginia* Unto Iulius

Webster's *Appius and Virginia* (ed. Dyce, 1860),  
where this passage is met with as it is printed in the old  
copy

"Let not Virginia wate her contemplation  
So high to call this visit an intrusion"  
It is clear that *wate* must be wrong, and the editor  
suggests *waite* (to weigh) as the fit emendation, when  
as in the two preceding cases, he did not see that it is  
only a blunder of *w* for *r*, because the person who  
delivered the line could not pronounce the letter *r*  
read *rate* for *'wate*," and the whole difficulty vanishes

Now, it was with something more than surmise so that  
I read what I have just quoted for in the first edition  
of the present work (vol. '11, 160),—to which Mr Collier  
so carefully refers, I give the passage in question  
literatim thus,

"Let not Virginia rate her contemplation," &c  
and the note on it in that edition is—

"rate" So the Editor of 1816 The old copy, *'wate*  
Qy if a misprint for *'waite*, 'to weigh"

Why has Mr Collier entirely suppressed the fact that  
I inserted "rate" in the text of my former edition?  
and why has he not mentioned that the emendation  
"rate" was made by Mr Dilke forty years ago?

*Mar Claud* Worthy fair one,  
I would not wrong your worth so to employ  
My language for a man so much beneath  
The merit of your beauty he I plead for  
Has power to make your beauty populous,\*  
Your frown shall awe the world, and in your smile  
Great Rome shall build her happiness,  
Honour and wealth shall not be styl'd companions  
But servants to your pleasure  
Then shall Iulius (but a refin'd citizen)  
Boast your affection, when Lord Appius loves  
you?

*Virginia* Bless his great lordship! I was much  
mistaken

Let thy lord know, thou advocate of lust,  
All the intentions of that youth are honourable,  
Whilst his eye fill'd with sensuality  
And for a final resolution know,  
Our hearts in love, like twins, alike shall grow

*Mar Claud* Had I a wife or daughter that  
could please him,

I would devote her to him but I must  
Shadow this scorn, and soothe him still in lust

## SCENE II †

Inter dix Soldiers

*First Soldier* What news yet of Virginius'  
return?

*Second Soldier* Not any

*First Sold* O, the misery of soldiers!  
They doubly stave us with fair promises  
We spread the earth like hail or new reaped corn  
In this fierce summer, and yet patiently  
Make our obedience the confined gail  
That staves us

*Third Sold* Soldiers, let us draw our swords  
While we have strength to use them

*First Sold* 'Tis a motion  
Which nature and necessity commands.

\* *populous*] "*I opine*," says the Editor of 1816  
"must be used here in the same sense as *popular*  
Should we not substitute it?" The following quota-  
tions show that the text requires no alteration—

"It should have been some fine confection  
That might have given the broth some dainty taste,  
This powder was to grosse and *populous*

The Tragedy of *Arden* of Feversham, 1592, Sig. P. 4  
The edition of *Arden*, 1633, has "*populous*"

"You wrong my health in thinking I love them  
Do not I know their *populous* imperfections?"

Why, they cannot live till Easter," &c  
Middleton's *Your Five Gallants*—*Works*, ii. 245, ed. Dyce  
† *Scene II*] The camp, before Algidum

*Enter MINUTIUS*

*Min* Yero of Virginus's regiment?

*Omnes* We are

*Min* Why do you swarm in troops thus? To your quarters!

Is our command grown idle? To your trench!  
Come, I'll divide you this your conference

Is not without suspect of mutiny

*First Sold* Soldiers, shall I relate the grievances  
Of the whole regiment?

*Omnes* Boldly

*First Sold* Then thus, my lord,—

*Min* Come, I will not hear thee

*First Sold* Sir, you shall

Sound all the drums and trumpets in the camp  
To drown my utterance, yet above them all  
I'll rear our just complaint. Stir not, my lord  
I vow you are not wate, if you but move  
A sinew till you hear us

*Min* Well, sir, command us,  
You are the general

*First Sold* No, my lord, not I  
I am almost starv'd, I wake in the wet trench,  
Loaded with more cold iron than a god  
Would give a murderer, while the general  
Sleeps in a field bed, and to mock our hunger  
Feeds us with scent of the most curious fire  
That makes his tables crack, our privy detain'd  
By those that are our leaders, and at once  
We, in this sad and unprepared plight,  
With the enemy and famine duly fight

*Min* Do you threaten us?

*Omnes* Sir, you shall hear him out

*First Sold* You send us whips, and iron  
manacles,

And shackles plenty, but the devil to com  
Would you would teach us that cannibal trick,  
my lord,

Which some rich men 'the city oft do use'  
Shall's one devour another?

*Min* Will you hear me?

*First Sold* O Rome, thou'rt grown a most  
unnatural mother

To those have held thee by the golden locks  
From sinking into ruin! Romulus  
Was fed by a she-wolf, but now our wolves,  
Instead of feeding us, devour our flesh,  
Carouse our blood, yet are not drunk with it,  
For three parts oft is water

*Min* Your captain,

Noble Virginus, is sent [to] Rome  
For ease of all your grievances

*First Sold* 'Tis false

*Omnes* Ay, 'tis false

*First Sold* He's stol'n away from's, never to  
return

And, now his age will suffer him no more

Deal on the enemy, belike he'll turn

An usurer, and in the city air

Cut poor men's throats at home, sitting in's  
chair

*Min* You wrong one of the honourablest com-  
manders

*Omnes* Honourable commander!

*First Sold* Commander! ay, my lord, there goes  
the thief

In victories the general and commanders  
Share all the honour, as they share the spoil  
But in our overthrows where lies the blame?  
The common soldier's fault, ours is the shame  
What is the reason that, being so far distant  
From the affrighted enemy, we lie  
In the open field, subject to the sick humours  
Of heaven and earth, unless you could bestow  
Two summers of 'us'? Shall I tell you truth?  
You account the expense of engines and of swords,  
Of horses and of munition, dearer far  
Than soldiers' lives

*Omnes* Now, by the gods, you do

*First Sold* Observe you not the ravens and the  
crows

Have left the city surfeit, and with us  
They make full banquet? Come, you birds of  
death,

And fill your greedy crops with human flesh,  
Then to the city fly, disgorge it there  
Before the senate, and from thence arise

A plague to choke all Rome!

*Omnes* And all the suburbs!

*Min* Upon a soldier's word, bold gentlemen,  
I expect every hour Virginus  
To bring fresh comfort

*Omnes* Whom? Virginus?

*First Sold* Now, by the gods, if ever he return,  
We'll drag him to the slaughter by his locks  
Turn'd white with rot and incontinence,  
And leave a precedent to all the world  
How captives use their soldiers!

*Enter VIRGINIUS.*

*Min* See, he's return'd—

Virginus, you are not safe, retire,  
Your troops are mutinous—we are begirt  
With enemies more daring and more fierce  
Than is the common foe

*Virginus* My troops, my lord!

*Min* Your life is threaten'd by these desperato men

Detake you to your house

*Virginius* My noble lord,

I never yet profess'd to teach the art

Of flying—Ha! our troops grown mutinous!

He dares not look on me with half a face

That spread this wildfire—Where is our liege tenant?

*Fado VALENTIA*

*Val* My lord?

*Virginius* Sirrah, order our companies

*Min* What do you mean, my lord?

*Virginius* Take in a little, they have beaten me—

Sirrah, ist you will mutiny?

*Third Sold* Not I, sir

*Virginius* Is your gall burst, you traitor?

*Fourth Sold* The gods defend,\* sir!

*Virginius* Or is your stomach sea sick? doth it rise?

I'll make a passage for it

*Fifth Sold* Noble captain,

I'll die beneath your foot

*Virginius* You rough porcupine, ha!

Do you bustle, do you shoot your quills, you rogue?

*Last Sold* They have no points to hurt you, noble captain

*Virginius* Wist you, my nimble shaver, that would whet

Your sword 'gainst your commander's thro' it, you, sirrah?

*Sixth Sold* My lord, I never dream'd on't

*Virginius* Slaves and cowards,

What, are you choleric now? By the gods,

The way to purge it were to let you bleed!

I am the centre of you, and I'll make

The proudest of you teach the aspen leaf

To tremble, when I breathe

*Min* A strange conversion

*Virginius* Advance your pikes! the word!

*Omnes* Advance your pikes!

*Virginius* See, noble lord, these are no mutineers,

These are obedient soldiers, civil men

You shall command these, if your lordship please,

To fill a ditch up with their slaughter'd bodies,

That with more ease you may assault some town—

So, now lay down your arms! Villains and traitors,

I here cashier you—hence from me, my poison,

Not worthy of our discipline! go beg,

Go beg, you mutinous rogues! brag of the service

You ne'er durst look on at woe or charity  
To hang you, for my mind gives ye're reserv'd  
To rob poor market women

*Min* O Virginius,—

*Virginius* I do beseech you to confirm my sentence,

As you respect me I will stand myself

For the whole regiment, and safer far

In mine own single valour, than begut

With cowards and with traitors

*Min* O my lord,

You are too severe

*Virginius* Now, by the gods, my lord,

You know no discipline, to pity them

Pitiless devils! no sooner my back turn'd

But presently to mutiny!

*Omnes* Dear captain,—

*Virginius* Refuse me,\* if such traitorous rogues  
Would not confound an army!—When do you march?

When do you march, gentlemen?

*First Sold* My lord, we'll starve first,

We'll hang first, by the gods, do any thing,

Ere we'll forsake you

*Min* Good Virginius,

Lam't your passion

*Virginius* Sir you may take my place,

Not my just anger from me—These are they

Have bid a death to the camp I'll wish our foes

No greater plague than to have them company

Show but among them all so many scars

As stick upon this flesh, I'll pardon them

*Min* How now, my lord, breathless?

*Virginius* By your favour I ha sud

Wounds confound me, if I could not wish

My youth renew'd again, with all her follies,

Only to have breath enough to rail against

These—'Tis too short.

*Min* See gentlemen, what strange distraction

Your falling off from duty hath begot

In this most noble soldier you may live,

The nearest of you, to command a troop,

And then in others you'll correct those faults

Which in yourselves you cherish'd every captain

Bears in his private government that form

Which kings should o'er their subjects, and to them

Should be the like obedient—We confess

You have been distress'd, but can you justly challenge

Any commander that hath suffered,

While that your food was limited? You cannot.

\* *defect*] is forbid

\* *Refuse me*] See note §, p. 7

*Virginius* My lord, I have shar'd with them an equal fortune,

Hunger and cold, march'd thorough watery fens,  
Borne as great burdens as the pioneer,  
When scarce the ground would bear me,—

*Min.* Good my lord, give us leave to proceed —  
The punishment your captun hath inflicted  
Is not sufficient, for it cannot bring  
Any example to succeeding times

Of penance worth your faulting happily  
It may in you beget a certain shame,  
But it will [breed] in others a strong hope  
Of the like lenity Yet, gentlemen,

You have in one thing given me such a taste  
Of your obedience,—when the fire was rus'd  
Of fierce sedition, and the cheek was swoll'n  
To sound the fatal trumpet, then the sight  
Of this your worthy captain did disperse  
All those unfruitful humours, and even then  
Convert you from fierce tigers to staid men  
We therefore pardon you, and do restore  
Your captain to you, you unto your captain

*Omnes* The gods requite you, noble general!

*Min* My lord, my lord!

*Omnes* Your pardon, noble captun!

*Virginius* Well, you are the general, and the fault is quit

A soldier's tears, an elder brother's wit,  
Have little salt in them, nor do they season  
Things worth observing, for then went of reason —  
Take up your arms and use them, do, I pray  
I re long you'll take your legs to run away

*Min* And what supply from Rome?

*Virginius* Good store of corn

*Min* What entertainment there?

*Virginius* Most honourable,  
Especially by the Lord Appius  
There is great hope that Appius will grow  
The soldier's patron with what vehemency  
He urg'd our wants, and with what expectation  
He hasted the supplies, it is almost  
Incredible There's promis'd to the soldier,  
Besides their corn, a bounteous donative,

But 'tis not certain yet when't shall be paid [1 should]

*Min* How for your own particular?

*Virginius* My lord,  
I was not enter'd fully two pikes' length  
Into the senate, but they all stood bare,  
And each man offer'd me his seat The business  
For which I went despatch'd, what gifts, what fa-  
vours,

Were done me, your good lordship sh all not hear,  
For you would wonder at them, only this,—

'Twould make a man fight up to the neck in blood,  
To think how nobly he shall be receiv'd  
When he returns to the city

*Min.* 'Tis well

Give order the provision be divided,  
And sent to every quarter

*Virginius* Sir, it shall —

[*Aside*] Thus men must slight their wrongs, or  
else conceal them,

When general safety wills us not reveal them

[*Exeunt*]

### SCENE III \*

*Enter Two Petitioners at one Door at the other, MARCUS CLAUDIUS*

*First Pet* Pray, is your lord at leisure?

*Mar Claud* What is your suit?

*First Pet* To accept this poor petition, which  
makes known

My many wrongs in which I crave his justice  
And upright sentence to support my cause,  
Which else is trod down by oppression

*Mar Claud* My lord's hand is the prop of  
innocence,

And if your cause be worthy his supportance,  
It cannot fail

*First Pet* The gods of Rome protect him!

*Mar Claud* What, is your paper, too, petition  
any?

*Sec Pet* It leans upon the justice of the judge,  
Your noble lord, the very stay of Rome

*Mar Claud* And sure basis for a poor man's  
cause

She cannot yield Your papers I'll deliver,  
And when my lord ascends the judgment seat,  
You shall find gracious comfort

*Enter ICHNIUS, troubled*

*Ich* Where's your lord?

*Mar Claud* [*aside*] Ichnius' son Virginia's late  
betroth'd!

*Ich* Your ears, I hope, you have not forfeited,  
That you return no answer where's your lord?

*Mar Claud* At's study

*Ich* I desire admittance to him

\* *Scene III*] Rome An inner apartment, it would seem, in the house of Appius. But presently, when Appius is left alone with Ichnius, a change of scene is supposed, for, p. 160 Appius says to Claudius,

"To send I wish in hither,

Even to my closet," &c.

(And yet in the first Scene of the next Act, Ichnius speaks of this interview with Appius as having taken place "in the lobby"')

*Mar Claud* Please you attend I'll know his  
lordship's pleasure —

[*Aside*] *Ichius*! I pray heaven she have not  
blabb'd [Exit

*Ich* "Attend!" A petty lawyer to'ther day,  
Glad of a fee, but call'd to eminent place,  
Even to his betters now the word's "Attend"  
This gown'd office, what a breadth it bears!  
How many tempests wait upon his frown!

*Re-enters* MARCUS CLAUDIUS

*Mar Claud* All the petitioners withdrawn

[*Exeunt* Petitioners]

*Lord Appius*

Must have this place more private, as a favour  
Reserved for you, *Ichius* — Here's my lord

*Enter* APPIUS CLAUDIUS with *Lictors* before him

*App Claud* Be gone, this place is only spar'd  
for us, [Exit *Lictors*

And you, *Ichius* Now your business

*Ich* May I speak it freely?

*App Claud* We have suffering ears,  
A heart the softest down may penetrate  
Proceed

*Ich* My lord, —

*App Claud* We are private, pray, your court-  
tesy

*Ich* My duty —

*App Claud* Leave that to the public eye  
Of Rome and of Rome's people — Claudius, there!

*Mar Claud* My lord!

*App Claud* Place me a second chair, that done,  
Remove yourself So, now your absence, Claudius  
[Exit *MAR CLAUDIUS*

*Ichius*, sit this grace we make not common  
Unto the noblest Roman, but to you  
Our love affords it freely Now your suit?

*Ich* It is, you would be kind unto the camp

*App Claud* Whence, *Ichius*, doth the camp  
touch thee?

*Ich* Thus old *Virginius*, now my father in law,  
Kept from the public pay, consumes himself,  
Sells his revenues, turns his plate to coin,  
To wage his soldiers and supply the camp,  
Wasting that useful substance which indeed  
Should rise to moan my *Virginius*'s dowry

*App Claud* We meet that opposition thus, *Ich* —  
hus

The camp's supplies do not consist in us,  
But those that keep the common treasury,  
Speak or entreat we may, but not command  
But, sir, I wonder you, so brave a youth,  
Son to a thrifty Roman, should ally you  
And knit your strong arms to such falling branches

Which rather in their ruin will bear down  
Your strength, than you support their rottenness  
Be sway'd by me, fly from that ruinous house,  
Whose fall may crush you, and contract with mine,  
Whose base are of marble, deeply fix'd  
To mangle\* all gusts and impending storms.  
Cast off that beggar's daughter, poor *Virginia*,  
Whose dowry and beauty I'll see tie'd both  
In one all'd to me Smile you, *Ichius*?

*Ich* My lord, my lord, think you I can imagine  
Your close and sparing hand can be profuse  
To give that man a palace whom you late  
Denied a cottage? Will you from your own coffers  
Grant me a tieble dowry, yet interpose me  
A poor third from the common treasury?  
You must move me by possibilities,  
For I have brains give first your hand and seal,  
That old *Virginius* shall receive his pay,  
Both for himself and soldiers, and, that done,  
I shall perhaps be soon induc'd to think  
That you, who with such willingness did that, —

*App Claud* Is my love mispriz'd?

*Ich* Not to *Virginia*

*App Claud* *Virginia*!

*Ich* Yes, *Virginia*, lustful lord

I did but trace your cunning all this while  
You would bestow me on some Appian trull,  
And for that dross to cheat me of my gold  
For this the camp pines, and the city snails  
All Rome frowns worse for thy incontinence

*App Claud* Mine, boy!

*Ich* Thine, judge This hand hath intercepted  
Thy letters, and perus'd thy tempting gifts,  
These ears have heard thy amorous passions,  
wretch!

These eyes beheld thy treacherous name subscrib'd  
A judge? a devil!

*App Claud* Come, I'll hear no more

*Ich* Sit still, or, by the powerful gods of Rome,  
I'll nail thee to the chair but suffer me,  
I'll offend nothing but thine ears

*App Claud* Our secretary!

*Ich* Tempt not a lover's fury if thou dost,

\* *To mangle*, i.e. to defy. I know no other instance of this word being used as a verb as an adverb, with the sense in spite of it often occurs

† *gists* The old copy *gists* — The Rev J Mitford (*Genl Mag* for June 1835, p 191) would read "*gists*" But compare what Appius says a little after, "and for those letters"

Tokens, and presents we acknowledge none I may add that in Shakespeare's *Timon*, act iv sc 1, the first folio has the same misprint —

"Then, is my quest, and thine own requisition  
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter," &c



Now, by my vow unsculp'd in heaven, I'll send thee—

*App Claud* You see I am patient.

*Iul* But withal reveng'd.

*App Claud* So, say on.

*Iul* Hope not of any grace or the least favour  
I am so covetous of Virginia's love,  
I cannot spare thee the least look, glance, touch  
Divide one true imaginary thought  
Into a thousand thousand parts, and that  
I'll not afford thee.

*App Claud* Thou shalt not.

*Iul* Nay, I will not.

Hadst thou a judge's place above those judges  
That judge all souls, having power to sentence me,  
I would not bribe thee, no, not with one hair  
From her fair temples.

*App Claud* Thou shouldst not.

*Iul* Nay, I would not.

Think not her beauty shall have leave to crown  
Thy lustful hopes with the least spark of bliss,  
Or have thoue ears charm'd with the ravishing  
sound

Even of her harshest phrase.

*App Claud* I will not.

*Iul* Nay, thou shalt not.

She's mine, my soul is crown'd in her desire,  
To her I'd travel through a land of fire.

*App Claud* Now have you done?

*Iul* I have spoke my thoughts.

*App Claud* Then will thy fury give me leave  
to speak?

*Iul* I pray, say on.

*App Claud* Iulius, I must chide you, and  
withal

Tell you your rashness hath made forfeiture  
Even of your precious life, which we esteem  
Too dear to call in question. If I wish'd you  
Of my alliance, griff'd into my blood,  
Condemn you me for that? O, see the rashness  
And blind mispris on of dis-temper'd youth!  
As for the mad Virginia, we are far  
Even in least thought from her, and for those  
letters,

Tokens, and presents, we acknowledge none  
Alas, though great in place, we are not gods  
If any false impostor hath usurp'd  
Our hand or greatness in his own behoof,  
Can we help that? Iulius, there's our hand,  
Your rashness we remit. Let's have hereafter  
Your love and best opinion. For your suit,  
Repair to us at both our better leisure,  
We'll breathe in it new life.

*Iul* I crave your pardon.

*App Claud* Granted ere crav'd, my good  
Iulius.

*Iul* Morrow.

*App Claud* It is no more, indeed. Morrow,  
Iulius.

If any of our servants wait without,  
Command them in.

*Iul* I shall.

*App Claud* Our secretary,—

We have use for him, Iulius, send him hither.  
Again, good morrow. [Exit Iulius]

Go to thy death, thy life is doom'd and cast.  
Appius, be circumspect, and be not rash.  
In blood, as thou'rt in lust, be murderous still,  
But when thou strik'st, with unscen weapons kill.

Re-enter MARCUS CLAUDIUS

*Mar Claud* My honourable lord,—

*App Claud* Dende me dog?

*Mar Claud* Who hath stir'd up this tempest  
in your brow?

*App Claud* Not you 'fie, you 'f

*Mar Claud* All you Pantheon gods  
Confound me if my soul be necessary  
To your distractions!

*App Claud* To send a ruffian hither,  
Even to my closet, first, to brave my greatness,  
Ply with my beard, revile me, taunt me, hiss me,  
Nay, after all these deep disparagements,  
Threat me with steel, and menace me unarmed,  
To nail me to my seat if I but mov'd.  
All these are slight, slight toys.

*Mar Claud* Iulius do this?

*App Claud* Ruffian Iulius! he that, in the front  
Of a smooth citizen, bears the rugged soul  
Of a most base banditto.

*Mar Claud* He shall die for't.

*App Claud* Be not too rash.

*Mar Claud* Were there no more men to sup-  
port great Rome,  
Even falling Rome should perish ere he stand.  
I'll after him, and kill him.

*App Claud* Stay, I charge thee.

Lend me a patient ear to right our wrongs,  
We must not mendice with a public hand,  
We stand in the world's eye, and shall be tax'd  
Of the least violence where we revenge.  
We should smile smoothest where our hate's  
most deep,

And when our spleen's broad waking, seem to sleep  
Let the young man play still upon the bit,  
Till we have brought and train'd him to our lure.  
Great men should strike but once, and then strike  
sure.

*Mar Claud* Love you Virginia still?

*App Claud* Do I still live?

*Mar Claud* Thon she's your own Virginia  
is, you say,

Still in the camp!

*App Claud* True

*Mar Claud* Now in his absence will I claim  
Virginia

To be the daughter of a bondwoman,  
And slave to me, to prove which, I'll produce  
Full proofs, notes probable, sound witness.  
Then, having with your Factors summon'd her,  
I'll bring the cause before your judgment-seat  
Where, upon my fulfilled evidence,  
You may pronounce the sentence on my side,  
And she become your stummet, not your bride

*App Claud* Thou hast a copious brain but  
how in this

Shall we dispose Ichnus?

*Mar Claud* If he spurn,  
Clap him up close there's ways to chain his  
spleen

By this no scandal can redound to you,  
The cause is mine, you but the sentencer  
Upon that evidence which I shall bring  
The business is, to have warrants by arrest,  
To answer such things at the judgment bar  
As can be laid against her ere her friends  
Can be assembled, ere herself can study  
Her answer, or scarce know her cause of sum-  
mons

To descend on the matter, Appius may  
Examine, try, and doom Virginia.

But all this must be sudden

*App Claud* Thou art born  
To mount me high above Ichnus' scorn  
I'll leave it to thy manage

[*Exeunt*]

## ACT III

### SCENE I \*

*Enter Nurse and Corbulo*

*Corb* What was that you said, nurse?

*Nurse* Why, I did say thou must bestir thyself

*Corb* I warrant you, I can bestir my stumps as  
soon as another, if fit occasion be offered but why  
do you come upon me in such haste? is it because,  
nurse, I should come over you at leisure?

*Nurse* Come over me, thou knave! what dost  
thou mean by that?

*Corb* Only this, if you will come off, I will  
come on

*Nurse* My lord hath strangers to night you  
must make ready the parlour, a table and lights  
my, when,† I say?

*Corb* Methinks you should rather wish for a  
bed than for a board, for darkness than for lights  
yet I must confess you have been a light woman  
in your time, but now—

*Nurse* But now! what now, you knave?

*Corb* But now I'll go fetch the table and some  
lights presently.

*Enter NUMITORIUS, HORATIUS, VALERIUS, and ICHNUS*

*Nurse* Som lights to usher in these gentlemen!

Clear all the rooms without there!—Sit, pray,  
sit—

None interrupt our conference

*Enter VIRGINIA*

Hi, who's that?

*Nurse* My most [dear\*] child, if it please you

*Nurse* Fair Virginia, you are welcome—

The rest forbear us till we call

[*Exeunt Nurse and CORBULO*]

Sweet cousin,

Our business and the cause of our discourse  
Admits you to this council take your place—  
Ichnus, we are private, now proceed

*Ich* Then thus Lord Appius doth intend me  
wrong,

And under his smooth calmness cloaks a tempest  
That will ere long break out in violence  
On me and on my fortunes.

*Nurse* My good cousin,  
You are young, and youth breeds rashness Can I  
think

Lord Appius will do wrong, who is all justice,  
The most austere and upright censorer  
That ever sat upon the awful bench?

\* Scene I ] Rome An apartment in the house of  
Numitorius.

† when] See note \*, p. 68

\* My most [dear] child] The old copy, "My most  
child," the printer, it would seem, having been unable to  
decipher the word which he has marked by a break

*Val* Ichus, you are near to me in blood,  
And I esteem your safety as mine own  
If you will needs wage \* eminence and state,  
Choose out a weaker opposite, not one  
That in his arm bears all the strength of Rome

*Num* Besides, Ichus,  
Know you the danger what it is to scandal  
One of his place and away?

*Ich* I know it, kinsmen, yet this popular  
greatness

Can be no bugbear to affright mine innocence  
No, his smooth crest hath cast a pulp'd † film  
Over Rome's eyes. He juggles, a plain juggler  
Lord Appius is no less.

*Num* Nay, then, cousin,  
You are too harsh, and I must be no more  
It ill becomes my place and gravity  
To lend a face to such reproachful terms  
Gainst one of his high presence

*Ich* Sit, pray, sit,  
To see me draw his picture fore your eyes,  
To make this man seem monstrous and this god  
Rome so adores, a devil a plun devil  
This lord, this judge, this Appius, that professeth  
To all the world a vestal chastity,  
Is an incontinent, loose lecher grown

*Num* He cousin!

*Ich* Nay 'tis true Daily and hourly  
He tempts this blushing virgin with huge promises,  
With melting words, and presents of high rate,  
To be the stile to his unchaste desires

*Num* Is't possible

*Ich* Possible!

'Tis actual truth I pray, but ask your niece  
*Virginia* Most true, I am extremely told and  
wounded

With messages and tokens of his love,  
No answer, no repulse will satisfy  
The tediousness of his importunate suit.  
And whilst I could with modesty and honour,  
Without the danger of reproach and shame,  
I kept it secret from Ichus,  
But when I saw their boldness found no limit,  
And they from far entreaty grew to threats,  
I told him all

*Ich* True understanding which,  
To him I went

\* wage] "Webster," says Nares in his Glossary has used the singular expression of *waging* 'eminence and state' meaning to contend in those points. Afterward, p. 16., we have, "My purse is too scant to wage law with them."

† pulp'd] So Heywood,

And bring a pulp'd darkness o'er the earth"

*Brazen Age*, 1613, Sig. F

*Val* To Appius!

*Ich* To that giant,

The high Colossus that bestrides us all,\*  
I went to him

*Hor* How did you bear yourself?

*Ich* Like Appius, at the first, dissemblingly;  
But when I saw the coast clear, all withdrawn,  
And none but we two in the lobby, then  
I drew my poniard, took him by the throat,  
And, when he would have clamour'd, thence it  
death,

I less he would with patience hear me out

*Num* Did he, Ichus?

*Ich* I made him that he durst not squeak,  
Not move an eye, not draw a breath too loud,  
Nor stir a finger

*Hor* What succeeded then?

*Num* Keep fast the door there!—Sweet coz  
not too loud

What then succeeded?

*Ich* Why, I told him all,  
Gave him his due, call'd him lascivious judge  
(A thousand things which I have now forgot)  
Show'd him his hand a witness 'gainst himself  
And every thing with such known circumstance,  
That he might well excuse, but not deny

*Num* How parted you?

*Ich* Why, friends in outward show,  
But I perceiv'd his heart that hypocrite  
Was born to gull Rome, and deceive us all  
He swore to me quite to abjure her love,  
Yet, ere myself could reach Virginia's chamber,  
One was before me with regrets † from him  
I know his hand The intent of this our meeting  
Was to entreat your counsel and advice  
The good old man her father, is from home,  
I think it good that she now in his absence  
Should lodge in secret with some private friend,  
Where Appius nor his factors, those blood  
hounds,

Can hunt her out You are her uncle, sir,  
I pray, counsel the best

*Num* To oppose ourselves,  
Now in this heat, against so great a man,  
Might, in my judgment, to ourselves bring danger,  
And to my niece no safety If we fall,  
She cannot stand, let's, then, preserve ourselves  
Until her father be discharg'd the camp

*Val* And, good Ichus, for your private ends,

\* The high Colossus that bestrides us all] From Shakspeare,—

"he doth bestride the narrow world

Like a Colossus" *Julius Caesar*, Act I. Sc. II

† regrets] i. e. fresh greetings.

And the dear safety of your friends and kindred,  
Against that statist spare to use your spleen

*Iul* I will be sway'd by you—My lords, 'tis  
late,

And time to break up conference—Noble uncle,  
I am your growing debtor

*Num* Lights without there!

*Iul* I will conduct Virginia to her lodging  
Good night to all at once

*Num* The gods of Rome protect you all! and  
then

We need not fear the envious rage of men

[*Exeunt*]

## SCENE II \*

[*Enter MARCUS CASSIUS, with Four Factors*]

*Mar* *Clau* Factors, bestow yourselves in some  
close shops,

About the Forum, till you have the sight  
Of Ian Virginia, for I understand

This present morning she'll come forth to buy  
Some necessaries at the sempsters' shops

How'd'st accompanied, be it your cue  
To seize her at our action Good my friends,  
Disperse yourselves, and keep a careful watch

[*Exit*]

*Post Luc* 'Tis strange that ladies will not pay  
their debts

*Sec Luc* It were strange, indeed, if that our  
Roman knights would give them good example  
and pay theirs

*First Luc* The calendar that we Factors go by  
is all dog days.

*Sec Luc* Right, our common hunt is still to  
dog unthrifts

*First Luc* And what's your book of common  
prayer?

*Sec Luc* Faith, only for the increase of riotous  
young gentlemen i' the country, and bankrupts i'  
the city

*First Luc* I know no man more valiant than  
we are, for we back knights and gentlemen daily

*Sec Luc* Right, we have them by the back  
honorably your French fly applied to the nape of  
the neck for the French rheum is not so sore a  
disease as a Factor.

*First Luc* Some say that, if a little-timbered  
fellow would juggle a great loggerhead, let him be  
sure to lay him i' the kennel, but when we  
shoulder a knight, or a knight's fellow, we make  
him more sure, for we kennel him i' the counter

*Sec Luc* Come, let's about our business

[*Exeunt*]

[*Enter VIRGINIA, Nurse, and CORBULO*]

*Virginia* You are grown wondrous unmorous of  
late

Why do you look back so often?

*Corb* Madam, I go as a Frenchman rides, all  
upon one buttock

*Virginia* And what's the reason?

*Corb* Your ladyship never saw a monkey in  
all your lifetime have a clog at's tail, but he's  
still looking back to see what the devil 'tis that  
follows him

*Nurse* Very good, we are your clogs, then

*Virginia* Your crest is grown regardant \*  
hides the beauty

That makes your eyes forgetful of their way

*Corb* Beauty! O the gods! madam, I cannot  
endure her complexion

*Nurse* Why, sir, what's my complexion?

*Corb* Thy complexion is just between a Moon  
and a French woman

*Virginia* But she hath a matchless eye, sir

*Corb* True, her eyes are not right matches  
besides, she is a widow

*Nurse* What then, I pray you?

*Corb* Of all waters I would not have my best  
powdered with a widow's tears

*Virginia* Why, I beseech you?

*Corb* O, they are too fresh, madam—issue  
yourself they will not last for the death of fourteen  
husbands above a day and a quarter—besides, if  
a man come a wooing to a widow, and invite her  
to a banquet, contrary to the old rule, she will  
sooner fill her eye than her belly—Besides that,  
if he look into her estate, first—look you here  
are four fingers—first the change of her husband's  
funeral, next debts and legacies, and lastly the  
reversion—now, take away debts and legacies, and  
what remains for her second husband?

*Nurse* I would some of the tribe heard you

*Corb* There's a certain fish that, as the learned  
divulge, is called a shunk—now, this fish can  
never feed while he swims upon's belly, namely,  
when he lies upon his back, O, he takes it at  
pleasure

*Virginia* Well, sir, about your business, in the  
provision

Of those things I directed

*Corb* Sweet lady, these eyes shall be the clerks  
of the kitchen for your belly, but I can assure

\* *regardant*] "A term in heraldry, and signifies looking  
behind" *Editor of 1816*

you, woodcocks will be hard to be spoke with, for there's a great feast towards.

*Virginia* You are very pleasant

*Corb* And fresh cod is taken down thick and threefold women without great bellies go together by the ears for't, and such a number of sweet toothed caters\* in the market, not a calf's head to be got for love or money mutton's mutton now

*Virginia* Why, was it not so ever?

*Corb* No, madam, the sinners in the suburbs had almost taken the name† quite away from't, 'twas so cheap and common but now 'tis at a sweet reckoning, the term time is the mutton monger in the whole calendar

*Nurse* Do your lawyers eat any salads with their mutton?

*Corb* Yes, the younger revellers use capers to their mutton so long till with their shuffling and cutting some of them be out at heels again—A bountiful mind and a full purse ever attend your ladyship!

*Virginia* O, I thank you

*Re enter MARCUS CLAUDIUS and Factors*

*Mar Claud* See, yon's the lady

*Corb* I will buy up for your ladyship all the young cuckoos in the market

*Virginia* What to do?

*Corb* O, 'tis the most delicatest dish, I'll assure you, and newest in fashion not a great feast in all Rome without a cuckoo

*Mar Claud* Virginia,—

*Virginia* Sir!

*Mar Claud* Mistress, you do not know me, Yet we must be acquainted follow me

*Virginia* You do salute me strangely Follow you!

*Corb* Do you hear, sir? methinks you have followers enough Many gentlemen that I know would not have so many tall followers as you have for the price of ten hunting geldings, I'll assure you

*Mar Claud* Come, will you go?

*Virginia* Whither? by what command?

*Mar Claud* By warrant of these men, and privilege

I hold even on thy life Come, ye proud dame, You are not what you seem

*Virginia* Uncivil sir,

What makes you thus familiar and thus bold? Unhand me, villain!

*Mar Claud* What, mistress, to your lord?

Ho that can set the razor to your throat, And punish you as freely as the gods, No man to ask the cause? Thou art my slave, And here I seize what's mine

*Virginia* Ignoble villain!

I am as free as the best king or consul Since *Romulus* What dost thou mean? Unhand me—

Give notice to my uncle and *Ichius*

What violence is offer'd me

*Mar Claud* Do, do

*Corb* Do you press women for soldiers, or do you beg women, instead of other commodities, to keep your hands in use? By this light, if thou hast any ears on thy head, as it is a question, I'll make my lord pull you out by the ears, though you take a castle [Exit]

*Mar Claud* Come, will you go along?

*Nurse* Whither should she go, sir? Here's pulling and hauling a poor gentlewoman!

*Mar Claud* Hold you your prating, reverence the whip

Shall seize on you for your smooth cozenage

*Virginia* Are not you servant to Lord *Appius*?

*Mar Claud* Howe'er I am your lord, and will approve it

For all the senate

*Virginia* Thou wilt prove thyself

The curs'd pander for another's lust, And thus your plot shall burst about your ears Like thunderbolts

*Mar Claud* Hold you that confidence

First I will seize you by the course of law, And then I'll talk with you

*Enter ICHIVS and NUM. FORTUS*

*Num* How now, fair cousin!

*Ich* How now, gentlemen!

What's the offence of fair *Virginia*, You bend your weapons on us?

*Ich* Sir, stand back,

We fear a rescue

*Ich* There's no need of fear,

Where there's no cause of rescue What's the matter?

*Virginia* O my *Ichius*, your incredulity Hath quite undone me! I am now no more *Virginius's* daughter, so this villain urges, But publish'd for his bondwoman

*Num* How's this?

\* caters] i.e. caterers

† the name] *Mutton* was a very common cant term for a prostitute

\* ure] i.e. use

*Mar Claud.* 'Tis true, my lord, and I will take my right

By course of law

*Iul.* Villains, set her free,

Or, by the power of all our Roman gods,

I'll give that just revenge unto my rage

Which should be given to justice! Bondwoman!

*Mar Claud.* Sir, we do not come [here] to fight, we'll deal

By course of law

*Enter APPIUS CLAUDIUS*

My lord, we fear a rescue

*App Claud.* A rescue! never feart, here's none in presence

But civil men—My lord, I am glad to see you—

Noble Iulius, we shall ever love you—

Now, gentlemen, reach your petitions

*Iul.* My lord, my lord,—

*App Claud.* Worthy Iulius,

If you have any business, defer it

Until to-morrow or the afternoon

I shall be proud to pleasure you

*Iul.* The fox

Is catch'd, my lord, you cannot wind him yet

*App Claud.* Stools for my noble friends!—I pry you, sit

*Mar Claud.* May it please your lordship,—

*App Claud.* Why, uncivil sir,

Have I not begg'd forbearance of my best

And dearest friends, and must you trouble me?

*Mar Claud.* My lord, I must be heard, and will be heard

Were all the gods in parliament, I'd burst

Their silence with my importunity,

But they should hear me

*App Claud.* The fellow's mad—

We have no leisure now to hear you, sir

*Mar Claud.* Hast now no leisure to hear just complaints?

Resign thy place, O Appius, that some other

May do me justice, then!

*App Claud.* We'll hear 't to-morrow

*Mar Claud.* O my lord,

Deny me justice absolutely, rather

Than feed me with delays

*Iul.* Good my lord, hear him,

And wonder when you hear him, that a case

So full of vile imposture should desire

To be unfolded.

*Mar Claud.* Ay, my lord, 'tis true,

The imposture is on their parts

*App Claud.* Hold your prating—

Away with him to prison, clamorous fellow!—

Suspect you our uprightness?

*Mar Claud.* No, my lord,

But I have mighty enemies, my lord,

Will overflow my cause. See, here I hold

My bondwoman, that brags herself to be

Descended of a noble family

My purse is too scant to wage law with them

I am enforced be mine own advocate,

Not one will plead for me. Now, if your lordship

Will do me justice, so, if not, then know

High hills are safe, when seas poor dales o'erflow

*App Claud.* Sirrah, I think it fit to let you know,

Ere you proceed in this your subtle suit,

What penalty and danger you incur,

If you be found to double. Here's a virgin

Famous by birth, by education noble,

And she, forsooth, haply\* but to draw

Some piece of money from her worthy father,

Must needs be challeng'd for a bondwoman

Sirrah, take heed, and well bethink yourself

I'll make you a precedent to all the world,

If I but find you tripping

*Mar Claud.* Do it freely

And view on that condition these just proofs

[*Enter papers to APPIUS CLAUDIUS*]

*App Claud.* Is that the virgin's nurse?

*Nurse.* Her milk-maid, my lord. I had a sore hand with her for a year and a quarter. I have had somewhat to do with her since, too, for the poor gentlewoman hath been so troubled with the green sickness.

*Iul.* I pry thee, nurse, entreat Sertorius

To come and speak with me. [*Exit Nurse*]

*App Claud.* Here is strange circumstance, view it, my lord

If he should prove this, it would make Virginius think he were wrong'd

*Iul.* There is a devilish cunning,

Express'd in this black forgery

*App Claud.* Iulius and Virginia, pry come near

Compound with this base fellow: you were better

Disburse some tittle, than to undergo

The question of her freedom

*Iul.* O my lord,

She were not worth a handful of a bribe,

If she did need a bribe!

*App Claud.* Nay, take your course,

I only give you my opinion,

I ask no fee for't.—Do you know this fellow?

*Virginia.* Yes, my lord, he's your servant.

*App Claud.* You're in the right

But will you truly know his character?

He was at first a petty notary,

\* *haply*] Even if we substitute "happily," (as the word was often written), the line still holds

A fellow that, being trusted with large sums  
Of honest citizens, to be employ'd  
I' the trade of usury,—this gentleman,  
Couching his credit like a tilting staff  
Most cunningly, it brake, and at one course  
He ran away with thirty thousand pound  
Returning to the city seven year after,  
Having compounded with his creditors  
For the third moiety, he buys in office  
Belonging to our place, depends on us  
In which the oppression and vile injuries  
He hath done poor suitors they have cause to rue,  
And I to pity he hath sold his smiles  
For silver, but his promises for gold,  
His delays have undone men

The plague that in some folded cloud remains  
The bright sun soon disperseth, but observe,  
When black infection in some droughthill lies,  
There's work for bells and graves, if it do rise

*Van.* He was an ill prop to your house, my lord

*App. Claud.* 'Tis true, my lord, but we that have  
such servants

Are like to cuckolds that have notorious wives  
We are the last that know it—this is it  
Makes noblemen suspected \* to have done ill,  
When the oppression lies in their proud followers

*Mar. Claud.* My lord, it was some soothing speech  
about,

Some base detraction raised, that hath spread  
This filsehood in your ears

*App. Claud.* Peace, impudence  
Did I not yesterday no longer since  
Surprise thee in thy study counterfeiting,  
Our kind?

*Mar. Claud.* 'Tis true, my lord

*App. Claud.* Being subscrib'd  
Unto a letter fill'd with amorous stuff  
Unto this lady?

*Mar. Claud.* I have asked your pardon  
And gave you reason why I was so bold  
To use that forgery

*App. Claud.* Did you receive it?

*Virginia.* I did, my lord, and I can show your  
lordship

A packet of such letters

*App. Claud.* Now, by the gods,  
I'll make you rue it! I beseech you, sir,  
Show them the reason mov'd you counterfeit  
Our letter

*Enter SERVANTUS*

*Mar. Claud.* Sir, I had no other colour  
To come to speak with her

\* *suspect* *clad*] The author probably wrote "suspect  
† *hater* *Servantus*] The old copy 'Fute' *Valerius*

*App. Claud.* A goodly reason!  
Did you until this hour acquaint the lady  
With your intended suit?

*Mar. Claud.* At several times,  
And would have drawn her by some private  
course

To have compounded for her liberty

*Virginia.* Now, by a virgin's honour and true  
birth,

'Tis false, my lord! I never had a dream  
So terrible as is this monstrous dovil

*App. Claud.* Well, sir, referring my particular  
wrong

To a particular censure, I would know  
What is your suit?

*Mar. Claud.* My lord, a speedy trial

*App. Claud.* You shall obtain't with all severity,  
I will not give you longer time to dream

Upon new sleights to cloak your forgery—

Observe you this chameleon, my lords,  
I'll make him change his colour presently

*Van.* My lord, although the uprightness of our  
cause

Needs no delay, yet for the satisfaction  
Of old Virginius, let him be present

When we shall crave a trial

*App. Claud.* Sir, it needs not

Who stands for father of the innocent,  
I'll not the judge! I'll save the poor old man  
That needless travel

*Virginia.* With your favour, sir,  
We must entreat some respite in a business  
So needful of his presence

*App. Claud.* I do protest  
You wrong yourselves thus to importune it  
Well, let it be to-morrow—I'll not sleep  
Till I have made this thicket a smooth place,  
And given you your true honour back again

*Feil.* My lord, the distance 'twixt the camp and  
us

Cannot be measured in so short a time

Let us have four days' respite

*App. Claud.* You are unwise,  
Rumour by that time will have fully spread  
The scandal, which, being ended in one hour,  
Will turn to air—to-morrow is the trial  
In the mean time let all contented thoughts  
Attend you

*Mar. Claud.* My lord, you deal unjustly  
Thus to dismiss her, this is that they seek for  
Before to-morrow they'll convey her hence,  
Where my claim shall not seize her

but *Servantus* was the person sent for by Feilus, and so  
towards the close of this scene

*App Claud* Cunning knave!  
 You would have bond for her appearance? say  
*Mar Claud* I think the motion's honest  
*App Claud* Very good  
 Julius shall engage his honour'd word  
 For her appearance  
*Mar Claud* As you please, my lord  
 But it were fitting her old uncle there  
 Were jointly bound with him  
*App Claud* Well, sir, your pleasure  
 Shall have satiety. You'll take our word  
 For her appearance, will you not, sir, I pray?  
*Mar Claud* Most willingly, my lord  
*App Claud* Then, sir, you have it  
 And in the mean time I'll take the honour'd lady  
 Into my guardianship, and, by my life  
 I'll use her in all kindness as my wife  
*Jul* Now, by the gods, you shall not!  
*App Claud* Shall not, what?  
*Jul* Not use her as your wife—  
*App Claud* O my lord,  
 I speak it from my heart  
*Jul* As very likely  
 She is a virgin, sir, and must not lie  
 Under arms so forthcoming, do you mark?  
 Not under your forthcoming, lecherous Appius  
*App Claud* Mistake me not my lord—our  
 secretary  
 Take bonds for the appearance of this lady—  
 And now to you, sir, you that were my servant  
 I here cashier you, never shalt thou shroud  
 Thy villainies under our noble roof,  
 Nor scape the whip or the fell hangman's hook  
 By warrant of our favour  
*Mar Claud* So, my lord,  
 I am more free to serve the gods, I hope  
 Now I have lost your service  
*App Claud* Hark you, sir, sir,  
 Who shall give bonds for your appearance, here,  
 To justify your claim?  
*Mar Claud* I have none, my lord  
*App Claud* Away! Commit him prisoner to  
 his chamber—  
 I'll keep you safe from starting  
*Mar Claud* Why, my lord,—  
*App Claud* Away! I will not hear you  
 A judge's heart here in the midst must stand  
 And move not a hair's breadth to either hand  
 [Exit Appius Claudius, Marcus Claudius  
 and Lectors.]  
*Nun* O, were thy heart but of the self-same piece  
 Thy tongue is, Appius, how bless'd were Rome!  
*Jul* Post to the camp, Sertorius, thou hast heard  
 The effect of all, relate it to Virginia

I pray thee, use thy ablest horsemanship,  
 For it concerns us near  
*Ser* I go, my lord  
*Jul* Sure, all this is damn'd cunning  
*Virginia* O my lord,  
 Seamen in tempests shun the flattering shore,  
 To bear full sails upon't were danger more  
 So men o'erborne with greatness still hold dear  
 False seeming friends that on their beams  
 spread,  
 For this is a safe truth which never varies  
 He that strikes all his sails seldom miscarries  
*Jul* Must we be slaves both to a tyrant's will,\*  
 And [to] confounding ignorance at once?  
 Where are we? in a mist? or is this hell?  
 I have seen as great as the proud judge have fell  
 The bending willow, yielding to each wind,  
 Shall keep his rooting firm, when the proud oak  
 Braving the storm, presuming on his root,  
 Shall have his body rent from head to foot  
 Let us expect the worst that may betide,  
 And with a noble confidence bear all [Exit

## SCENE III †

*App Claudius, Marcus Claudius, and a  
 Servant*

*App Claud* Here, bear this packet to Minutius,  
 And privately deliver it, make as much speed  
 As if thy father were decas'd in the camp,  
 And that thou wast set to take the administration  
 Of what he left thee. Hie!  
*Ser* I go, my lord [Exit  
*App Claud* O my trusty Claudius!  
*Mar Claud* My dear lord  
 Let me adore your divine policy  
 You have poison'd them with sweetmeats, you  
 have, my lord  
 But what contain those letters?

\* *Must we be slaves both to a tyrant's will, &c* [The  
 Rev. J. Mitford (*Ant. Man* for June 1813, p. 491) thinks  
 that the whole of this speech ought to be in rhyme, and  
 accordingly would read,—

Must we be slaves both to a tyrant's will  
 And confounding ignorance at once or ill?

The bending willow yielding to each *stroke*, &c  
 But I believe that the old copy gives here the very  
 words of the author, except that it omits *to* in the  
 second line, speeches partly blank verse and partly  
 prose being not uncommon in our early dramatists  
 and the impropriety of the alteration "each *stroke*" is  
 vindicated by what follows—*Braving the storm*!

† *Scene III*] The same room in the house of  
 Appius



*App Claud* Much importance  
Minutius is commanded by that packet  
To hold Virginus prisoner in the camp  
On some suspect of treason

*Mar Claud* But, my lord,  
How will you answer this?

*App Claud* Tush, any fault  
On shadow of a crime will be sufficient  
For his committing thus, when he is absent,  
We shall in a more calm and friendly sea  
Sail to our purpose

*Mar Claud* Mercury himself  
Could not direct more safely

*App Claud* O my Claudius,  
Observe this rule,—one ill must cure another,  
As aconitum,\* a strong poison, brings  
A present cure against all serpents' stings  
In high attempts the soul hath infinite eyes,  
And 'tis necessity makes men most wise  
Should I miscarry in this desperate plot,  
This of my fate in aftertimes be spoken,  
I'll break that with my weight on which I am  
broken

[*Exeunt*]

#### SCENE IV †

*Enter, from one side Two Servingmen from the other,  
coming to the door melancholy*

*First Serv* Why, how now, 'Corbulo' thou  
wast not wont to be of this sad temper What's  
the matter now?

*Corb* Times change, and seasons alter  
Some men are born to the bench, and some to  
the halter

What do you think now that I am?

*First Serv* I think thee to be Virginia's man,  
and Corbulo

*Corb* No, no such matter guess again tell  
me but what I am, or what manner of fellow you  
imagine me to be

*First Serv* I take thee to be an honest good  
fellow

*Corb* Wide of the bow hand ‡ still Corbulo is  
no such man

*Sec Serv* What art thou, then?

\* *Aconitum*, &c.] Compare Ben Jonson who follows  
Pim Nat Hist xxvii 2,

"I have heard that aconite,  
Being timely taken, hath a healing might  
Against the scorpion's stroke, the proof we'll give,  
That, while two poisons wrestle, we may live"

*Seneca*, act iii sc 3

† *Scene IV*] The same A street

‡ *wide of the bow-hand*] i.e. considerably to the left of  
the mark, a metaphor taken from archery

*Corb* Listen, and I'll describe myself to you  
I am something better than a knave, and yet come  
short of being an honest man, and though I can  
sing a treble, yet am accounted but as one of the  
base, being, indeed, and, as the case stands with  
me at this present, inferior to a rogue, and three  
degrees worse than a rascal

*First Serv* How comes this to pass?

*Corb* Only by my service's success Tako heed  
whom you serve, O you serving creatures! for this  
is all I have got by serving my lady Virginia

*Sec Serv* Why, what of her?

*Corb* She is not the woman you take her to  
be, for though she have borrowed no money, yet  
she is entered into bonds, and though you may  
think her a woman not sufficient, yet 'tis very  
like her bond will be taken. The truth is, she  
is challenged to be a bondswoman now, if she be  
a bondswoman and a slave, and I her servant and  
vassal what do\* you take me to be? I am an  
ant a gnat, a worm, a woodcock amongst birds,  
a lodinodod amongst flies, amongst eurs a  
trindlo-tale, and amongst fishes a poor per, but,  
amongst serving men, worse, worse than the mean  
man to the under yeoman festerer †

*First Serv* But is it possible thy lady is chal-  
lenged to be a slave? What witnesses have they?

*Corb* Witness these fountains, these flood  
gates, these wellsprings the poor gentlewoman  
was arrested in the open market I offered, I  
offered to buy her, but (though she was) I could  
not be taken The grief hath gone so near my  
heart that, until I be made free, I shall never  
be mine own man The Lord Appius hath com-  
mitted her to ward, and it is thought she shall  
neither be on the Knight side, nor in the Two  
penny ward, ‡ for if he may have his will of her,  
he means to put her in the Hole His warrant  
hath been out for her, but how the case stands  
with him, or how matters will be taken up with  
her, 'tis yet uncertain

*Sec Serv* When shall the trial be?

*Corb* I take it to be as soon as the morning is  
brought a bed of a new son and heir

*Sec Serv* And when is that?

*Corb* Why, to morrow, for every morning,

\* *do*] The old copy "did"

† *yeoman festerer*] Was the person immediately under  
the huntsman who led out and let loose the dogs in the  
chase *Festerer* is from the French *vautrier* or *vaudrier*

‡ *Two penny ward*] Old copy "Troping Ward" The  
Knight's Ward, the Master's Ward, the Two penny Ward  
and the Hole, were the four prison-divisions or sides  
See a curious description of them in Fenner's *Compleat's  
Commonwealth*, 1617

you know, brings forth a new sun but they are all short-lived, for every night she drowns them in the western sea. But to leave these enigmas as too high for your dull apprehensions, shall I see you at the trial to-morrow?

*First Serv.* By Jove's help I'll be there

*Sec Serv.* And I, if I live

*Corb.* And I, if I die for't bear's my hand, I'll meet you. It is thought my old master will be there at the bar, for though all the timber of his house yet stand, yet my Lord

Numitorius hath sent one of his posts to the camp to bid him spur, cut, and come to the senate. O, we have a house at home as heavy as if it were covered with lead! But you will remember to be there

*First Serv.* And not to fail

*Corb.* If I chance to meet you there, and that the case go against us, I will give you a quart, not of wine, but of tears, for, instead of a new roll, I purpose to break my fast with sops of sorrow

[*Exeunt*]

## ACT IV

## SCENE I \*

*Enter VIRGINIA like a slave. NUMITORIUS, ICILIUS VALEMIUS, HORATIUS. VIRGINIA like a slave JULIA CALPURNIA, and Nurse*

*Virginia.* Thanks to my noble friends it now appears

That you have rather lov'd me than my fortune,  
For that's near shipwreck'd chance, you see,  
still ranges,

And this short dance of life is full of changes  
Appius how hollow that name sounds how  
cheadful!

It is a question whether the proud lecher  
Will view us to our merit, for they say  
His memory to virtue and good men  
Is still enousing Lethe. O the gods!

Not with more terror do the souls in hell  
Appear before the seat of Rhadamanth  
Than the poor client yonder

[*Pointing to the tribunal*]

*Num.* O Virginus,  
Why do you wear this habit? it ill fits  
Your noble person or this reverend place

*Virginia.* That's true, old man, but it well  
fits the case

That's now in question. If with tear and show  
They prove her slav'd, all freedom I'll forego

*Id.* Noble Virginus,  
Put out a bold and confident defence,  
Search the imposture, like a cunning trier,  
False metals bear the touch, but brook not  
fire,—

Their brittleness betrays them. Let your breath  
Discover as much shame in them as death  
Did o'er draw from offenders. Let your truth

Nobly supported, void of fear or art,  
Welcome whatever comes with a great heart

*Virginia.* Now, by the gods, I thank thee,  
noble youth!

I never fear'd in a besieged town  
Mines or great engines like you lawyer's gown

*Virginia.* O my dear lord and father! once you  
gave me

A noble freedom do not see it lost  
Without a forfeit, take the life you give me,  
And sacrifice it rather to the gods  
Than to a villain's lust. Happy the wretch  
Who, born in bondage, lives and dies a slave,  
And sees no lustful projects bent upon her,  
And neither knows the life nor death of  
honour

*Id.* We have neither justice, no, nor violence,  
Which should reform corruption, sufficient  
To cross their black premeditated doom  
Appius will seize her all the fire in hell  
Is leap'd into his bosom

*Virginia.* O you gods,  
Extinguish it with your compassionate tears,  
Although you make a second deluge spread,  
And swell more high than Tenebris high head!  
Have not the wars heaped snow sufficient  
Upon this aged head, but they will still  
Pile winter upon winter!

*Enter APPIUS CLAUDIUS, OFFICIUS MARCUS CLAUDIUS, SIX  
Senators, Advocates, and Lictors*

*App. Claud.* Is he come, say?

Now, by my life, I'll quit the general

*Num.* Your reverence to the judge, good  
brother

*Virginia.* Yes, sir, I have learnt my compli-  
ment thus

\* Scene I ] Rome Before the tribunal of Appius

Bless'd mean estates who stand in fear of many  
And great are curs'd for that they fear not any

*App Claud* What, is Virginius comel

*Virginius* I am here, my lord

*App Claud* Where is your daughter?

*Num* Here, my reverend lord —

[*To Virginia*] Your habit shows you strangely

*Virginia* O tisht,

It suits both time and cause — Pray, pardon it

*App Claud* Where is your advocate?

*Virginius* I have none, my lord

Truth needs no advocate the unjust cause

Buy's up the tongues that travel with applause

In these your throng'd courts — I want not any  
And count him the most wretched that needs  
many

*Adv* May it please your reverend lordships,—

*App Claud* What are you, sir?

*Adv* Of counsel with my client, Marcus  
Claudius

*Virginius* My lord I undertake a desperate  
combat

To cope with this most eloquent lawyer

I have no skill in the weapon, good my lord

I mean I am not travelld in your laws

My suit is therefore, by your special goodness

They be not wrested against me

*App Claud* O Virginius,

The gods defend\* they should!

*Virginius* Your humble servant shall ever†  
pay for you

Thus shall your glory be above your place,

Or those high titles which you hold in court,

For they die bless'd that die in good report —

Now, sir I stand you

*Adv* Then have at you, sir!—

May it please your lordships, here is such a case,

So full of subtlety, and, as it were,

So far benighted in an ignorant mist,

That though my reasoning be sufficient,

My practice more, I never was entangled

In the like purse net‡ — Here is one that claims

This woman for his daughter — here's another

Affirms she is his bond slave — now the question

(With favour of the bench, I shall make plain

In two words only without circumstance

*App Claud* Fall to your proofs

*Adv* Where are our papers?

*Mar Claud* Here, sir

*Adv* Where, sir? I vow you're the most tedious  
client —

Now we come to t, my lord — Thus stands the case  
The law is clear on our sides —

Hold your prating

[*To MARCUS CLAUDIUS*]

That honourable lord, Virginius,

Having been married about fifteen year

And issueless, this virgin's politic mother

Seeing the land was likely to descend

To Numitorius,—I pray, sir, listen,

You, my Lord Numitorius, attend,

We are on your side — old Virginius

Employ'd in foreign wars, she sends him word

She was with child, observe it, I beseech you,

And note the trick of a deceitful woman

She in the mean time feigns the passions

Of a great bellied woman, counterfeit's

Their passions and their quidams — and verily

All Rome held this for no imposturous stuff

What's to be done now? Here's a rumour spread

Of a young heir, gods bless it! and [a] belly

Bombasted with a cushion — but there wants

(What wants there?) nothing but a pretty babe

Bought with some piece of money, where it skills  
not,

To furnish this supposed lying in

*Adv* I protest, my lord, the fellow in the  
nightcap

Hath not spoke one true word yet

*App Claud* Hold you your prating, woman,  
till you are call'd

*Adv* 'Tis purchas'd — Where? From this man's  
bondwoman

The money paid — [*To MARCUS CLAUDIUS*] what  
was the sum of money?

*Mar Claud* A thousand drachms

*Adv* Good — a thousand drachms

*App Claud* Where is that bondwoman?

*Mar Claud* She's dead, my lord

*App Claud* O, dead, that makes your cause  
suspicious

*Adv* But here's her deposition on her death bed,  
With other testimony to confirm

What we have said is true — Will 't please your  
lordship

Take pains to view these writings? Here, my  
lord —

We shall not need to hold your lordships long,  
We'll make short work on't

*Virginius* My lord,—

*App Claud* By your favour —

If that your claim be just, how happens it

That you have discontinu'd it the space

Of fourteen years?

*Adv* I shall resolve your lordship

\* defend] i o forbid

† shall ever] Qy "ever shall",

‡ purse net] See note \*, p 170

*Ied* I vow this is a practis'd dialogue  
Comes it not rarely off?

*Virginius* Peace, give them leave

*Adi* 'Tis very true this gentleman at first  
Thought to conceal this accident, and did so  
Only reveal'd his knowledge to the mother  
Of this fair bondwoman, who bought his silence,  
During her lifetime, with great sums of coin

*App Claud* Where are your proofs of that?

*Adi* Here, my good lord,  
With depositions likewise

*App Claud* Well, go on

*Adi* For your question  
Of discontinuance put case my slave  
Run away from me, dwell in some new city  
The space of twenty years, and then grow rich  
It is in my discretion, by your favour,  
To seize him when I please

*App Claud* That's very true

*Virginia* Cast not your nobler honour, you  
reverend judges,  
On such a putrefied dunghill

*App Claud* By your favour, you shall be  
heard upon

*Virginius* My lords, believe not this spurious  
orator

Had I but feed him first, he would have told  
As smooth a tale on our side

*App Claud* Give us leave

*Virginius* He deals in formal glosses, cunning  
shows,

And cares not greatly which way the case goes —  
Examine, I beseech you, this old woman,  
Who is the truest witness of her birth

*App Claud* Soft, you 're she your only witness?

*Virginius* She is, my lord

*App Claud* Why, is it possible

Such a great lady, in her time of child birth  
Should have no other witness but a nurse?

*Virginius* For aught I know, the rest are dead,  
my lord

*App Claud* Dem! no, my lord, belike they  
were of counsel

With your deceased lady, and so should  
Twice to give colour to so vile an act —  
Thou, nurse, observe me thy offence already  
Doth merit punishment beyond our censure  
Pull not more whips upon thee

*Nurse* I defy your whips, my lord

*App Claud* Command her silence, Lictor —

*Virginius* O injustice!

You frown away my witness — is this law?  
Is this uprightness?

*App Claud* Have you view'd the writings?

This is a trick to make our slaves our heirs  
Beyond prevention

*Virginius* Appius, wilt thou hear me?

You have slander'd a sweet lady that now sleeps  
In a most noble monument Observe me,  
I would have triven her simple word to gage  
Before his soul or thine

*App Claud* That makes thee wretched  
Old man, I am sorry for thee that thy love  
By custom is grown natural, which by nature  
Should be an absolute loathing note the sparrow,  
That having hatch'd a cuckoo, when it sees  
Her brood a monster to her proper kind  
Forsakes it, and with more fear shuns the nest,  
Than she had care in the spring to have it dressed  
Cast thy affection then, behind thy back,  
And think —

*Adi* Be wise take counsel of your friends  
You have many soldiers in their time of service  
Father strange children

*Virginius* Time, and plunders too  
When they are sent to visit provinces  
You, my most neat and cunning orator,  
Whose tongue is quicksilver, pay thee good  
Juries,

Look not so many several ways at once,  
But go to the point

*Adi* I will — and keep you out  
At points and, though I am no soldier

*App Claud* First, the oath of the deceased  
bondwoman, —

*Adi* A very virtuous matron

*App Claud* Join'd with the testimony of  
Clodius —

*Adi* A most approved honest gentleman

*App Claud* Besides, six other honest gentle  
men, —

*Adi* All knights, and there's no question but  
their oaths

Will go for current

*App Claud* See, my reverend lords,

And wonder at a case so evident

*Virginius* My lord, I knew it

*Adi* Observe, my lord, how their own policy  
Confounds them Had your lordship yesterday  
Proceeded, as 'twas fit, to a just sentence,  
The apparel and the jewels that she wore,  
More worth than all her tribe, \*had then been due

\* The apparel and the jewels that she wore  
More worth than all her tribe] It is like a recollection  
of Shakespeare.

\* Whose hand  
Like the base Indian threw a pearl away  
Richer than all his tribe

*Othello* act v sc 2

Unto our client now, to cozen him  
Of such a forfeit, see, they bring the man  
In her most proper habit, bondsman like,  
And they will save by the hand too—Please your

lordships,

I crave a sentence

*Virginius* Appius,—

*Virginia* My lord—

*Isid.* I ord Appius,—

*Virginius* Now, by the gods here's juggling!

*Num.* Who cannot counterfeit a dead man's hand?

*Virginius* Or hire some villains to swear forgeries?

*Isid.* Claudius was brought up in your house, my lord,

And that's suspicious

*Num.* How is't probable

That our wife being present at the child-birth,  
Whom thus did nearest concern, should never reveal it?

*Virginius* Oh if ours dealt thus cunningly, how haps it

Her policy, as you term it, did not rather  
Provide an issue male to choose the father?

*Isid.* I'll answer each particular

*App. Claud.* It needs not,

Here's witness, most sufficient witness—

Think you, my lord, our laws are writ in snow,  
And that your breath can melt them?

*Virginius* No, my lord,

We have not such hot livers\* mark you that

*Virginia* Remember yet the gods, O Appius,  
Who have no part in this! Thy violent lust  
Shall, like the biting of the envenom'd asp, bite,  
Steal thee to hell! So subtle are thy evils,  
In life they'll seem good angels, in death devils—

*App. Claud.* Observe you not this scandal?

*Isid.* Sir, tis none

I'll show thy letters full of violent lust  
Sent to this lady

*App. Claud.* Wilt thou breathe a lie  
Fore such a reverend audience

*Isid.* That place

Is sanctuary to thee! Lie'st see, here they are

*App. Claud.* My lords, these are but dilatory shifts—

Sirrah, I know you to the very heart,

And I'll observe you

*Isid.* Do, but do it with justice

Clear thyself first, O Appius, ere thou judge

Our imperfections rashly, for we wot  
The office of justice is perverted quite,  
When one thief hangs another \*

*First Sen.* You are too bold

*App. Claud.* Factors, take charge of him

[*They exit*]

*Isid.* 'Tis very good

Will no man view these papers? What, not one?  
Jove, thou hast found a rival upon earth—

His nod strikes all men dumb—My duty to you!  
The ass that carried Isis on his back

Thought that the superstitious people kneel'd

To give his dulness humble reverence

If thou think'st so, proud judge, I let thee see

I bend low to thy gown, but not to thee

*Virginius* There's one in hold already—Noble youth,

Fetters grace one, being worn for speaking truth

I'll ho with thee, I swear, though in a dungeon—

[*To Air*] The injuries you do us we shall pardon,

But it is just the wrongs which we forgive,

The gods are charg'd therewith to see reveng'd

*App. Claud.* Come, you're a proud plebeian

*Virginius* True, my lord,

Proud in the glory of my ancestors,

Who have continu'd these eight hundred years

The heralds have not known you these eight months

*App. Claud.* Your madness wrongs you by  
my soul, I love you

*Virginius* Thy soul!—

O, thy opinion, old Pythagoras!—

Whither, O, whither should thy black soul fly?

Into what ravenous bird or beast most vile?

Only into a weeping crocodile

Love me!

Thou lov'st me, Appius, as the earth loves man,

Thou fain wouldst swallow me

*App. Claud.* Know you the place you speak in?

*Virginius* I'll speak freely

Good men, too much trusting their innocence,

Do not betake them to that just defence

Which gods and nature gave them, but even  
wink

In the black tempest, and so fondly sink

*App. Claud.* Let us proceed to sentence

*Virginius* I're you speak,

One parting farewell let me borrow of you

To take of my Virginia

*App. Claud.* Now, my lords,

\* The office of justice is perverted quite,  
When one thief hangs another] Has occurred before, in  
The Duchess of Malfi, p. 90 Here the old copy has by  
mistake "the Office of a Justice," &c.

† fondly] i.e. foolishly

\* such hot livers] "In allusion to the lustful motive by which Appius was influenced the liver being then supposed the seat of the amorous passions" Editor of 1816

We shall have fair confession of the truth.—  
Pray, take your course

*Virginius* Farewell, my sweet Virginia never,  
never

Shall I taste fruit of the most blessed hope

I had in thee Let me forget the thought  
Of thy most pretty infancy, when first  
Returning from the wars, I took delight  
To rock thee in my target, when my girl  
Would kiss her father in his burgonet  
Of glittering steel hung 'bout his armed neck,  
And, viewing the bright metal, smile to see  
Another fair Virginia smile on thee,  
When I first taught thee how to go, to speak,  
And when my wounds have smarted, I have sung  
With an unskilful, yet a willing voice,  
To bring my girl asleep O my Virginia,  
When we begun to be, begun our woes,  
Increasing still, as dying life still grows

*App. Claud* This tediousness doth much offend  
the court

Silence! attend her sentence

*Virginius* Hold! without sentence I'll resign  
her freely,

Since you will prove her to be none of mine

*App. Claud* See, see, how evidently truth  
appears —

Receive her, Claudius

*Virginius* Thus I surrender her into the court  
[*Exit*]

Of all the gods. And see, proud Appius, see,  
Although not justly, I have made her free  
And if thy lust with this act be not fed,  
Buy her in thy bowels, now she's dead

*Omnes* O horrid act!

*App. Claud* Lay hand upon the murderer!

*Virginius* O for a ring of pikes to circle me!  
What, have I stood the brunt of thousand  
enemies,

Here 'o be slain by haugniens? No, I'll fly  
To safety in the camp [Exit]

*App. Claud* Some pursue the villain,  
Others take up the body Madness and rage  
Are still the attendants of old dotting age  
[*Exit*]

## SCENE II \*

Enter Two Soldiers

*First Sold* Is our hut swept clean?

*Sec Sold* As I can make it

*First Sold* 'Tis betwixt us two.

\* Scene II ] The camp before Algidum

But how many, think'st thou, bred of Roman  
blood,

Did lodge with us last night?

*Sec Sold* More, I think, than the camp hath  
enemies,

'They are not to be number'd

*First Sold* Comrague,\* I fear

Appius will doom us to Acteon's death,

To be worried by the cattle that we feed

How goes the day?

*Sec Sold* My stomach has struck twelve

*First Sold* Come, see what provant our knap-  
sack yields

This is our store, our garner

*Sec Sold* A smallittance

*First Sold* Feeds Appius thus? Is this a city  
feast?

This crust doth taste like date stones, and this  
thing,

If I knew what to call it, —

*Sec Sold* I can tell you,

Cheese struck in years

*First Sold* I do not think but this same crust  
was bak'd,

And this cheese frighted out of milk and whey,

Before we two were soldiers though it be old,

I see't can crawl what living things be these

That walk so freely 'tween the mind and pith?

For here's no sap left.

*Sec Sold* They call them gentles

*First Sold* Therefore 'tis thought fit

That soldiers, by profession gentlemen,

Should thus be fed with gentles I am stomach-  
sick,

I must have some strong water

*Sec Sold* Where will you have 't?

*First Sold* In yon green ditch, a place which  
none can pass

But he must stop his nose thou know'st it well,

There where the two dead dogs lie

*Sec Sold* Yes, I know 't

*First Sold* And see the cat, that lies a distance off,

\* [*Comrague*] The Editor of 1816 and Nares (*Gloss* in v  
*Comrague*), incline to think this word a misprint, neither  
of them having met with it, except in the present passage  
I had, however, noted down more than one example of  
its use but have mislaid them all except the follow-  
ing —

"Nay, rest by me,

Good Morglay, my *comrague* and bed fellow"

Heywood and Bromo's *Lancashire Witches*, 1634 sig. K  
*Comrague* has the same sense as, and perhaps is a cor-  
ruption of, *comrade*, which used to be accented on the  
last syllable, —

"And his *comrades*, that draft the world aside"

Shakespeare's *First Part of Henry IV*, act IV. sc. I

Be flay'd for supper though we dine to-day  
As Dutchmen fled their soldiers, we will sup  
Bravely like Roman leaguers.

*Sec Sold* Su, the general

*First Sold* We'll give him place  
But tell none of our dainties, lest we have  
Too many guests to supper [Exeunt

*Enter MINUTUS reading a letter, with Officers  
and Soldiers*

*Min* Most sure 'tis so, it cannot otherwise be,  
Either Virginius is degenerate  
From the ancient virtues he was wont to boast,  
Or in some strange displeasure with the senate  
Why should these letters else from Appius  
Confinè him a close prisoner to the camp?  
And, which confirms his guilt, why should he fly?  
Needs then, must I incur some high displeasure  
For negligence, to let him thus escape  
Which to excuse, and that it may appear  
I have no hand with him, but am of faction  
Oppos'd in all things to the least misdeed,  
I will cashier him, and his tribuneship  
Bestow upon some noble gentleman  
Belonging to the camp—Soldiers and friends,  
You that beneath Virginius' colours march'd,  
By strict command from the Decemvirs  
We take you from the charge of him late fled,  
And his authority, command, and honour  
We give this worthy Roman—know his colours,  
And prove his faithful soldiers

*Roman* Warlike general,  
My courage and my forwardness in battle  
Shall plead how well I can deserve the title,  
To be a Roman tribune

*Re-enter FIRST SOLDIER on horse*

*Min* Now, the news?

*First Sold* Virginius, in a strange shape of  
distraction,

Enters the camp, and at his heels a legion  
Of all estates, growths, ages, and degrees,  
With breathless paces dog his frightened steps  
It seems half Rome's unpeopled with a train  
That, either for some mischief done, pursue him,  
Or to attend some uncouth novelty

*Min* Some wonder our fear promises—Worthy  
soldiers,

Marshal yourselves, and entertain this novel  
Within a ring of steel wall in this portent  
With men and harness\*, be it ne'er so dreadful  
He's entered, by the clamour of the camp,  
That entertains him with these echoing shouts.

\* harness] i.e. armour

Affection that in soldiers' hearts is bred  
Survives the wounded, and outlives the dead

*Enter VIRGINIUS, with his knife that, and his arms strapped  
up to the elbows all bloody coming into the midst of  
the soldiers he makes a stand*

*Virginius* Have I, in all this populous assembly  
Of soldiers that have prov'd Virginius' valour,  
One friend? Let him come thrill\* his partisan  
Against this breast, that through a large wide  
wound

My mighty soul might rush out of this prison,  
To fly more freely to yon crystal palace,  
Where honour sits enthron'd. What, no friend?  
Can this great multitude, then, yield an enemy  
That hates my life? Here let him seize it freely  
What, no man strike? am I so well belov'd?—  
Munitions, then to thee if in this camp  
There lives one man so just to punish sin,  
So charitable to redeem from torment  
A wretched soldier, at his worthy hand  
I beg a death

*Min* What means Virginius?

*Virginius* Or if the general's heart be so obdurate  
To an old begging soldier, have I here  
No honest legionary of mine own troop,  
At whose bold hand and sword, if not entreat,  
I may command a death?

*First Sold* Alas, good captain!

*Min* Virginius, you have no command at all  
Your companies are elsewhere now bestow'd  
Besides, we have a charge to stay you here,  
And make you the camp's prisoner

*Virginius* General, thanks

For thou hast done as much with one harsh word  
As I begg'd from their weapons, thou hast kill'd  
me,

But with a living death

*Min* Besides, I charge you

To speak what means this ugly face of blood  
You put on your distractions? What's the reason  
All Rome pursues you, covering those high hills,  
As if they dogg'd you for some damned act?  
What have you done?

*Virginius* I have play'd the parricide,  
Kill'd mine own child

*Min* Virginia!

*Virginius* Yes, even she

\* thrill] i.e. hurl—an unusual sense of the word, so  
Heywood,

'I'd thrill my javelin at the Grecian moisture,  
And spare the Trojan blood'

*Iron Age, Part First, 1632, Sig. F*

'All which their javelins thrild against thy breast.'  
*Id., Sig. H*

These rude hands ripp'd her, and her innocent blood

Flow'd above my elbows.

*Min* Kill'd her willingly!

*Virginius* Willingly, with advice, premeditation,

And settled purpose, and sec, still I wear  
Her crimson colours, and these wither'd arms  
Are dy'd in her heart blood

*Min* Most wretched villain!

*Virginius* But how I lov'd her life! Lend me  
amongst you

One speaking organ to discourse her death  
It is too harsh an imposition

To lay upon a father—O my Virginia!

*Min* How agrees this! Love her, and murder  
her!

*Virginius* Yes give me but a little leave to  
dram

A few red tears, for soldiers should weep blood,  
And I'll agree them well Attend me ill  
Alas, might I have kept her chaste and free,  
This life, so oft giv'd\* for ingrateful Rome  
Lay in her bosom but when I saw her pull'd  
By Appius' Lictors to be claim'd a slave,  
And dragg'd unto a public sessions house,  
Divor'd from her fore spouses with Icilius,  
A noble youth, and made a bondswoman  
Enforc'd by violence from her father's arms  
To be a prostitute and paramour  
To the rude twinnings of a lecherous judge,  
Then, then, O loving soldiers, (I'll not deny it,  
For 'twas mine honour, my paternal pity,  
And the sole act for which I love my life,)  
Then lustful Appius, he that sways the land,  
Slew poor Virginia by this father's hand

*First Sold* O villain Appius!

*Sec Sold* O noble Virginius!

*Virginius* To you I appeal, you are my  
tancers

Did Appius right, or poor Virginius wrong?  
Sentence my fact with a free guard tongue

*First Sold* Appius is the parricide

*Sec Sold* Virginius guiltless of his daughter's  
death

*Min* If this be true, Virginius (as the mean  
Of all the Roman fry that follows you  
Confirms at large), this cause is to be pitied,  
And should not die revengeless

*Virginius* Noble Minutius,  
Thou hast a daughter, thou hast a wife too,  
So most of you have, soldiers why might not this

Have happen'd you? Which of you all, dear  
friends,

But now, even now, may have your wives de  
flower'd,

Your daughters slav'd, and made a Lictor's prey?  
Think them not safe in Rome, for mine liv'd  
there.

*Roman*\* It is a common cause

*First Sold* Appius shall die for't

*Sec Sold* Let's make Virginius general

*Omnes* A general!

A general! let's make Virginius general!

*Min* It shall be so—Virginius, take my charge  
The wrongs are thine, so violent and so weighty,  
That none but he that lost so fair a child  
Knows how to punish By the gods of Rome,  
Virginius shall succeed my full command

*Virginius* What's honour unto me,—a weak  
old man,

Weary of life, and covetous of a grave!

I am a dead man, now Virginia lives not.

The self same hand that dar'd to save from shame  
A child, dares in the father act the same

[*Offers to kill himself*]

*First Sold* Stay, noble general!

*Min* You much forget revenge, Virginius  
Who, if you die, will take your cause in hand,  
And proscribe Appius, should you perish thus?

*Virginius* Thou ought'st, Minutius—soldiers,  
so ought you

I'm out of fear my noble wife's expu'd,  
My daughter of bless'd memory, the object  
Of Appius' lust, lives 'mongst the Elysian vestals,  
My house yields none fit for his Lictors' spoil  
You that have wives lodg'd in yon prison, Rome,  
Have lands unfiled, houses yet unscor'd,  
Your freeborn daughters yet unstrumpeted,  
Prevent these mischiefs yet while you have  
time

*First Sold* We will by you, our noble general

*Sec Sold* He that was destin'd to preserve great  
Rome

*Virginius* I accept your choice, in hope to guard  
you all

From my inhuman sufferings Bet my pride  
That I have bred a daughter, whose chaste blood  
Was spilt for you and for Rome's lasting good

[*Exeunt*]

\* *Roman*: i. e., the officer who was to succeed Virginius  
in his command (see p. 174). Occasionally our old dra-  
matists neglect awkwardly enough, to give names to  
inferior speakers so in Shakespeare's *Richard the Second*,  
act IV sc I Annerie is defied to combat by Fitz-  
walter, Percy, and a Lord

\* *gag'd*] The old copy ' *ingag'd* '



## ACT V

## SCENE I \*

*Enter Octavius a Senator and the Advocate*

*Opp* Is Appius, then, committed?

*Sen* So 'tis rumour'd

*Opp* How will you bear you in this turbulent state?

You are a member of that wretched faction  
I wonder how you scape imprisonment.

*Adv* Let me alone I have learnt with the wise  
hedgehog,

To stop my cave that way the tempest drives  
Never did bear whelp, tumbling down a hill  
With more art shrink his head betwixt his  
claws

Than I will work my safety Appius  
Is in the sand already up to the chin  
And shall I hazard landing on that shelf?  
He's a wise friend that first befriends himself

*Opp* What is your course of safety?

*Adv* Marry, thus

Virginius, with his troops, is entering Rome  
And it is like that in the market place  
My Lord Icilius and himself shall meet  
Now to encounter these, two such great armies,  
Where lies my court of guard?

*Sen* Why, in your heels

There are strange dogs uncoupled.

*Adv* You are deceiv'd

I have studied a most eloquent oration,  
That shall applaud their fortune, and distaste  
The cruelty of Appius

*Sen* Very good, sir

It seems, then, you will rely upon your lord,  
Your late good benefactor?

*Adv* By the way, sir

*Sen* Protest Virginia was no bondwoman,  
And read her noble pedigree?

*Adv* By the way, sir

*Opp* Could you not, by the way too, find occa-  
sion

To beg Lord Appius' lands?

*Adv* And by the way

Perchance I will, for I will gull them all  
Most palpably

*Opp* Indeed, you have the art  
Of flattery

\* Scene I | Rome A street

*Adv* Of rhetoric, you would say  
And I'll begin my smooth oration thus —  
"Most learned captains," —

*Sen* Pie, he, that's horrible! most of your  
captains

Are utterly unlearn'd

*Adv* Yet, I assure you,  
Most of them know arithmetic so well,  
That in a muster, to preserve dead pay,\*  
They'll make twelve stand for twenty

*Opp* Very good

*Adv* Then I proceed —

"I do applaud your fortunes, and commend  
In this your observation, noble shake rags  
The helmet shall no more labour the spider,  
But it shall serve to encrease sack and cider" —  
The rest within I'll study [Exit

*Opp* Farewell, Proteus

And I shall wish thy eloquent bravado  
May shield thee from the whip and bastinado  
Now in this furious tempest let us glide,  
With folded sails at pleasure of the tide [Exit

## SCENE II |

*Enter from one side ICILIUS HORTATIUS, VALERIUS NUMI-  
TORIUS with Soldiers, from the other, VIRGINIUS,  
MINUTIUS, and others*

*Icil* Stand!

*Virginius* Make a stand!

*Icil* A parley with Virginius

*Min* We will not trust our general 'twixt the  
armies,

But upon terms of hostage

*Num* Well advis'd

Nor we our general Who for the leaguer?†

*Min* Ourself

*Virginius* Who for the city?‡

*Icil* Numitorius

[MINUTIUS and NUMITORIUS meet, embrace, salute  
the generals]

*Num* How is it with your sorrow, noble brother?

*Virginius* I am forsaken of the gods, old man

\* dead pay] i.e., pay continued to soldiers who were  
really dead, which officers of Webster's days scrupled not  
sometimes to take for themselves

† Scene II | The same The Forum

‡ leaguer] i.e. camp

*Num.* Preach not that wretched doctrine to yourself,  
It will beget despair

*Virginius* What do you call  
A burning fever? is not that a devil?  
It shakes me like an earthquake Wilt a, wilt a  
Give me some wine?

*Num.* O, it is hurtful for you.

*Virginius* Why so are all things that the  
appetite

Of man doth covet in his perfect<sup>st</sup> health  
Whatever art or nature have invented  
To make the boundless wish of man contented,  
Are all his poison—Give me the wine there!  
when?\*

Do you grudge me a poor cup of drink? Say, say  
Now, by the gods, I'll leave enough behind me  
To pay my debts, and for the rest, no matter  
Who scrambles for't

*Num.* Here, my noble brother  
Alas, your hand shakes I will guide it to you.  
*Virginius* 'Tis true, it trembles—Welcome,  
thou just palsy!

'Twere pity this should do me longer service,  
Now it hath slain my daughter—So, I thank you  
Now I have lost all comforts in the world,  
It seems I must a little longer live,  
Be't but to serve my belly

*Min.* O my lord,  
This violent fever took him late last night  
Since when, the cruelty of the disease  
Hath drawn him into sundry passions,  
Beyond his wonted temper

*Isid.* 'Tis the gods  
Have pour'd their justice on him  
*Virginius* You are sully met, my lord  
*Isid.* Would we had met

In a cold grave together two months since!  
I should not then have curs'd you

*Virginius* Ha! what's that?

*Isid.* Old man, thou hast show'd thyself a noble  
Roman,

But an unnatural father thou hast turn'd  
My bridal to a funeral What devil  
Did arm thy fury with the lion's paw,  
The dragon's tail, with the bull's double horn  
The cormorant's beak, the cockatrice's eyes,  
The scorpion's teeth,—and all these by a father  
To be employ'd upon his innocent child!

*Virginius* Young man, I love thy true descrip-  
tion  
I am happy now that one beside myself

Doth tax\* me for this act Yet, were I pleas'd,  
I could approve the deed most just and noble,  
And, sure, posterity, which truly renders  
To each man his desert, shall praise me for't

*Isid.* Come, 'twas unnatural and damnable

*Virginius* You need not interrupt me here's  
a fury

Will do it for you You are a Roman knight  
What was your oath when you receiv'd your  
knighthood?

A parcel of it is, as I remember,  
"Rather to die with honour than to live  
In servitude" Had my poor girl been ravish'd,  
In her dishonour and in my sad grief  
Your love and pity quickly had ta'en end  
Had it men's misfortunes thus have ever stood,—  
They touch none nearly, but their nearest blood  
What do you mean to do? It seems, my lord,  
Now you have caught the sword within your hand,  
Like a madman you will draw it to offend  
Those that best love you, and perhaps the counsel  
Of some loose unthrifths and vile milcouteuts  
Hearten you to it go to, take your course  
My faction shall not give the least advantage  
To murderers, to banquerouts,† or thieves,  
To fleece the commonwealth

*Isid.* Do you tax us so?  
Shall I reprove your rage, or is't your malice?

He that would tame a lion doth not use  
The goad or wild whip, but a sweet voice,  
A fearful stroking, and with food in hand  
Must ply his wanton hunger

*Virginius* Want of sleep  
Will do it better than all these, my lord  
I would not have you wake for others' ruin,  
Lest you turn mad with watching

*Isid.* O you gods!  
You are now a general learn to know your place,  
And use your noble calling modestly  
Better had Appius been an upright judge  
And yet an civil man, than honest man  
And yet a dissolute judge, for all disgrace  
Lights less upon the person than the place  
You are i'th' city now, where if you raise  
But the least uproar, even your father's house  
Shall not be free from ransack Piteous fires,  
That chance in towers of stone, are not so fear'd  
As those that light in flax shops, for there's food  
For eminent ruin

*Min.* O my noble lord,  
Let not your passion bring a fatal end

\* *tax*] The old copy "teach"

† *banquerouts*] Here for the sake of the metre I have  
let the old spelling stand

\* *when*] See note\*, p. 68.

To such a good beginning All the world  
Shall honour that deed\* in him, which first  
Grew to a reconciliation

*Iul* Come, my lord,  
I love your friendship, yes, in sooth, I do,  
But will not seal it with that bloody hand.  
Join we our armies No fantastic copy  
Or borrow'd precedent will I assume  
In my revenge There's hope yet you may live  
To outwear this sorrow

*Virginius* O, impossible!  
A minute's joy to me would quite cross nature,  
As those that long have dwelt in noisome rooms  
Swoon presently, if they but scent perfumes

*Iul* To the senate! Come, no more of this  
sad tale,

For such I tell till now we term our grief,  
And doth, as 'twere, so listen to her own words,  
Envious of others' sleep, because she wakes  
I ever would converse with a quiet person  
In a long journey to beguile the day,  
Or winter evening to pass time away  
March on, and let proud Appius in our view,  
Like a tree rotted, fall that way he grew

[Exeunt

### SCENE III

APPIUS (CLAUDIUS and MARCUS CLAUDIUS discovered in  
prison, jettied and galled

*App Claud* Tho world is chang'd now All  
damnations

Seize on the hydra headed multitude,  
That only gape for innovation!  
O, who would trust a people!

*Mar Claud* Nay, who would not,  
Rather than one regard on a popular suffrage,  
Whose station's built on ayes and applause?  
There's no firm structure on these airy bases  
O, fie upon such greatness!

*App Claud* Tho same hands  
That yesterday, to hear me conscience  
And oration, rung shrill plaudits forth  
In sign of grace, now in contempt and scorn  
Hurry me to this place of darkness

*Mar Claud* Could not their poisons rather  
spend themselves

On the judge fully,† but must it needs stretch  
To me his servant, and sweep me along?  
Curse on the inconstant rabble!

*App Claud* Grooves it thee  
To impart‡ my sad disaster?

\* that deed] Qy "that good deed"?

† judge fully] The old copy "judge's folly"

‡ impart] i.e. share

*Mar Claud* Marry, doth it

*App Claud* Thou shad'st a fortune with me  
in my greatness,

I had'st thee after when I clomb\* my stato,  
And shunk'st thou at my ruin?

*Mar Claud* I lov'd your greatness,  
And would have tied you in the golden path  
Of sweet promotion but this your decline  
Sours all these hop'd sweets

*App Claud* 'Tis the world nigh  
Such gratitude a great man still shall have  
That trusts unto a temporizing slave

*Mar Claud* Slave! good Which of us two  
In our dejection is wisest? I am most sure  
Your loathsome dungeon is as dark as mine,  
Your conscience, for a thousand sentences  
Wrongly denounc'd, much more oppress'd than  
mine

Then which is the most slave?

*App Claud* O double business,  
To heat a drudge thus with his lord compare!  
Great men disgrac'd slaves to their servants are

Enter VIRGINIUS, IULIUS, MISCELLUS, NUMITORIUS, HORAT-  
IUS, VATERIUS, OFFICERS with Soldiers

*Virginius* Soldiers, keep a strong guard whilst  
we survey

Our sentenc'd prisoners and from this deep  
dungeon

Keep off that great concourse, whose violent hands  
Would ruin this stone building, and drag hence  
This impious judge, piecemeal to tear his limbs  
Before the law convince † him

*Iul* See, these monsters,  
Whose fronts the fair Virginia's innocent blood  
Hath visaged with such black ugliness,  
That they are loathsome to all good men's souls!—  
Speak, damned judge! how canst thou purge  
thyself

From lust and blood?

*App Claud* I do confess myself  
Guilty of both yet lie n me, noble Romans  
Virginius, thou dost but supply my place,  
I thine fortune with lift thee to my chair,  
And thrown me headlong to thy pleading bar  
If in mine eminence I was stern to thee,  
Shunning my agony, likewise shun my fall,  
And, being mild where I shou'd cruelty,  
Establish still thy greatness Make some use  
Of this my bondage With indifference  
Survey me, and compare my yesterday

\* clomb] The old copy "climb"

† convince] i.e. convict

With this sad hour, my height with my decline,  
And give them equal balance.

*Virginius* Uncertain fate! but yesterday his  
breath

*Aw'd* Rome, and his least torv'd\* frown was  
death

I cannot choose but pity and lament,  
So high a rise should have such low descent.

*Isid* He's ready to forget his injury  
O too relenting ago!—Thinks not *Virginius*,  
If he should pardon *Appius* this black deed,  
And set him once more in the ivory chair,  
He would be wily to avoid the like,

Become a new man, a more upright judge,  
And deserve better of the commonweal?

*Virginius* 'Tis like he would

*Isid* Nay, if you thus begin,  
I'll fetch that shall anatomize his sin [Exit

*Num* *Virginius*, you are too remiss to punish  
Deeds of this nature you must fashion now  
Your actions to your place, not to your passion  
Severity to such acts is as necessary  
As pity to the tears of innocence

*Min* He speaks but law and justice  
Make good the streets with your best men at arms  
[A shout within

*Valerius* and *Horatius*, know the reason  
Of this loud uproar and confus'd noise  
[Exeunt *Val.* and *Hor.*

Although my heart be melting at the fall  
Of men in place and office, we'll be just  
To punish murderous acts, and censure lust

*Enter VALERIUS and HORATIUS*

*Val* *Isidus*, worthy lord, bears through the  
street

The body of *Virginia* towards this prison  
Which, when it was discover'd to the people,  
Mov'd such a mournful clamour, that their cries  
Pierc'd heaven, and forc'd tears from their sorow-  
ing eyes

*Hor* Here comes *Isidus*

*Re enter ISIDUS with the body of VIRGINIA*

*Isid* Where was thy pity, when thou slow'st this  
maid,  
Thou wouldst extend to *Appius*? Pity! See  
Her wounds still bleeding at the horrid presence  
Of yon stern murderer,† till she find revenge!  
Nor will these drops stanch, or these springs be  
dry,

\* torv'd] i.e. stern

† Her wounds still bleeding at the horrid presence  
Of yon stern murderer] According to the belief of the  
time when this play was written

Till theirs be set a bleeding Shall her soul,  
(Whose essence some suppose lives in the blood,)  
Still labour without rest? Will old *Virginius*  
Murder her once again in this delay?

*Virginius* Pauso there, *Isidus*

This sight hath stiffen'd all my operant powers,\*  
I'd all my blood, benumb'd my motion quite.  
I'll pour my soul into my daughter's belly,  
And with a soldier's tears embalm her wounds.—  
My only dear *Virginia*!

*App Claud* Leave this passion,  
Proceed to your just sentence

*Virginius* We will—Give me two swords.—

*Appius*, grasp this,  
You *Claudius*, that you shall be your own hang-  
men,†

Do justice on yourselves You made *Virginius*  
Shed his own blood, lodg'd in his daughter's  
breast,

Which your own hands shall act upon yourselves  
If you be Romans, and return their spits,  
Redeem a base life with a noble death,  
And through your lust burnt veins confine‡ your  
breath

*App Claud* *Virginius* is a noble justice  
Had I my crook'd paths level'd by thine,  
I had not sway'd the balance Think not, lords,  
But he that had the spirit to oppose the gods,  
Dares likewise suffer what their powers inflict  
I have not dread'd famine, fire, nor strage,§  
Then common vengeance, poison in my cup,  
Nor dagger in my bosom, —the revenge  
Of private men for private injuries,

\* *my operant powers*] So in Shakespeare's *Hamlet* act  
iii. sc. 2,—

"My operant powers" then functions have to do, i.e.  
† *hangmen*] i.e. executioners

‡ *confine*] i.e. drive out, banish I supply several  
passages where the word is used in the same sense it is  
somewhat remarkable that they are all from Heywood

"Lycron & once more fled, we by the helpe

Of these his people have confined him hence"

*The Golden Age*, 1611, sig. D

"Thy sensuall eyes are fixt upon that w all

Thou nero shall eate it, Rome continues you all"

*The Rape of Lucrece*, ed. 1630, sig. I 2

"King Accept what we most precious hold, thy life  
*Marshall* Which as your gift I hee keepe, till Heaven

and Nature

Confine it hence"

*The Royall King and the Loyall Subject*, 1637, sig. A 2

"Instead of *confined*, had his doome bene to have been  
*confined*, there had bene some comfort, he might have  
still kept his country, but in plume Portugall and  
Spanish both, banisht"

*A Challenge for Beautie* 1636 sig. B 2

"All that's good and honest I confine."

*The Brazen Age*, 1613, sig. E 2

§ *strage*] i.e. slaughter

Nay, more than these, not fear'd to commit evil,—  
And shall I tremble at the punishment?  
Now, with as much resolv'd constancy  
As I offended, will I pay the mulct,  
And thus black stain laid on my family  
(Than which a nobler hath not place in Rome)  
Wash with my blood away—Learn of me,  
Claudius,

I'll teach thee what thou never studied'st yet,  
That's bravely how to die—Judges are term'd  
The gods on earth and such as are corrupt  
Read me in this my ruin, those that succeed me  
That so offend, thus punish. This the sum of all,—  
Appius that smu'd by Appius' hand shall fall

[Kills himself]

*Virginius* He died as boldly as he basely en'd,  
And so should every true-bred Roman do  
And he whose life was odious, thus expiring,  
In his death forceth pity—Claudius, thou  
Wast follower of his fortunes in his being,  
Therefore in his not being imitato  
His fair example

*Mar Claud* Death is terrible  
Unto a conscience that's oppress'd with guilt.  
They say there is Flyssum and hell,  
The first I have forfeited, the latter fear  
My skin is not sword proof

*Icilius* Why dost thou pause?

*Mar Claud* For mercy, mercy I entreat you  
all

Is't not sufficient for Virginia slain  
That Appius suffer'd? one of noble blood  
And eminence in place for a plebeian?  
Besides, he was my lord, and might command me  
If I did aught, 'twas by compulsion, lords,  
And therefore I crave mercy

*Icilius* Shall I doom him?

*Virginius* Do, good Icilius.

*Icilius* Then I sentence thus

Thou hadst a mercy, most unmeriting slave,  
Of which thy base birth was not capable,  
Which we take off by taking thence thy sword.  
And note the difference 'twixt a noble strain  
And one bred from the rabble both alike  
Dare'd to transgress, but, see, their odds in death  
Appius died like a Roman gentleman,  
And a man both ways knowing, but this slave  
Is only sensible of vicious living,  
Not apprehensive of a noble death  
Therefore as a base malefactor we  
And timorous slave give him, as he deserves,  
Unto the common hangman

*Mar Claud* What, no mercy?

*Icilius* Stop a mouth!

Away with him! [MAR CLAUD is removed  
The life of the Decemviri  
Expires in them Rome, thou at length art free,  
Restor'd unto thine ancient liberty!]

*Mina* Of consuls, which bold Junius Brutus  
first

Began in Tarquin's fall—*Virginius*, you  
And young *Icilius* shall his place succeed,  
So by the people's suffrage 'tis decreed

*Virginius* We march'd, then, our soldiers in  
th' it name

Of consuls, honour'd with these golden bays  
Two far, but ladies most unfortunate,  
Have in their ruins rais'd declining Rome,  
Lucretia and Virginia, both renown'd  
For chastity—Soldiers and noble Romans,  
To grace her death, whose life hath feed great  
Rome,

March with her corse to her sad funeral tomb

[Flourish. Exeunt]

THE  
FAMOUS HISTORY OF SIR THOMAS WYATT.

*The Famous History of Sir Thomas Wyatt With the Coronation of Queen Mary, and the coming in of King Philip As it was played by the Queens Maiesties Seruants Written by Thomas Dickers and John Webster London Printed by E. A. for Thomas Archer, and are to be sold at his shop in the Popes head Pallace neere the Royall Exchange 1607 4to*

*The Famous History of Sir Thomas Wyatt With the Coronation of Queen Mary and the coming in of King Philip As it was played by the Queens Maiesties Seruants Written by Thomas Dickers, and John Webster London Printed for Thomas Archer, and are to be sold at his shop in the Popes head Pallace neere the Royall Exchange 1612 4to*

When I formerly edited the works of Webster, I was not aware that there existed more than one edition of this play since that time, a copy of the second quarto has come into my possession (from the sale of Mr. Hickes's books)

There can be no doubt that *The Famous History of Sir Thomas Wyatt* consists merely of fragments of two plays—or rather, a play in two parts,—called *Lady Jane*, concerning which we find the following entries in *The Diary of Henslowe*

"Lent unto John Thare, the 15 of octobr 1602, to geve unto hary chettell, Thomas Dickers, Thomas Howode, and Mr Smyth, and Mr Webster, in earneste of a playe called Lady Jane, the some of . 1<sup>s</sup>

"Lent unto Thomas Howode, the 21 of octobr 1602, to paye unto Mr Dickers, chettell, Smythe, Webster and Howode, in fulle payment of ther playe of Lady Jane, the some of v<sup>li</sup> 2<sup>s</sup>

"Lent unto John Ducke, the 27 of octobr 1602, to geve unto Thomas Dickers, in earneste of the 2 pt of Lady Jane, the some of v<sup>s</sup>"

Pp 212 3, ed. Shakespeare Soc

Whether the present abridgment of *Lady Jane* was made by Dekker and Webster (see its title page), or by some other playwright, cannot be determined that it has suffered cruelly from the hands of the transcriber or printer, is certain.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

---

DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND  
GUILDFORD DUDLEY, } HIS SONS.  
AMBOUSE DUDLEY, }  
DUKE OF SUKROK  
DUKE OF NORFOLK  
LORD OF ARUNDEL  
LORD OF PIMBORO  
LORD OF HUNTINGDON  
BISHOP OF WINCHESTER  
Lord Treasurer  
SIR THOMAS WYATT  
SIR HENRY BEDINGFIELD  
SIR GEORGE HARLER  
SIR HENRY IRBY  
SIR ROBERT ROYSTON  
CAPTAIN BIRCH  
NORRIS  
PITCHER  
DOCTOR  
COUNT LEWENT  
ROOSE  
HOMES  
PORTER  
COWN  
Headman, Sheriff, Heralds, Officers, &c.  
  
QUEEN MARY  
LADY JANE DUDLEY  
Country Maid  
Ladies.





THE

# FAMOUS HISTORY OF SIR THOMAS WYATT.

*Enter NORTHUMBERLAND and SUFFOLK \**

*Suff* How fares tho king, my lord? speaks he cheerly?

*North* Even as a dying man, whose life's † like to Quick lightning,

Which is no sooner seen but is extinct

*Suff* Is the king's will confirm'd?

*North* Ay, that's the point that we level at  
But, O, the confirmation of that will,  
'Tis all, 'tis all!

*Suff* That will confirm my daughter queen

*North* Right, and my son is married to your daughter

My lord, in an even plain way I will  
Derive the crown unto your daughter's head

What though the king hath left behind

Two sisters, lawful and immediate heirs,

To succeed him in his throne?

Lies it not in our powers to contradict it?

Have we not the king and council's hands unto it?

Tut, we stand high

In man's opinion and the world's broad eye

*Suff* Here comes Sir Thomas Wyatt

*Enter WYATT*

*North* Sir Thomas,  
Booted and spurred whither away so fast?

*Wyatt* It boots me not to stay,  
When in this land rebellion bears such sway  
God's will, a court! 'tis chang'd  
Since noble Henry's days You have set your hands

Unto a will, a will you well may call it  
So wills Northumberland, so wills great Suffolk,  
Against God's will, to wrong those princely maids.

\* *Enter Northumberland, &c* ] Scene A room in the palace at Greenwich

† *life's*] The old copies "life"

*North* Will you not subscribe

Your hand with other of the lords? Not with me,  
That in my hands surprise \* the sovereignty?

*Wyatt* I'll damn † my soul for no man, no, for no man

Who at doomsday must answer for my sin?

Not you, nor you, my lords

Who nam'd Queen Jane in noble Henry's days?

Which of you all durst once displace his issue?

My lords, my lords, you whet your knives so sharp  
To carve your meat, that they will cut your fingers

The strength is weakness that you build upon  
The king is sick,—God mend him, ay, God mend him!—

But were his soul from his pale body free,

Adieu, my lords, the court no court for me

*North* Farewell, I fear thee not —

[*Exit WYATT*]

The fly is angry, but he wants a sting

Of ‡ all the council, only this perverse

And peevish lord hath denied his hand

To the investing of your princely daughter

He's idle, and wants power

Our ocean shall these petty brooks devour —

Here comes his highness' doctor

*Enter Doctor*

*Suff* How fares his highness?

*Doct* His body is past help

\* *surprise*] May be right but qy?

† *damn*] The old copies "damb d"

‡ *Of all the council, only this perverse*

*And peevish lord hath denied his hand*]

The old copies have,

"And all the Counsell only this perverse

And peevish Lord, hath only deny d his hand"

The Rev J Mitford (*Gent Mag* for June 1838, p 491) would read the second line thus —

"And peevish lord denied hath his hand"

We have left our practice to the divines,  
That they may cure his soul

*Suff* \* Past physicks help! why, then, past  
hope of life —

Here comes his highness preacher

*Enter Preacher*

Life, reverent man? †

*Preach* Life, life, though death his body do  
dissever,

Our king lives with the King of Heaven for ever

*North* Dead! — Send for heralds, call me pur-  
servants,

Where's the King at arms?

In every market-town proclaim Queen Jane.

*Suff* Best to take the opinion of the council †

*North* You are too timorous, we in ourselves  
Are power sufficient the king being dead,  
This hand shall place the crown on Queen Jane's  
head

Trumpets and drums, with your notes resound  
Her royal name, that must in state be crown'd †

*Exeunt*

*Enter Guildford and Jane †*

*Guild* Our cousin king is dead

*Jane* Ah, how small an urn contains a king!  
He, that rul'd all ev'n with his princely breath,  
Is forc'd to stoop now to the stroke of death  
Hear'd you not the proclamation?

*Guild* I hear of it, and I give credit to it  
What great men fear to be, their fears make §  
greater

Our fathers grow ambitious,  
And would force us sail in mighty tempests,  
And are not lords of what they do possess  
Are not thy thoughts as great?

*Jane* I have no thoughts so rank, so grown to  
As are our fathers' pride *[head,*

Troth, I do enjoy a kingdom, having thee,  
And so my pain be prosperous in that,  
What care I though a sheep cote be my palace  
Or fairest roof of honour?

*Guild* See, how thy blood  
Keeps course with mine! Thou must be a queen,  
ay me,

A queen! The flattering bells, that shrilly sound  
At the king's funeral, with hollow hearts  
Will cowardly call thee sovereign, for, indeed,  
Thou wouldst prove but an usurper

\* *Suff* | The old copies "Ara"

† *Life, reverent man* † | Here the old copies have no  
interrogation — something seems wanting

‡ *Enter Guildford and Jane* | Scene A room in Lion  
House

§ *ma/c* | The old copies "grow" (an error occasioned by  
that word in the next line).

*Jane* Who would wear fetters,  
Though they were all of gold, or to be sick,  
Though his furr'd brows for a wearing nightcap  
Wore a crown! Thou must assume a title  
That goes on many feet, but 'tis an office  
Wherein the hearts of scholars and of soldiers  
Will depend upon thy hearse Were this rightly  
seann'd,  
We scarce should find a king in any land

*Enter ARUNDEL.*

*Arun* Honour and happy reign  
Attend the new majesty of England †

*Jane* To whom, my lord, bends this your awe?

*Arun* To your grace, dread sovereign,  
You are, by the king's will and the consent  
Of all the lords, chosen for our queen

*Jane* O God! methinks you sing my death in  
parts  
Of music's loudness 'tis not my turn to rise

*Enter NORTHUMBERLAND and SUFFOLK with the purse and the  
mace, and others*

*North* The voice of the whole land speaks in  
my tongue

It is concluded your majesty must ride  
From hence unto the Tower, there to stay  
Until your coronation

*Jane* O God!

*Suff* Why sighs your majesty?

*Jane* My lord and father,  
I pray, tell me, — was your father's father  
E'er a king?

*Suff* Never, an it like your grace

*Jane* Would I might still continue of his line,  
Not travel in the clouds! It is often seen,  
The heated blood, that covets to be royal,  
Leaves off ere it be noble —

My learned, careful king, what, must we go?

*Guild* We must

*Jane* Then it must be so

*North* Set forward, then

*[A dead march, and pass round the stage, and  
GUILDFORD speaks.]*

*Guild* The Tower will be a place of ample state  
Some lodgings in it will, like dead men's skulls,  
Remember us of frailty

*Jane* † We are led  
With pomp to prison. O prophetic soul!  
Lo, we ascend into our chairs of state,  
Like several ‡ coffins, in some funeral pomp.

\* They are now supposed to have reached the Tower  
(The historic fact is, that Jane was conveyed from Lion  
House to the Tower by water)

† *Jane* | The old copies "Gai"

‡ *several* | The old copies "funerall." The reading.

Descending to their graves! But we must on.  
How can we fare well to keep our court  
Where prisoners keep their cave?

[*A flourish. Exeunt*]

*Enter* QUEEN MARY,\* *with a prayer book in her hand,*  
*like a nun*

*Mary* Thus like a nun, not like a princess born,  
Descended from the royal Henry's loins,  
Live I environ'd in a house of stone  
My brother Edward lives in pomp and state,  
I in a mansion here all ruin'd  
Their rich attire, delicious banquetting,  
Their several pleasures, all their pride and honour,  
I have forsaken for a rich prayer book  
The golden mines of wealthy India  
Are all as dross compar'd to thy sweetness  
Thou art the joy and comfort of the poor,  
The everlasting bliss in thee we find  
This little volume, enclosed in this hand,  
Is richer than the empire of this land

*Enter* SIR HENRY BEDINGFIELD

*Beding* Pardon me, madam, that so boldly I  
press

Into your chamber I salute your highness  
With the high style of queen

*Mary* Queen! may it be?

Or jest you at my lowering misery?

*Beding* Your brother king is dead,

And you the Catholic queen must now succeed

*Mary* I see my God at length hath heard my  
prayer

You, Sir Harry, for your glad tidings,  
Shall be held in honour and due regard

*Enter* WYATT

*Wyatt* Health to the Lady Mary!

*Mary* And why not queen, Sir Thomas?

*Wyatt* Ask that of Suffolk[s] duke, and great  
Northumberland,  
Who in your stead have crown'd another.

*Mary* Another queen, Sir Thomas, we alive,  
The true immediate heirs of our dread father!

*Wyatt*. Nothing more true than that,  
Nothing more true than you are the true heir  
Come, leave this cloister, and be seen abroad  
Your very sight will stir the people's hearts,  
And make them cheerly for Queen Mary cry  
One comfort I can tell you the tenants

\* "several" (and it is at least a probable emendation) was proposed by Mr Collier (*Preface to Coleridge's Seven Lectures*, &c., p. cv).

\* *Enter* Queen Mary, &c.] *Scene* An apartment in the Castle of Framlingham

Of the Dukes Northumberland and Suffolk  
Denied their aid in these unlawful arms,  
To all the council I denied my hand,  
And for King Henry's issue still will stand

*Mary* Your counsel, good Sir Thomas, is so  
pithy,

That I am won to like it

*Wyatt* Come, let us straight

From hence, from Framlingham. Cheer your  
spirits

I'll to the dukes at Cambridge, and discharge

Them all—Prosper me, God, in these affairs!

I lov'd the father well, I lov'd the son,

And for the daughter I through death will run

[*Exeunt*]

*Enter* NORTHUMBERLAND, SUFFOLK, ARUNDEL, BRETT,  
and Soldiers.\*

*North* Where's Captain Brett?

*Brett* Here, my lord

*Suff* Are all our numbers full?

*Brett* They are, my lord

*Suff* See them arraign'd † I will set forward  
straight

*North*. Honourable friends, and native peers,  
That have chosen me to be the leader

Of these martial troops, to march against

The sister of our late dead sovereign,

Bear witness of my much unwillingness

In furthering these attempts I rather joy

To think upon our ancient victories

Against the French and Spaniard, whose high pride

We level'd with the waves of British shore,

Dying the haven of Britain ‡ with guilty blood,

Till all the harbour seem'd a sanguine pool

Or we desire these arms were now to war

'Gainst the perfidious northern enemy,

Who, trembling at our first shock, voice, and sight,

Like cowards turn'd their backs with shameful  
flight

But those rich spoils are past we are now to go,

Being native friends, against a native foe

In your hands we leave the queen elected

Sho hath seizure of the Tower If you

Be confident, as you have sworn yourselves,

True hegemen to her highness, she no doubt

With royal favour will remunerate

The least of your deserts

\* *Enter* Northumberland, &c.] *Scene* London, or in its neighbourhood?

† *arraign'd*] i.e. *arranged* Shakespeare, Spenser, and other old writers, have *derraign*, in the same sense

‡ *Britain*] The old copies '*Brit*'—The Rev J Mitford (*Genl May* for June 1533 p. 491) would read '*Brute*,'—which helps the metre somewhat, but does not improve the sense

Farewell, my tears into your bosoms fall,  
With one embrace I do include you all

*Arundel.* My lord most lov'd, with what a mourning heart

I take your farewell, let the after signs  
Of my employment witness I protest,  
Did not the sacred person of my queen,  
Whose weal I tender as my soul's chief bliss,  
Urgo my abode, I would not think it shame  
To trail a pike where you were general  
But wishes are in vain, I am bound to stay,  
And urgent business calls your grace away  
See, on my knees I humbly take my leave,  
And steep my words with tears.

*North.* Kind Arundel,

I bind thee to my love once more, farewell

*Arundel.* Heavens give your grace success!  
Commend us to the queen and to your son  
Within one week I hope war will be done *[Exit]*

*Brett.* Come, my lords, shall us march?

*North.* Ay, ay, for God's sake, on  
'Tis more than time, my friends, that we were gone *[Exeunt]*

*Enter Treasurer and Porter \**

*Treas.* What, ho, porter! open the gate

*Porter.* I beseech your honour to pardon me,  
The council hath given strict command not any

shall pass this way

*Treas.* Why, you idle fellow,  
Am I not sent upon the queen's affairs,  
Commanded by the lords? and know you not  
That I am treasurer? Come, open the gate  
You do you know not what.

*Porter.* Well, my lord, I do adventure, on your word,

The dukes' displeasure, all the council board  
Besides may be my heavy enemies,  
But go, o' God's name! I the worst will prove,  
And if I die, I die for him I love.

*Treas.* I thank thee, and will warrant thee from death

Is my horse ready?

*Porter.* It is, my lord

*Treas.* Then will I fly this fearful council board *[Exit]*

*Porter.* My heart misgives me, I have done amiss,

Yet being a councillor, one of the number,  
Nothing can prove amiss. Now shall I know  
The worst, here comes my Lord of Arundel

*Enter ARUNDEL*

*Arundel.* Porter, did the lord treasurer pass this way?

*Porter.* But now, my gracious lord

*Arundel.* Ungacious villain, follow, bring him back again,

If not by fair means, bring him back by force  
And hear you, sirrah, as you go, will \* the lord mayor,

And some aldermen of his brethren,  
And some especial citizens of note,  
To attend our further pleasures presently  
The treasurer fled, the duke is but newly arrested,  
Some purpose, on my life, to cross their plots  
We'll set strong watches, see gates and walls well mann'd

'Tis ten to one but princely innocence  
Is these strange turmoils' wisest violence

*[Exeunt]*

† WINCHESTER, ARUNDEL, and other Lords, discovered, the Lord Treasurer kneeling at the council table

*Arundel.* Though your attempt, lord treasurer, be such

That hath no colour in these troublous times  
But an apparent purpose of revolt  
From the decess'd king's will and our decree,  
Yet, for you are a councillor of note,  
One of our number, and of high degree,  
Before we any way presume to judge,  
We give you leave to speak in your behalf

*Treas.* My lord, the business of these troublous times,

Binding us all still to respect the good  
Of commonweal, yet doth it not debar  
Private regard of us and of our own  
The general weal is treasur'd in your breast,  
And all my ablest powers have been employ'd  
To stir them there, yet have I borne a part,  
Laying the commons' troubles next my heart  
My oversight in parting without leave  
Was no contempt, but only for an hour,  
To order home affairs, that none of mine  
In these nice times should unto faction climb

*Arundel.* Nay, my good lord, be plain with us, I pray,

Are you not griev'd that we have given consent  
To Lady Jane's election?

*Treas.* My lords, I am not

*Arundel.* Speak like a gentleman, upon your word,  
Are you not discontent?

*Treas.* Troth, to be plain,  
I am not pleas'd that two such princely maids,

\* *Enter Treasurer and Porter*] Scene Court of the Tower

\* will] i e desire

† Winchester, &c.] Scene A room in the Tower

Lineally descended from our royal king,  
And by his testimony confirm'd heir[s],  
If that their brother dying issueless,\*  
And one that never dream'd it, never desir'd  
The rule of sovereignty,  
But with virgin's tears hath oft bewail'd her  
misery,  
Should politically by us be nam'd a queen  
Arun You have said nobly sit and take your  
place

*Enter Porter*

*Porter* My lords, Sir Thomas Wyatt craves  
access  
Unto your honours  
Arun Let him come near  
*Porter* Room for Sir Thomas Wyatt!

*Enter WYATT*

*Wyatt* A divine spirit teach your honours truth,  
Open your eyes of judgment to behold  
The true legitimate Mary, your undoubted  
sovereign!

Arun Arise, Sir Thomas, sit and take your  
place—

Now to our former business  
The obligation wherein we all stood bound  
To the deceased late king's will and our decrees,  
His cousin Jure and the two absent dukes,  
Cannot be conceal'd without great reproach  
To us and to our issue We have sworn,  
In presence of the sacred host of heaven,  
Unto our late young lord, to both the dukes,  
That no impeachment should divert our hearts  
From the election of the Lady Jane †  
To this end we have seiz'd her in the Tower,  
By public proclamation made her queen,  
To this end we have nam'd the duke[s] with power,

\* There is manifestly a line or lines wanting here

† That no impeachment should divert our hearts  
From the election of the Lady Jane] The old copies  
have,—

“From the impeachment of the Lady Jane”—  
the word “impeachment” having been repeated from the  
preceding line by a mistake of the transcriber or printer  
That the first “impeachment,”—i.e. hindrance let, im-  
pediment,—is right, there can be no doubt, and that  
in the second line “election” is the author's word, seems  
equally certain, compare what Arundel has said a little  
before,—

“Are you not grieved that we have given consent  
To Lady Jane's election?”  
(The reading of this passage proposed by the Rev J  
Mitford (*Genl Mag* for June 1833, p. 492).—

“That no impediment should divert our hearts  
From the impeachment of the Lady Jane,”—  
alters the right word in the first line, and leaves the  
wrong one in the second.)

Given them commission under our own hands  
To pass against the lady, yea, perform\*  
In hostile manner, and no doubt the spleen  
Of the undaunted spirit of Northumberland  
Will not be call'd with writings of repeal  
Advice in this I hold it better far,  
To keep the course we run, than, seeking change,  
Hazard our lives, our heirs, and the realm †

*Wyatt* In actions roving from the bent of truth  
We have no precedent thus to persist  
But the bare name of worldly policy  
If others have ground from justice and the law,  
As well divine as politic agreeing,  
They are for no cause to be disinclined  
If you not seven years since to that effect  
Swore to the father to maintain his seed,  
What dispensation hath acquitted you  
From your first sacred vows? You'll say, the will  
Extorted from a child O, let mine eyes,  
In naming that sweet youth, observe their part,  
Pouring down tears, sent from my swelling heart  
God's mother, I t'ry child! but I'll go on  
Say that the will were his, forc'd by no trick,  
But for religious love his simple act,  
Yet note how much you cry You were sworn  
before

To a man's will, and not a will alone,  
But strengthen'd by an act of parliament  
Besides this sacred proof, the princely minds,  
Had they no will nor act to prove their right,—  
Have birthrights no privilege, being a plea so strong  
As cannot be refell'd but by plain wrong?  
Now were you touch'd The lady in [the] Tower,  
Alas, she's innocent of any claim  
Trust me, she'd think it a most happy life,  
To leave a queen's and keep a lady's name  
And for the dukes, your warrants sent them forth,  
Let the same warrants call them back again  
If they refuse to come, the realm, not they,  
Must be regarded Be strong and bold  
We are the people's factors Save our sons  
From killing one another, be afraid  
To tempt both heaven and earth So, I have said

Arun Why, then, give order that she shall be  
queen

Send for the mayor Her errors we'll forget,  
Hoping she will forgive

\* the lady, we perform] The old copies “the Lady You  
performe”—As the passage now stands, “the lady,”  
means Mary But why? “To pass against the lady's foot  
performe,” &c.—“the lady's,” meaning the Lady Jane's?

† the realm] The old copies “the realms” (which, though  
sense, is at variance with “the realm” in the next speech)

‡ turn] The old copies “tear me”

§ any] The old copies “my”

Wyatt Never make doubt  
Setting her ceremonies order by,  
She is pure within, and mildly chaste without  
Arise Give order to keep fast the Lady Jane  
Dissolve the council Let us leave the Tower,  
And in the city hold our audience

Wyatt You have advis'd well, honourable  
lords  
So will the citizens be wholly ours,  
And if the dukes be cross, we'll cross their powers

[Lament

*Enter BRETT, CLOWN, and Soldiers \**

Brett Lancepersado,† quarter, quarter

Clown What shall we quarter, captain?

Brett Why, the soldiers

Clown Why, they are not hanged nor drawn  
yet

Brett Sir, I mean quarter them, that the of  
fended multitude may pass in safety

Clown May we not take tolls of the pies and  
the apple women?

Brett Not in any sort, the duke's pleasure will  
pass free ‡

Clown The commons shall be used with all  
common courtesy, that go in runk like beans,  
and cheese-whees on their heads instead of caps

Brett Surely, this is a famous university,  
And those scholars, those lofty buildings and  
goodly houses

Founded by noble patrons But, no more  
Set a strong watch, that be your chiefest care

\* *Enter Brett, &c.] Scene* A street in Cambridge  
† *Lancepersado* [Written also *lancepersado*, *lancepersado*,  
*lancepersado*, or *lancepersota* (Ital *lancia speziata*) the  
lowest office of foot one who is under the corporal]

"He is a gentleman of no mean standing in the  
militia, for he draws his pedigree from the time of the  
wars between Francis I. and his son Henry II., kings of  
France, on the one part, and the Emperor Charles V.,  
and his brother in law, the Duke of Savoy, on the other  
part. In those wars, when a gentleman of a troop of  
horse, in any skirmish, battle, or encounter, had broke  
his lance on the enemy, and lost his horse in the scuffle  
he was entertained (under the name of a broken lance)  
by a captain of a foot company as his comrade till he  
was again mounted. But as all good orders fall soon  
from their primitive institution so in a short time our  
Monsieur Lancepersota (for so he was called) was forced to  
descend from being the captain's comrade, and become  
the corporal's companion, and assisted him in the exer-  
cise of his charge, and therefore was sometimes called by  
the French, *aide corporal*. But when the corporal grew  
weary of the comradeship of his lancepersota, he made  
him officiate under him, and for that had some allowance  
of pay more than the common souldier"—Turner's *Pallas  
Armata*, p. 219—(as quoted by Grosz, *Mil. Ant.*, v. 1,  
p. 262)

‡ *will pass free* [Qy "will have them pass free"?

*Enter a Countryman and a Maid*

Count What's here? soldiers!

Brett Fear not good speech These rude arms  
I bear

Are not to fight sweet gentle peace away,\*

But to succour your lives Pass peaceably away

Clown Cry "God save the queen," as you go, and  
God send you a good market!

Count God save the queen! what queen? there  
lies the sense

When we have none, it can be no offence

Clown What carry you there in your basket?

Maid Eggs, forsooth.

Clown Well, say "God save Queen Jane," as you  
go, and God send you a good market!

Maid Is the right queen call'd Jane? alack for  
woe,

[That] at the first she was not christen'd so!

[*Re-ent Countryman and Maid*

Brett Thus old and young still descendant on her  
name,

Nor lend no ear when we her style proclaim

I fear, I fear,—Fear, Brett! what shouldst thou  
fear?

Thou hast a breast compos'd of adamant

I'll what it betide,

My anchor is cast, and I in harbour ride

[*Exeunt*

*Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, HASTINGDON, WYATT, and  
Soldiers †*

Wyatt My lord, 'tis true, you sent unto the  
council

For fresh supplies what succour, what supplies?

Hippy is he can draw his neck out of the collar,  
And make his peace with Mary

North How stands the treasurer addicted to  
us?

Wyatt I had forgot when we were at council,  
He stole away, and went home to his house,

And by much entreaty was won to return

In brief, they all incline to Queen Mary.

My lord, farewell

Each hasty hour will colder tidings tell [*Exit*

North Come they in thunder, we will meet with  
them

In the loudest language that their ordinance speaks,  
Ours shall answer theirs—Call me a herald,

\* *Are not to fight sweet gentle peace away* [In the old  
copies thus—

"*Is not to fight? Sweet, gentle Peace away*"

The "*away*" at the end of the next line is very question-  
able. Qy "*along*?"

† *Enter Northumberland, &c.] Scene* Another part of  
the same town

And in the market-place proclaim Queen Jane  
*[A Herald called in]*  
 The streets are full, the town is populous,  
 The people gape for novelty — Trumpets, speak  
 to them,

That they may answer with an echoing cry,  
 "God save Queen Jane, God save her majesty!"  
*[A trumpet sounds, and no answer. The Herald  
 sounds a parley, and no answer.]*

Ha! a bare report of trumpets!  
 Are the slaves hoarse, or wunt they art to  
 speak?

O no! This town consists on famous colleges,  
 Such as know both how, and what, and when to  
 speak

Well, yet we will proceed,  
 And smother what close envy hath decreed

*Enter AMBROSE DUDLEY*

Ambrose, my son, what news?

Amb O my thrice honour'd father!

North Boy, speak the worst

That which sounds deadliest, let me hear that first

Amb The lords have all revolted from your fac-  
 tion

North We in ourselves are strong

Amb In Baynard's Castle was a council held,  
 Whither the mayor and sheriff did resort,  
 And twas concluded to proclaim Queen Mary

North Then they revolt the allegiance from my  
 daughter,  
 And give it to another?

Amb True, my thrice honour'd father  
 Besides, my brother (Guildford and his wife,  
 Where she was proclaim'd queen, are now close  
 prisoners,

Namely in the Tower

North God take them to his mercy! they had  
 need

Of grace and patience, for they both must bleed  
 For innocent souls, they both from guilt are free!

Amb O my thrice honour'd father, might I ad-  
 vise you,

Fly to your manor, there study for your safety

North Boy, thou say'st well

And since the lords have all revolted from me,  
 Myself will now revolt against myself

Call me a herald to fill their empty ears —

Assist me, son — my good Lord Huntingdon,  
 Even in this market-town proclaim Queen Mary

*A trumpet sounds a parley, the Herald proclaims*

Her Mary, by the grace of God, Queen of Eng-  
 land, France, and Ireland, defendress of the faith,  
 Amen! *[Within, a shout and a flourish]*

North Amen! I bear a part,  
 Ay, with my tongue, — I do not with my heart  
 Now they can cry, now they can bawl and yell  
 Base minded slaves, sink may your souls to hell!

*Enter ROOSE with letters*

Roose My honour'd lord, the council greets you  
 with  
 These letters

North Stay, Master Roose, ere you depart,  
 receive

An answer and reward *[He readeth the letter]*  
 "In the sovereign name of Mary our queen, you  
 shall, upon the sight hereof, cease your arms,  
 discharge your soldiers, and presently repair unto  
 the court, on else to be held as an arch traitor"

'Tis short and sharp —

Master Roose, we do obey your warrant

But, I pray, tell me, how do all our friends at  
 court?

Is there not a great mortality amongst them?

Is there not a number of them dead of late,  
 Since I came thence?

Roose My gracious lord, not any

North O Master Roose, it cannot be I will  
 assure you,

At my departure thence I left living there at least  
 Five hundred friends, and now I have not one,  
 Simply, not one friends! ha, ha, ha! Commission,  
 Thou must be my friend,  
 And stand betwixt me and the stroke of death,  
 Were thy date out, my life's date were but short,  
 They are cold friends that kill their friends in  
 sport

Amb Here comes your honour'd friend, the Earl  
 of Arundel

*Enter ARUNDEL*

North My honour'd friend, —

Arun I am no friend to traitors

In my most high and princely sovereign's name,  
 I do arrest your honour of high treason

North A traitor, Arundel!

Have I not your hand in my commission?

Let me peruse it as I take it, 'tis here,

And by your warrant have [I] so strict proceeded  
 Are the limits of my warrant broke? answer me

Arun It may be that it hath pleas'd her  
 majesty

To pardon us, and for to punish you,

I know no other reason this I must,

I am commanded, and the act is just.

North And I obey you When we parted last,  
 My lord of Arundel, our farewell was



Better than our greeting now then you cried,  
"God speed",

Now you come on me, ere you say, "Take heed",  
Then you did owe me your best bloods, nay, griev'd  
You could not spend them in my service, O, then  
It was a double death to stay behind!

But I am overtook, and you are kind,  
I am, beshrew you else but I submit,  
My crime is great, and I must answer it

*Arun* You must, with your three sons, be  
guarded safe

Unto the Tower, with you those lords and  
knights

That in this faction did associate you  
For so I am enjoind

Then peaceably let us conduct you thither

*North* O my children, my soul weeps endless  
tears for you!

O, at the general sessions, when all souls  
Stand at the bar of justice, and hold up  
Their new immortalized hands, O, then  
Let the remembrance of their tragic ends  
Be raz'd out of the bead roll of my sins!  
Whene'er the black book of my crimes unclasp'd,  
Let not these scarlet letters be found there,  
Of all the rest only that page be clear!  
But come, to my arraignment, then to death!  
The queen and you have long and at this head  
If to my children sho sweet grace extend,  
My soul hath peace, and I embrace my end

[*Exeunt*]

*Enter SUFFOLK \**

*Suff* Three days are past, Monday, Tuesday, and  
Wednesday too,

Yet my protesting servant is not come  
Himself conducted me to this hard lodging,  
A simple cabin for so great a prince,  
And then he swore, but oaths you see are vain,  
That he would hourly come and visit me  
I, that was wont to surfeit in estate,  
Am now through hunger almost desolate

*Enter HOMES, sweating, with bottle and bag*

*Homes* My lord,—

*Suff.* Ned Homes, speak, hast thou brought me  
meat?

*Homes* With much ado, my lord, meat, bread,  
and wine

While you refresh yourself, I will record  
The cause of my long stay.

\* *Enter Suffolk* If the author intended here to follow history, the scene is now the Duke's manor of Astley, a few miles from Coventry, for he was apprehended in Astley park see Holinshed's *Chron* vol iv 14, ed 1808

*Suff* I prithee, do

Need bids me eat, need bids me hear thee too

*Homes* Tho might I left you in the hollow tree,  
My house was search'd.

*Suff* Go on, go on

*Homes* And I no sooner enter'd but attach'd,  
Threaten'd the rack, an if I did not yield

Your gracious self unto their graceless hands

*Suff* And thou hast don't, thou hast betray'd  
me?

*Homes* Done it! O, betray you! O, no!  
First would I see my lov'd wife and children  
Murder'd and toss'd on spears, before I would  
Deliver your grace unto their hands, for they  
Intend your death,—

*Suff* Go on, go on

*Homes* And offer'd

A thousand crowns to him that can bring news  
Of your abode 'twas offer'd in my hands,  
Which I beseech my stop my vital breath,  
When I am feed'd with gold to work your death

*Enter Sheriff and Officers*

*Sher* See, yonder sits the duke

*Suff* I kiss thee in requital of this love

*Homes* And, in requital of so great a grace,  
I kiss your hand that daign'st \* to kiss my face

*Sher* So Judas kiss'd his master—Seize the  
duke

*Suff* Ah me! Ned Homes, we are undone, both  
thou

And I betray'd!

*Sher* My lord, late Duke of Suffolk, in her  
highness'

Name, I do arrest you of high treason

*Suff* I do obey, and only crave this kindness,  
You would be good unto my servant Homes,  
Who† in relieving me hath but perform'd  
The duty of a servant to his lord

*Sher* You are deceiv'd, sir, in your servant  
much,

He is the man that did betray you—

Here, Master Homes, towards your thousand  
pounds,

Here is a hundred marks,

Come to the Exchequer, you shall have the rest

*Suff* Hast thou betray'd me? yet with such a  
tongue,

So smoothly oil'd, slight off my danger's fear?

O, break, my heart! this grief's too great to bear

\* *your hand that daign'st, &c*] I e the hand of thee that daign'st, &c.—The old copies have 'your hand that dares,' &c,—'dares' being evidently a misprint for 'daign'st,'—daignest (daignest)

† *Who*] The old copies "Where."

*Homes* Pardon me, my lord

*Suff* God pardon thee,

And lay not to thy soul this grievous sin!  
Farewell, and when thou spend'st at this ill-got gold,  
Remember how thy master's life was sold  
Thy lord that gave thee lordships, made thee great,  
Yet thou betray'd'st him as he sat at meat —  
On to my grave! 'tis time that I were dead,  
When he that held my heart betrays my head

[*Exeunt SUFFOLK Sheriff, and Officers*]

*Homes* O God, O God, that ever I was born!  
This deed hath made me slave to object scorn

[*Exit*]

*Enter the Clown*

*Clown* O poor shrimp, how art thou fallen away  
for want of mouching! O, colon\* cries out most  
tyrannically! the little gyt hath no mercy —

What's here? victuals! O rare, O good!

Feed chops, drink throat, good victuals make  
good blood

*Re. enter HOMES, with a halter about his neck*

But stay, who's here? more sheriff, more search  
er? O no, this is Homes, that betray'd his  
honest master: how, with a halter about his neck!  
I hope he doth not mean to hang himself. I'll  
step aside

*Homes* This is the place where I betray'd my  
lord

This is the place where oft I have reliev'd,  
And villain I betray'd him to the jaws of death  
But here before I further will proceed,  
Here will I bury this enticing gold  
Lie there, damned fiend, never serve humankind more!

*Clown* This is rare now in this mood if he  
would hang himself, 'twere excellent

*Homes* Shall I ask mercy? no, it is too late,  
Heaven will not hear, and I am desperate

[*Strangles himself*]

*Clown* So, so, a very good ending would ill  
false servants nought drink of the same sauce!  
Gold, you are first mine: you must help [me] to shift  
myself into some counterfeited suit of apparel, and  
thence to London. If my old master be hanged,  
why, so; if not, why, rustic and rustic. Yet, before  
I go, I do not care if I throw this dog in a ditch  
—Come away, dissemble! — This cannot choose  
but be a hundred pound, it weighs so heavy

[*Exit with the body of HOMES*]

\* colon] A word frequently in the mouth of hungry  
personages in our old dramas: it is the largest of the  
human intestines, not 'the little gut,' as the Clown here  
calls it

† human] Our dictionaries, I believe, do not acknow-  
ledge this word as a substantive: but Chaucer uses it  
frequently as such.

*Enter QUEEN MARY,\* WINCHESTER, NORFOLK PEMBROKE,  
WYATTE, ARUNDEL, and Attendants*

*Q. Mary* By God's assistance and the power of  
heaven,

After our troubles, we are safely set  
In our inheritance: for which we do subscribe  
The praise and benefit to God, next, thanks  
To you, my lords. Now shall the sanctuary,  
And the house of the Most High, be newly built,  
The ancient honours due unto the church,  
Buried within the ruin'd† monasteries,  
Shall lift their stately heads and rise again  
To astonish the destroyers' wondering eyes:  
Zeal shall be deck'd in gold: religion,  
Not like a virgin robb'd of all her pomp,  
But bravely‡ shining in her gems of state,  
Like a fair bride be offer'd to the Lord  
To build§ large houses, pull no churches down,  
Rather enrich the temple with our crown:  
Better a poor queen than the subjects' poor

*H. m.* May it please your grace to give release  
unto

Such ancient bishops that have lost their honours  
In the church affairs

*Q. Mary* We have given order  
To the Duke of Norfolk to release them

*Arun* Your sacred highness will no doubt be  
mindful

Of the late oath you took at Finsburyham

*Q. Mary* O, my lord of Arundel, we remember  
that

But shall a subject force his prince to swear  
Contrary to his conscience and the law?

We here release unto our faithful people  
One entire subsidy, due unto the crown  
In our dead brother's days. The commonalty  
Shall not be overburden'd in our reign  
Let them be liberal in religion,

And we will spare their treasure to themselves:  
Better a poor prince than the nation poor.  
The subjects' treasure is the sovereign's store

*Arun* What is your highness' pleasure about  
the rebels?

*Q. Mary* The queen like rebel, I mean you not,  
Queen Jane?

*Arun* Guildford, and Jane, with great Northum-  
berland,

And haughty Suffolk's duke

\* Enter Queen Mary] Scene London. A room in the  
palace

† ruin'd] The old copies "Ruine"

‡ bravely] The old copies "bristly"

§ To build, &c.] Something that preceded this has  
dropt out

|| rebels] The old copies "Rebels"

*Q. Mary* Tho Duke of Suffolke  
Is not yet apprehended therefore, my lords,  
Some of you most dear to us in love  
Be careful of that charge the rest we'll leave  
For trial of the other prisoners

*Wyatt* The Lady Jane, most mighty sovereign,  
Allied to you in blood,—  
For she's the daughter of your father's sister,  
Mary the Queen of France, Charles Brandon's wife,  
Your niece, your next of blood except your  
sister,—

Deserves some pity, so doth youthful Guildford  
*Win* Such pity as the law allows to traitors  
*Nor* They were misled by their ambitious  
fathers

*Win* What son to obey his father proves a  
traitor,  
Must buy their disobedience with their death

*Wyatt* My lord of Winchester still thirsts for  
blood

*Q. Mary* Wyatt, no more, the law shall be  
then judge

Mercy to mean offenders well ostend,  
Not unto such that dare usurp our crown

*Arun* Count Egmont, the ambassador from  
Spain,

Attends your highness' answer 'bout\* those  
letters

Sent from the emperor in his son's behalf

*Q. Mary* In the behalf of lovely, princely Philip,  
Whose person we have shrined in our heart,  
At the first sight of his delightful picture†  
That picture should have power to kindle† love  
In royal breasts the darts of love are words,  
Pictures, conceit, he will prevail by any  
Your counsel, lords, about this foreign business

*Arun* I say, in it like your royal majesty,  
A royal treaty and to be confirm'd,  
And I allow the match

*Win* Allow it, lords! we have cause to thank  
our God

That such a mighty prince as Philip is,  
Son to the emperor, heir to wealthy Spain  
And many spacious kingdoms, will vouchsafe—

*Wyatt* Vouchsafe, my lord of Winchester!  
pray, what?

*Win* To grace our mighty sovereign with his  
honourable title

*Wyatt* To marry with our queen, men you  
not so?

*Win* I do, what then?

*Wyatt* O God!

Is she a beggar, a forsaken maid,  
That she hath need of grace from foreign princes?  
By God's dear mother,—O, God pardon! swear I!—

Mothinks she is a fair and lovely prince,  
Her only beauty, were she of mean birth,  
Able to make the greatest potentate,

Ay, the great emperor of the mighty Cham,  
That hath more nations under his command  
Than Spanish Philip's like to inherit towns,  
To come and lay his sceptre at her feet,

And to entreat her to vouchsafe the grace  
To take him and his kingdom to her mercy

*Win* Wyatt, you are too hot

*Wyatt* And you too proud  
Vouchsafe! O, base! I hope she'll not vouchsafe  
To take the emperor's son to her dear mercy

*Q. Mary* Proceed, my lord of Winchester, I  
pray

*Win* Then still I say we have cause to thank  
our God

That such a mighty prince will look so low  
As to respect this island and our queen

*Wyatt* Pardon me, madam, he respects\* your  
island

More than your person think of that

*Nor* Wyatt, you wrong the affection of the  
prince,

For he desires no fortresses nor towns,  
Nor to bear any office, rule, or state,  
Either by person or by substitute,  
Nor yet himself to be a councillor  
In our affairs

*Wyatt* What need he, noble lords,  
To ask the fift, when he demands the tith?†  
No castle, fortresses, nor towers of strength!

It boots not, when the chiefest tower of all,  
The key that opens unto all the land,

I mean our gracious sovereign, must be his  
But he will bear no office in the land!

And yet will marry with the queen of all  
Nor be of council in the realm's affairs!

And yet the queen enclosed in his arms  
I do not like this strange marriage

The fox is subtle, and his head once in,  
The slender body easily will follow

I grant he offers you, in name of dower,  
The yearly sum of threescore thousand ducats,

Besides the seventeen famous provinces,  
And that the heir succeeding from your loins

Shall have the sovereign rule of both the realms  
What, shall this move your highness to the match?

\* 'bout] The old copies "brought"

† 'kindle] The old copies "tangle"

\* 'respects] One of the old copies "respect"

Spain is too far for England to inherit,  
But England near enough for Spain to woo

*Q Mary* \* Have not the kings of England, good  
Sir Thomas,

Espous'd the daughters of our neighbour kings?

*Wyatt* I grant, your predecessors oft have sought  
Their queen[s] from France, and sometimes too from  
Spain,

But never could I hear that England yet  
Has been so base to seek a king from either  
'Tis policy, dear queen, no love at all

*Win.* 'Tis love, great queen, no policy at all

*Wyatt* Which of you all dares justify this match,  
And not be touch'd in conscience with an oath?  
Remember, O, remember, I beseech you,  
King Henry's last will and his act at court<sup>†</sup>  
I mean that royal act<sup>‡</sup> of parliament  
That does prohibit Spaniards from the land,  
That will and act to which you all are sworn,  
And do not damn your souls with perjury

*Q Mary* But that we know thee, Wyatt, to be  
true

Unto the crown of England and to us,  
Thy over boldness should be paid with death  
But cease, for fear your liberal<sup>‡</sup> tongue offend —  
With one consent, my lords, you like this match!

*(Omnes, except WYATT)* We do, great sovereign

*Q Mary* Call in Count Egmont, honourable  
lords

*Enter Egmont*

We have determin'd of your embassy,  
And thus I plight our love to Philip's heart  
Embark you straight, the wind blows wondrous  
fair

Till he shall land in England I'm all eyes

*[Exeunt all except WYATT]*

*Wyatt* And ere he land in England, I will offer  
My loyal breast for him to tread upon  
O, who so forward, Wyatt, as thyself  
To rouse this troublesome queen in this her throne!  
Philip is a Spaniard, a proud nation,  
Whom naturally our countrymen abhor  
Assist me, gracious heavens, and you shall see  
What hate I bear unto their slavery!<sup>†</sup>  
I'll into Kent, there muster up my friends,  
To save this country, and this realm defend

*[Exit]*

*Enter Guildenford, Jane, and Lieutenant*

*Guild* Good morrow to the partner<sup>‡</sup> of my woe

\* *Q Mary* ] The old copies "Win"

† *act*] The old copies "Court" (an error occasioned by  
"court" in the preceding line)

‡ *liberal*] i.e. licentiously free

§ *Enter Guildenford, &c.*] A room in the Tower

¶ *partner*] The old copies "Patron" (Compare Shake-

*Jane* Good morrow to my lord, my lovely Dudley  
Why do you look so sad, my dearest lord?

*Guild* Nay, why doth Jane thus with a heavy eye,  
And a defected look, salute the day?

Sorrow doth ill become thy silver brow  
Sad grief lies dead, so long as thou liv'st fair,  
In my Jane's joy I do not care for care

*Jane* My looks, my love, are sort'd with my  
heart

The sun himself doth scanty show his face  
Out of this firm grate you may perceive  
The Tower hill throng'd with store of people,  
As if they gap'd for some strange novelty

*Guild* Though sleep do seldom dwell in men  
of care,

Yet I did this night sleep, and this night dream'd  
My princely father, great Northumberland,  
Was married to a stately bride,  
And then methought, just on his bridal day,  
A poison'd draught did take his life away

*Jane* Let not fond<sup>\*</sup> visions so appal my love,  
For dreams do oftentimes contrive to prove

*Guild* The nights are tedious, and the days  
are dull

And see you how the people stand in heaps,  
Each man sad-looking on his oppos'd object,  
As if a general passion possess'd them!  
Then eyes do seem as dropping is the moon,  
As if prepared for a tragedy,  
For never swarms of people there do tread,  
But to rob life and to enrich the devil,  
And show they wept<sup>†</sup>

*Lieut.* My lord, they did so, for I was there

*Guild* I pray, resolve us, good Master Lieutenant,  
Who was it yonder that tender'd up his life  
To nature's death?

*Lieut.* Pardon me, my lord,  
'Tis felony to acquaint you with [the] doer  
Of any prisoner, yet, to resolve your prince,  
It was your father, great Northumberland,  
That this day lost his head

*Guild* Peace rest his soul!

His sins be buried in his grave,  
And not remember'd in his epitaph!<sup>‡</sup> —  
But who comes here?

*spears First Part of Henry VI., act iii. sc. 2., and will  
be partner of your woe if or woe.)*

\* *fond*] i.e. foolish vain

† *And show they wept*] Either so nothing which preceded  
these words has dropt out, or else they are corrupted

‡ *His sins be buried in his grave,*

*And not remember'd in his epitaph*] From Shakespeare,

"Thy ignomy sleep with thee in the grave,  
But not remember'd in thy epitaph"

*First Part of Henry IV., act v. sc. iv*

*Jane.* My father prisoner!

*Enter Suffolk, guarded forth*

*Suff.* O Jane, now might but I see thy title and  
Thy stato thou now must live for a small grave  
Had I been contented to have been great, I had  
stood,

But now my rising is pull'd down with blood  
Farewell!—Point me my house of prayer—

*Jane.* Is grief

So short? 'Twas wont to be full of words, 'tis  
true,

But now death's lesson bids a cold adieu  
Farewell! Thus friends on desperate journeys  
part

Breaking off words with tears, that swell the  
heart *[Exit Suffolk, guarded]*

*Lieut.* 'Tis the pleasure of the queen that you  
part lodgings

Till your arraignment, which must be to-morrow

*Jane.* Good Master Lieutenant, let us part to-  
gether

*Lieut.* Pardon me, madam, I may not, they  
that owe you, sway me

*Guild.* Entreat not, Jane, though sho our  
bodies part

Our souls shall meet—farewell, my love!

*Jane.* My Dudley, my own heart! *[Exit]*

*Enter Wyatt, Halper, Isely, Rochester, and Soldiers \**

*Wyatt.* Hold, drum! Stand, gentlemen! Give  
the word along!

*Soldiers.* Stand, stand!

*Wyatt.* Masters, friends, soldiers, and therefore  
gentlemen,

I know

Some of you wear warm purses lined with gold  
To them I speak not, but to such lean knaves  
That cannot put up crosses† thus I say,—  
Fight valiantly, and, by the Mary God,  
You that have all your life time silver lack'd,  
Shall now get crowns,—mairry, they must be  
crack'd

*First Sold.* No matter, we'll change them for  
white money

*Wyatt.* But it must needs be so, dear country-  
men,

For soldiers are the masters of war's mint,  
Blows are the stamps they set upon with bullets,  
And broken pates are when the brains be spilt,  
These light crowns that with blood are double gilt

\* *Enter Wyatt, &c.] Scene.* A field near Rochester

† *put up crosses.]* A quibble—once the meaning of *crosses* was  
“pieces of money” (many pieces having a cross on one  
side)

But that's not all that your stout hearts shall earn  
Stick to this glorious quarrel, and your names  
Shall stand in chronicles, rank'd even with kings,  
You free your country from base Spanish thrall,  
From ignominious slavery—who can

Digest\* a Spaniard that's a true Englishman?

*First Sold.* Would he might choke that digests  
him!

*Wyatt.* He that loves freedom and his country  
city

“A Wyatt!” he that will not, with my heart,  
Let him stand forth, shake hands, and we'll  
depart†

*Soldiers.* A Wyatt, a Wyatt, a Wyatt!

*Enter Norroy, sounding a trumpet*

*Harp.* Forbear, or with the breath thy trumpet  
spends

This shall let forth thy soul

*Norroy.* I am a herald,

And challenge safety by the law of arms

*Harp.* So shalt thou when thou art lawfully  
employ'd

*Wyatt.* What loud knaves that?

*Norroy.* No knave, Sir Thomas, I am a true  
man

To my queen, to whom thou art a traitor

*Soldiers.* Knock him down

*Wyatt.* Knock him down! fie, no,

We'll handle him, he shall sound before he go

*Harp.* He comes from Norfolk and those  
fawning lords,

In Mary's name, weighing out life to them

That will with business buy ‡ it—seize on him

As a pernicious enemy

*Wyatt.* Sir George,

Be rul'd, since we profess the use of war,

Let's not be hiss'd at for our ignorance

He shall pass and repass, juggle the best he can—

Lead him into the city—Norroy, set forth,

Set forth thy braven throat, and call all Rochester

About thee, do thy office,

Fill their light heads with proclamations, do

Catch fools with hunc twigs dipt with pardons—

But, Sir George, and good Sir Harry Isely,

If this gallant open his mouth too wide,

Powder the varlet, pistol him, fire the roof

That's o'er his mouth

He craves the law of arms, and he shall ha't

Teach him our law, to cut's throat if he pite—

If louder reach thy proclamation,

The Lord have mercy upon thee!

\* *Digest.]* The old copies “*Disput*.” See note\*, p. 111  
† *depart.]* i.e. part ‡ *buy.]* The quarto of 1607 “*buye*”

*Norroy* Sir Thomas, I must do my office

*Harp* Come, well do ours too

*Wyatt* Ay, ay, do, blow thyself hence

[*Exeunt HARPER, ISLEY, and Norroy*]

Whorson, proud herald, because he can give arms,

Ho thinks to cut us off by the elbows —

Masters, and fellow soldiers, say will you leave

Old Tom Wyatt?

*Omnes* No, no, no

*Wyatt* A march! 'tis Norfolk's drum, upon my life

I pray, see what drum it is

[*A cry within* "Arm!"]

*Rod* The word is given, "arm, arm" flies through the camp,

As loud, though not so full of dread, as thunder

For no man's cheeks look pale, but every face

Is lifted up above his foreman's head,

And every soldier does on tiptoe stand,

Shaking a drawn sword in his threatening hand

*Wyatt* At whom, at whose drum?

*Rod* At Norfolk, Norfolk's drum

With him comes Arundel You may behold

The silken fags of their ensigns show

Nothing but wrinkles staggering in the wind

Norfolk rides foremostly, his crest well known,

Proud as if all our heads were now his own

*Wyatt* Soft! he shall pay more for them

See Robert Rodston, bring our musketeers

To flank our pikes, let all our archery fall off

In wings of shot a both sides of the van,

To gull the first horse of the enemy

That shall come fiercely on our cannoneers

Bid them to charge — charge, my hearts!

*Omnes* Charge, charge!

*Wyatt* Saint George for England! Wyatt for poor Kent!

Blood lost in country's quarrel is nobly spent

[*Re-enter ISLEY*]

*Isley* Base slave, hard hearted fugitive,

He that you sent with Norroy, false Sir George,

Is fled to Norfolk

*Rod* Sir George Harper fled!

*Wyatt* I ne'er thought better of a counterfeit  
His name was Harper, was it not? let him go  
Henceforth all harpers\*, for his sake shall stand

\* Henceforth all harpers, for his sake, shall stand

But for plain ninopenoe] "The harp first appeared upon the Irish money in his [Henry the Eighth's] reign" — *Riding's Coinage*, vol. ii p. 443, ed. 1819. By a proclamation, set forth in 1600 it was declared, "that every of the said Harp Shillings should have and bear the name and value only of twelve Pence Irish, according to the old standard of that realm, being in time and value no more than nine Pence English" — *Id.* vol. iii p. 112

But for plain ninopenoe throughout all the land  
They come no man gave ground in these hot cases,

Be Englishmen, and beard them to their faces

[*Exeunt*]

[*Enter NORFOLK, ARUNDEL, BRETT, Clown, and Soldiers*]

*Nor* Yonder the traitor marcheth with a steel bow

Bent on his sovereign and her kingdom's peace

To wave him to us with a flag of truce,

And tender him soft mercy, were to call

Our right in question Therefore put in act

Your resolute intendments if rebellion

Be suffer'd to take head, she lives too long,

Treason doth swarm, therefore give signal to the fight

*Brett* 'Tis good, 'tis good, my lord

*Nor* Where's Captain Brett?

*Brett* Here, my lord

*Nor* To do honour

To you, and those five hundred Londoners

That march after your colours, you shall charge

The traitor in the vanguard, whilst myself,

With noble Arundel and stout Jerningham,

Second you in the main

God and Saint George this day fight on our side,

While thus we tame a desperate rebel's pride!

[*Exeunt all except BRETT, Clown, and some Soldiers*]

*Brett* Countrymen and friends, and you the most valiant sword and buckler men of London, the Duke of Norfolk in honour has promoted you to the vanguard, and why to the vanguard, but because he knows you to be equal men, martial men, men of good stomachs, very hot shots, veryacious for valour, such is scorn to shrink for a wetting, who will bear off any thing with head and shoulders?

*Omnes* Well, forwards, good commander, forwards!

*Brett* I am to lead you, and whither? to fight, and with whom? with Wyatt, and what is Wyatt? a most famous and rich traitor — [aside] to nobody, by this hand, that I know

*Omnes* Nay, speak out, good captain

*Brett* I say again, — Is worthy Norfolk gone?

*Omnes* Ay, ay, gone, gone

*Brett* I say again, that Wyatt for using thus in arms, with the Kentish men dangling thus at

\* *Enter Norfolk, &c.* Another put of the field

† *her* The old copies "his"

‡ *actions* So W. ruer,

\* With duers here not catolop'd, and for a cheefest take All actions Cundish, and of these cternal pen worke make"

*Albion's England*, p. 294, ed. 1612

his tail, is worthy to be hanged—[*aside*] like a jewel in the kingdom's ear—Sir I will, my lads?

*Omnes* Forwards, forwards!

*Brett* And whosoever cuts off his head shall have for his labour—

*Clown* What shall I have? I'll do it

*Brett* The pox, the plague, and all the diseases the spittle houses and hospitals can throw upon him

*Clown* I'll not do it, that's flat

*Brett* And wherefore is Wyatt up?

*Clown* Because he cannot keep his bed

*Brett* No, Wyatt is up to keep the Spaniards down to keep King Philip out whose coming in will give the land such a filth, 'twill make it reel again

*Clown* A would it were come to that, we would, we would leave off filth and fill to hot cockles

*Brett* Philip is a Spaniard, and what is a Spaniard?

*Clown* A Spaniard is no Englishman, that I know

*Brett* Right, a Spaniard is a Cimacho, a Culmanco, nay, which is worse, a Dondego,—and what is a Dondego?

*Clown* A Dondego is a kind of Spanish stock fish or poor John

*Brett* No, a Dondego is a desperate Vikingo, a very Castilian, God bless us! There came but one Dondego\* into England, and he made all Paul's stink again: what shall a whole army of Dondegoes do, my sweet countrymen?

*Clown* Marry, they will make us all smell abominably: he comes not here: that's flat

*Brett* A Spaniard is called so because he is a Span-yard, his yard is but a span

*Clown* That's the reason our Englishwomen love them not

*Brett* Right, for he carries not the Englishman's yard about him: If you deal with him, look for him measure: if you give an inch, he'll take an ell, if you give an ell, he'll take an inch: therefore, my fine, spruce, dapper, finical fellows, if you are now, as you have always been counted, politic Londoners to fly to the stronger side, leave Arundel, leave Norfolk, and love Brett

*Clown* Well fling our flat caps at them

\* *Dondigo*, Ac J l e *Don Diego*—So Heywood

"But for these Spaniards, now you *Don Diegos*,

*you that made Paulen to stoke*"

*For Maul of the West*, 1631, Part 1st p. 1  
Various other writers allude to the nasty feat of this Don Diego in St Paul's Cathedral, and it is very plainly told in a letter among the Cottonian MSS (*Jnl C 10*), which must have been written about the beginning of 1557

† *you* the old copies "he"

*Brett* Wear your own neat's leather shoes, scorn Spanish leather, cry, "A fig for the Spaniard!" Said I will, bullies?

*Omnes* Ay, ay, ay

*Brett* Why, then, fiat, fiat!

And every man die at his foot that cries not "A Wyatt, a Wyatt!"

*Omnes* A Wyatt, a Wyatt, a Wyatt!

*Enter Wyatt*

*Wyatt* Sweet music, gallant fellow-Londoners!

*Clown* I faith, we are the mudcaps, we are the lickenmies

*Wyatt* You shall be all Lord Mayors at least

[*Exeunt* WYATT, BRETT, CLOWN, and SOLDIERS]

[*March sounds and enter* WYATT, BRETT, ROBERTS, SELLY, CLOWN, and SOLDIERS *again*]

*Wyatt* Those eight brass pieces shall do service now

Against their masters, Norfolk and Arundel

They may think their heels

More than their hands for saving of their lives

When soldiers turn survivors, and measure lands,  
God help poor farmers! Soldiers and friends, let us all

Play nimble blood hounds and hunt them step by step

We hear

The lawyers plead in armour stead of gowns

If they fall out about the case they join,

Then they may cuff each other from the bar—

Soft! this is Ludgate stand doof, I'll knock

[*He knocks and enter* PERM HOOK *upon the walls*]

*Perm* Who knocks?

*Wyatt* A Wyatt, a true friend

Open your gates, you lowering citizens,

I bring you freedom from a foreign prince

The queen has heard your suit, and 'tis her pleasure

The city-gates stand open to receive us

*Perm* Awaunt, thou traitor! think'st thou by forgery

To enter London with rebellious arms?

Know that these gates are barr'd against thy entrance,

And it shall cost the lives

Of twenty thousand true subjects to the queen

Before a traitor enters

*Omnes* Shoot him through

*Wyatt* Stay, let's know him first

*Clown* Kill him, then let's know him after words

\* *and enter* *again* Scene London,—Ludgate

*Pem* Look on my face, and blushing see with shame

Thy treasous character'd

*Brett* 'Tis the Lord Pembroke

*Wyatt* What have we to do with the Lord Pembroke?

Where's the queen's lieutenant?

*Pem* I am lieutenant of the city now

*Wyatt* Are you Lord Mayor?

*Pem* The greatest lord that breathes enters not here

Without express command from my dear queen

*Wyatt* She commands by us

*Pem* I do command thee, in her highness' name,

To leave the city gates, or, by my honour,

A piece of ordinance shall be straight discharged

To be thy death's man and shoot thee to thy grave

*Wyatt* Then here's no entrance!

*Pem* No, none [Exit]

*Brett* What should we do following Wyatt any longer?

*Wyatt* O London, London, thou perfidious town!

Why hast thou broke thy promise to thy friend,

That for thy sake, and for the general sake,

Hath thrust myself into the mouth of danger?—

Much back to Fleet street—If that Wyatt die,

London, unjustly, buy† thy treachery!

*Brett* Would I could steal away from Wyatt! it should be the first thing that I would do

[There they all steal away from WYATT and leave him alone]

*Wyatt* Where's all my soldiers? what, all gone, And left my drum and colours without guard!

O infelicity of careful men!

Yet will I sell my honour'd blood as dear

As e'er did faithful subject to his prince [Exit]

[Enter NORFOLK and ISLEY]

*Isley* Pembroke revolts and lies to Wyatt's side

*Norfolk* He's damnd in hell that speaks it

[Enter HARPER]

*Harper* O my good lord, 'tis spread That Pembroke and Count Arundel both are fled!

[Enter PEMBROKE and ARUNDEL]

*Pem* 'Sfoot, who said so? what devil dares stir my patience?

\* *the* The old copies 'thy'

† *buy* i.e. pay dearly for (Q, "by," i.e. buy)

‡ *Enter Norfolk and Isley* Scene A street in London

§ *Harper* The old copies "Is"

Zounds, I was talking with a crew of vagabonds That lagged at Wyatt's tail, and am I thus Paid for my pains?

*Norfolk* And thereo being miss'd, Some villain, finding you out of sight, hath miss'd This slander on you but, come, my lord

*Pem* I'll not fight

*Norfolk* Nay, sweet earl,—

*Pem* Zounds, fight, and hear my name dishonoured!

*Arundel* Wyatt is march'd down Fleet street after him!

*Pem* Why do not you, and you, pursue him?

*Norfolk* If I strike one blow, may my hand fall off!

*Pem* And if I do, by this—

*Norfolk* Come, leave your swearing did not country's care

Uge me to this quarrel, for my part,

I would not strike a blow

*Pem* No more would I

I'll cut no wrongs—lets all die, and I'll die

[Enter Messenger]

*Mess* Stand on your guard, For this way Wyatt is pursued again

A great noise within [Enter WYATT, with his sword drawn, being wounded]

[Isley] Follow, follow!

*Norfolk* Stand, traitor, stand, or thou shalt ne'er stand more

*Wyatt* Lords, I yield

An easy conquest 'tis to win the field

After all's lost I am wounded let me have

A surgeon, that I may go sound unto my grave

'Tis not the name of traitor

'Pals me, nor plucks my weapon from my hand

Use me how you can,

Though you say traitor, I am a gentleman

Your dreadful shaking me, which I defy,

Is a poor loss of life, I wish to die

Death frights my spirit no more than can my bed,

Nor will I change one hair, losing this head

*Pem* Come, guard him, guard him

*Wyatt* No matter where

I hope for nothing, therefore nothing fear

[Acceut]

[Enter WINCHESTER, NORFOLK, ARUNDEL, PEMBROKE, with other lords]

*Win.* My Lord of Norfolk, will it please you sit? By you, the noble Lord of Arundel

Since it hath pleas'd her sacred majesty

\* *Enter Winchester, &c* Scene A room in the Tower



To nominate us here commissioners,  
Let us, without all partiality,  
Be open ear'd to what they can allege —  
Where's the Lieutenant of the Tower?

*Enter Lieutenant*

*Lieut.* Here, my good lord

*Wm.* Fetch forth the prisoners [Exit Lieut]

*Enter Guildford and Jane with Lieutenant*

Place them severally in chairs of state —

Clerk of the crown, proceed as law requires.

*Clerk.* Guildford Dudley, hold up thy hand at the bar

*Guild.* Here at the bar of death I hold it up,  
And would to God, this hand, heav'd to the law,  
Might have advanc'd itself in better place,  
For England's good and for my sovereign's weal.

*Clerk.* Jane Gray, Lady Jane Gray, hold up thy hand at the bar

*Jane.* A hand as pure from treasonous offence\*  
As the white livery

Worn by the angels in their Maker's sight!

*Clerk.* You are here indicted by the names of  
Guildford Dudley, Lord Dudley, Jane Gray, Lady  
Jane Gray, of capital and high treason against our  
most sovereign lady the queen's majesty. That  
is to say, that you Guildford Dudley, and Lady  
Jane Gray, have, by all possible means, sought  
to procure unto yourselves the royalty of the  
crown of England, to the disinheriting of our now  
sovereign lady the queen's majesty, the true and  
lawful issue to that famous king Henry the  
eighth, and have manifestly adorned your-  
selves with the state's garland imperial, and have  
granted warrants, commissions, and such like,  
for levying of men and soldiers to be sent against  
the said majesty. What answer you to this  
indictment,—guilty, or not guilty?

*Guild.* Our answer shall be several like our-  
selves

Yet, noble earl, we confess the indictment

May we not make some apology unto the court?

*Noif.* It is against the order of the law,  
Therefore directly plead unto the indictment,  
And then you shall be heard

*Guild.* Against the law!

Words utter'd, then, as good unspoken were,  
For, whatsoever you say, you know your form,  
And you will follow it unto our deaths

*Noif.* Speak, are you guilty of these crimes or  
no?

*Jane.* I'll answer first,—I am, and I am not  
But should we stand unto the last unguilty,

You have large conscience jurors to besmear  
The fairest brow with style of treachery

*Noif.* The barons of the land shall be your  
jury

*Jane.* An honourable and worthy trial,  
And God forbid so many noblemen  
Should be made guilty of our timeless deaths!

*Arun.* You'll answer to the indictment, will  
you not?

*Guild.* My lord, I will I am—

*Noif.* What? are you guilty or no?

*Guild.* I say unguilty still, yet I am guilty

*Jane.* Slunder not thyself

If there be any guilty it was I,

I was proclaim'd queen, I the crown should wear

*Guild.* Because I was thy husband, I stand here

*Jane.* Our loves we sought ourselves, but not  
our pride

And shall our fathers' faults our lives divide?\*

*Guild.* It was my father that made thee distressed

*Jane.* O, but for mine, my Guildford had been  
blest

*Guild.* My Jane had been as fortunate as fair

*Jane.* My Guildford free from this soul grieving  
care

*Guild.* If we be guilty, 'tis no fault of ours,  
And shall we die for what's not in our powers?

We sought no kingdom, we desired no crown

It was impos'd upon us by constraint,

Like golden fruit hung on a barren tree,

And will you count such forcement treachery?

Then make the silver Thames as black as dye,

Because it was constrain'd to bear the barks†

Whose battering ordinance should have been em-  
ploy'd

Against the hinderers of our royalty

*Wm.* You talk of senseless things

*Guild.* Do trees want sense,

That by the power of music have been drawn  
To dance a pleasing measure?

We'll come, then, never unto living things

Say we usurp'd the English royalty,

Was't not by your consents?

I tell you, lords, I have your hands to show,

Subscrib'd to the commission of my father,

By which you did authorize him to wage arms

If they were rebellious against your sovereign,

Who cried so loud as you, "God save Queen  
Jane"!

And come you now your sovereign to arraign?

Come down, come down here, at a prisoner's bar

\* *divide*] The quarto of 1612 "*deride*"

† *barks*] The old copies "*banks*"

\* *treasonous offence*] The old copies "*Treasons Innocence*"

Better do so than judge yourselves amiss,  
For look, what sentence on our heads you lay,  
Upon your own may light another day

*Win* The queen hath pardon'd them  
*Guild* And we must die

For a less fault,—O partiality!

*Jane* Patience, my Guildford, it was ever known,

They that sinn'd least, the punishment have borne.

*Guild* True, my fair queen oft sorrow truly speaks.\*

Great men, like great flies,† through law's cob webs break,

But the thinn'st frame the prison of the weak

*Norfolk* Now trust me, Arundel, it doth grieve me much

To sit in judgment of these harmless [souls]

*Arundel* I help'd to attach the father, but the son—

O, through my blood I feel compassion run!

My lords, we'll be humble suitors to the queen  
To save these innocent creatures from their deaths

*Norfolk* Let's break up court if Norfolk long should stay,

In tears and passion I should melt away

*Win* Sit still

What, will you take compassion upon such?

They are heretics

*Jane* We are Christians leave our conscience to ourselves,

We stand not here about religious causes,

But are accus'd of capital treason

*Win* Then you confess the indictment!

*Guild* Even what you will

Yet save my Jane, although my blood you spill

*Jane* If I must die, save princely Guildford's life

*Norfolk* Who is not mov'd to see this loving strife?

*Arundel* Pity, pardon me do what you will to-day,

\* *oft sorrow truly speak* The old copies of *some* *truly speak*

† *Great men, like great flies, &c* It may be urged that Dekker wrote this, as the following passage occurs in one of his plays—

"*Jornells* You must hang up the lawes

*Octavio* Like cob webbe in owle roome, through which great flies

Break through, the le-see being caught with wing there dies"

If this be not a good play the devil is in it, 1612, Sig. D 3 But the simile is derived from ancient wisdom—"One of the Seven was wont to say, that laws were like cob webs, where the small flies were caught, and the great brake through" *Bacon's Apophthegms*, No. 234

See, too, what Deho says in *The Duchess of Malfi*

"Then the law to him," &c p. 61

And I'll approve it, though it be my death

*Win* Then hear the speedy sentence of your deaths

You shall be carried to the place from whence you came,

From thence unto the place of execution,

Through London to be drawn on hurdles,

Where thou, Jane Gray, shalt suffer death by fire,

Thou, Guildford Dudley, hang'd and quartered

So, Lord have mercy upon you!

*Guild* Why, this is well,

Since we must die, that we must die together

*Win* Stay, and hear the mercy of the queen

Because you are of noble parentage,

Although the crime of your offence be great,

She is only pleas'd that you shall—

*Both* Will she pardon us?

*Win* Only, I say, that you shall lose your heads

Upon the Tower hill—So, convey them hence—

Lieutenant, strictly look unto your charge

*Guild* Our dooms are known, our lives have

play'd their part—

Farewell, my Jane!

*Jane* My Dudley, mine own heart!

*Guild* Fain would I take a ceremonious leave,

But that's to die a hundred thousand deaths

*Jane* I cannot speak for tears

*Lucy* My lord, come

*Guild* Let's griefs speak louder, when the great are dumb \* [Exeunt

*Enter* WYATT, in the Tower

*Wyatt* The sad aspect this prison doth afford  
Jumps† with the measure that my heart doth keep,

And this enclosure here, of naught but stone,

Yields far more comfort than the stony hearts

Of them that wrong'd then country and their friend

Here are no perjur'd councillors‡ to swear

A sacred oath, and then forswear the same,

No innovators here do harbour keep

A steadfast silence doth possess the place:

In this the Tower is noble, being bus'

*Enter* NORFOLK, WINCHESTER, ARUNDEL, and Officers, to WYATT

*Norfolk* Sir Thomas Wyatt,—

*Wyatt* That's my name, indeed

\* *Last griefs speak louder, when the great are dumb* The old copies have

\* *Great griefs speak louder*

When the last are dumb"

But compare *The White Devil*, p. 15, and note

† *Jumps* I.e. agrees

‡ *councillors* I.e. members of the council.

*Win.* You should say traitor

*Wyatt* Traitor, and Wyatt's name,

Differ as far as Winchester and honour

*Win.* I am a pillar of the mother church

*Wyatt* And what an I?

*Win.* One that subverts the state

*Wyatt* Insult not too much over th' unfortun-  
nate,

I have no bishop's rocket to declare

My innocency This is my cross

That causeless I must suffer my head's loss

When that hour comes wherein my blood is spilt

My cross will look as bright as yours twice gilt

*Norfolk* Here's for that purpose

*Wyatt* Is your grace so short?

Belike you come to make my death a sport

*Win.* We come to bring you to your execution,

You must be hanged and quarter'd instantly

At the Park-corner is a gallows set

Whither make haste to tender natures debt.

*Wyatt* Then hies the end of Wyatt's rising  
up

I to keep Spaniards from the land was sworn

Right willingly I yield myself to death

But sorry such should have my place of birth

Had London kept his word, Wyatt had stood,

But now King Philip enters through my blood

[Lord Officers call Wyatt]

*Win.* Where's the Lieutenant of the Tower?

[The Lieutenant]

*Lieut.* Here, my lord

*Win.* Fetch forth your other prisoner

*Lieut.* My lord, I will

Here lies young Guildford, here the Lady Jane

*Norfolk* Conduct them forth [Exit Lieut]

[Enter Guildford and Jane with the Lieutenant]

*Guild.* Good morrow once more to my lovely  
Jane

*Jane.* The last good morrow, my sweet love, to  
thee

*Guild.* What were you reading?

*Jane.* On a prayer book

*Guild.* Trust me, so was I we had need to pray,  
For, see, the ministers of death draw near

*Jane.* To a prepared mind death is a pleasure

I long in soul till I have spent my breath

*Guild.* My lord high chancellor, you are welcome  
hither

What, come you to behold our execution?

And, my Lord Arundel, thrice welcome you  
help'd

To attach our father, come you now to see  
The black conclusion of our tragedy?

*Win.* We come to do our office

*Guild.* So do we,

Our office is to die, yours to look on

We are beholding unto such beholders

The time was, lords, when you did flock to main

To see her crown'd, but now to kill my Jane

The world like to a sickle bends itself

Men run their course of lives as in a maze

Our office is to die, yours but to gaze

*Jane.* Patience, my Guildford

*Guild.* Patience, my lovely Jane!

Patience his blanch'd thy soul as white as snow,

But who shall answer for thy death? This  
know,

An innocent to die, what is it less

But to add angels to heaven's happiness?

The guilty dying do applaud the law,

But when the innocent creature stoops his neck

To an unjust doom, upon the judge they check

Lives are, like souls, requir'd of their neglectors,

Then ours of you that should be our protectors

*Win.* Rail not against the law

*Guild.* No, God forbid!

My Lord of Winchester is made of law,

And should I rail against it, 'twere gainst you

If I forget not, you rejoic'd to see

The fall of Cromwell joy you now at me?

Of dying men are fill'd with prophecies,

But I'll not be a prophet of your ill--

Yet know, my lords, they that behold us now

May to the axe of justice one day bow,

And in that plot of ground, where we must die,

Sprinkle their bloods, though I know no cause  
why

*Norfolk* Speak you to me, Lord Guildford?

*Guild.* Norfolk, no

I speak to--

*Norfolk* To whom?

*Guild.* Alas I do not know--

Which of us two dies first?

*Win.* The better part

*Guild.* O, rather kill the worst!

*Jane.* 'Tis I, sweet love, that first must kiss the  
block

*Guild.* I am a man, men better brook the  
shock

Of threatening death your sex are ever weak,  
The thoughts of death a woman's heart will break.

*Jane.* But I am arm'd to die

*Guild.* Likelier to live,

\* Wyatt's rising up] The quarto of 1612 'Wyatt's up

\* 22] The old copies 'It is'

Death to the unwilling doth his presence give  
He dares not look the bold man in the face,  
But on the fearful lays his killing mace

*Win.* It is the pleasure of the queen  
That the Lady Jane must first suffer death

*Jane* I thank her highness,  
That I shall first depart this hapless world,  
And not survive to see my dear love dead

*Guild* She dying first, I three times lose my  
head

*Enter the Headsman and Ladies.*

*Heads* Forgive me, lady, I pray, your death

*Guild* Hal hast thou the heart to kill a succ  
so fair?

*Ilia* It is her head-man

*Guild* And demands a pardon  
Only of her for taking off her head?

*Jane* Ay, gentle Guildford, and I pardon him

*Guild* But I'll not pardon him: thou art my  
wife,

And he shall ask me pardon for thy life

*Heads* Pardon me, my lord

*Guild* Rise, do not kneel,

Though thou submittest, thou hast clowering steel,  
Whose fatal declination brings our death

Good man of earth, make haste to make us earth

*Heads* Pleaseth the Lady Jane, I'll help her off  
With her night gown

*Jane* Thanks, gentle friend, but I

Have other waiting women to attend me

Good Mistress Ellen, lend me a helping hand

To strip me of these worldly ornaments

Off with these robes, O, tear them from my side!

Such silken covers are the gilt of pride

Instead of gowns, my coverture be earth,

My worldly death a new celestial birth! —

What, is it off?

*First Lady* Madam, almost

*Jane* Not yet! O God,

How hardly can we shake off this world's pomp,

That cleaves unto us like our body's skin!

Yet thus, O God, shake off thy servant's sin!

*First Lady* Here is a scarf to blind your eyes

*Jane* From all the world but from my Guild  
ford's sight

Before I fasten this beneath my brow,

\* *Good Mistress Ellen* &c.] "Then kneeling down, she said the name of Misericorde our Deus, in English, and then stood up and gave him mind (called *misericorde Ellen*) her gloves and handkercher, &c. Holinshed's *Chron* vol. iv. 22, ed. 1809

† *there*] The old copies "thus"

‡ *a new celestial birth*] The old copies "or new Celestiall breath."

Let me behold him with a constant look

*Guild* O, do not kill me with that piteous eye!

*Jane* 'Tis my last farewell, take it patiently

My dearest Guildford, let us kiss and part —

Now blind mine eyes never to see the sky

Blindfold thus lead me to the block to die

*[Exit with Headsman and Ladies]*

*Guild* O!

*[Falls in a trance]*

*Norfolk* How fares my lord?

*Arundel* He's fallen into a trance

*Norfolk* Wake him not until he wake himself —

O happy Guildford, if thou die in this,

Thy soul will be the first in heavenly bliss!

*Ilia* Here comes the headsman with the head  
of Jane

*Re-enter Headsman with Jane's head*

*Guild* Who spake of Jane? who nam'd my  
lovely Jane?

*Ilia* Behold her head

*Guild* O, I shall faint again!

Yet let me bear this sight unto my grave,

My sweet Jane's head —

Look, Norfolk, Arundel, Winchester,

Do malefactors look thus when they die, —

A ruddy lip, a clear reflecting eye,

Cheeks purer than the maiden orient pearl,

That sprinkle bashfulness through the clouds!

Her innocence has given her this look

'Tis like for me to show so well, being dead,

How willingly would Guildford lose his head!

*Ilia* My lord, the time runs on

*Guild* So does our death

Here's one has run so fast, slides out of breath

But the time goes on, and my fair Jane's white  
soul

Will be in heaven before me, if I do stay

Stay, gentle wife, thy Guildford follows thee

Though on the earth we part by adverse fate,

Our souls shall knock together at heaven's gate

The sky is calm, our deaths have a fair day,

And we shall pass the smoother on our way

My lords, farewell, ay, once farewell to all

The fathers' pride has caus'd the children's fall

*[Exit GUILDFORD to death.]*

\* *That sprinkle, &c.*] Corrupted, of course (The old copies have "That sprinkles, &c.")

† *Dunley*, as every reader of history knows, was put to death before his wife.

Warner, in describing the end of this unhappy pair adheres more closely to fact —

"Come was the day, the tragick day, wherein they both should die,

When either, passing to their end each other did espie,

Shoe in her lodging waiting death prepared her that day

And he in being led thereto, her lodging in his way

Nor/ Thus have we seen her highness' will  
perform'd  
And now their heads and bodies shall be join'd  
And buried in one grave, as fits their loves

Ascending and descending signes then fly and fill  
uprice,  
And each bewones the other more than murther their  
private eye  
Their eyes, that looked long ere while, now looke their  
last adieu,  
And staine their faces, faultles ere this dismal enter  
view,  
Their cares, erst helming ioyes, are deafe, unless to  
signes profound  
Their tongues erst talking ioyes, these looks and sighes  
did now confound  
What part soeuer of them had felt or tasted ioyes ere  
this,  
Wearo senecles now of any ioy, saue hope of heavenly  
blis

Thus much I'll say in their behalfe now dead,  
Their fathers' pride their lives hath severed

[Exeunt

Whilst either thus for earthly pompe no longer time  
did looke,  
He passeth to the fatall blocke, she prying on her  
booke  
Whence (having made a godly end) he was returned  
whilst shee  
Prepared for like, and of her lord the senecles tronke  
did see,  
A sight more deathful than her death that should  
escort him stricke,  
And for the which her feareles eyes did euerie moment  
waite  
She vnabashed, mounting now the skaffold, there  
attends  
The fatall stroke, and vnto God her better parte com  
mends,  
And as she ha'd a vertuous life so vertuously shee dyde "  
*Albion's Ioyfull*, p. 196, ed. 1612

WESTWARD HO.

*Be'tward Ho* As it hath been divers times Acted by the Children of Pauls. Written by Tho. Dekker, and John Webster. Printed at London, and to be sold by Iohn Hodgkins dwelling in Pauls Churchyard 1607 4to

I have met with one copy of this comedy which differs slightly in some passages from the copy I possess. See the prefatory matter to *The Wids Dead*, p. -

The title of *Be'tward Ho* that of the play which comes next in the present collection *Southward Ho* as well as that of the comedy by Chapman, Jonson and Marston, *Eastward Ho*, appear to have been derived from the exclamations of the watermen who phod on the Thames

"[Make a noise, *Be'tward Ho*!]

*Queen Eleanor* Wommin what noise is this I hear?

*Katherina* Bye. An like your grace, it is the adorne of the call for passengers to our lord now

Peele's *Edmund's Tale* — Works vol. i. p. 181. m. c. l.

Chapman,

"Here lies your way, due west

Then *be'tward Ho*!"

Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*, act iii. sc. 1

"A stranger" the better welcome comes *Be'tward, Be'tward, Be'tward Ho*!"

Day's *Isle of Gulls* 1600. Sig. A. 2

"Yea? and will you to the southw'ndy futh? will you to the coynnes of Italy in y gallants? Take heed how yee goe Northwards, tis a dangerous coast, just yet with it in winter, therefore goe Southwards my gallants, Southwards ho!"

Sharpham's *Floure* 1611, Sig. D. 4.

*Be'tward Ho* was printed in 1605 — the Prologue to it shows that *Be'tward Ho* was then on the stage,

Not out of envy for that's no effect  
Where there's no cause, nor out of imitation,  
For we have evermore been imitated,  
Nor out of our contention to doe better  
Than that which is opposite to ours in title,  
For that was good, and better cannot be  
And for the title, if it seeme affected,  
We might as well have calld it, *God you about even*  
Only that *Eastward* — *Westward* still exceeds,  
Honour the summer time ring — not *be'tward Ho*!" &c

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LADY  
 JONISTANO  
 HONEYUCKLE  
 TENTERHOOK  
 WAFFR  
 MONOTONY  
 SIR GOSLINE CLOWWORM  
 TINSBROOK  
 WHITFIELD  
 AMBUSH  
 CLETON  
 SCRIVENER  
 CRISLER  
 TULLOR  
 HONESTY  
 PRITCHARD  
 CHAMBERLAIN  
 BOY-SERVANTS, THIEVES

MISTRESS JUSTINIANO  
 MISTRESS HONEYUCKLE \*  
 MISTRESS TENTERHOOK \*  
 MISTRESS WAFFR \*  
 MISTRESS HUGGINS  
 LUCY  
 CHITTYAN

\* *Mistress Honeyuckle* } In the old copy (which has no list of dramatic personæ) the Christian names of these  
*Mistress Tenterhook* } ladies are generally prefixed to their respective speeches—*Justin* to Mistress Justiniano,  
*Mistress Waffer* } *Moll* or *Clare* to Mistress Tenterhook, and *Mabel* to Mistress Waffer's.  
 When our poets make Mistress Tenterhook be addressed 'sweet *Clare*,' in the latter part of the play, they must  
 have forgotten that she had been termed 'little *Moll*' in an earlier scene. The name of Mistress Justiniano is  
*Moll*.





# WESTWARD HO.

## ACT I

### SCENE I \*

*Enter MISTRESS BUDHME and TAILOR*

*Bud* Stay, tailor, this is the house—pay thee look the gown be not ruffled, is for the jewels and precious stones I know where to find them ready presently. She that must wear this gown if she will receive it, is Master Justiniano's wife, the Italian merchant—my good old lord and master that hath been a tailor this twenty year, hath sent it. Now tailor, you are a kind of bird—Tailor, if this gentlewoman's husband should chance to be in the way now, you shall tell him that I keep a hot house † in Gunpowder alley, near Crutched Friars—and that I have brought home his wife's bird linen, and, to colour my knavery the better, I have here three or four kinds of complexion, which I will make show of to sell unto her—the young gentlewoman hath a good city wit, I can tell you, she hath read *The Italian Courtier* ‡ that it is a special ornament to gentlewomen to have skill in painting.

*Tailor* Is my lord acquainted with her?

*Bud* O, ay.

*Tailor* Faith, Mistress Budhme, I do not commend my lord's choice so well—now, methinks he were better to set up a dairy, and to keep

half a score of lusty, wholesome, honest, country wenches.

*Bud* Honest country wenches? in what hundred shall a man find two of that simple virtue?

*Tailor* O! to love some lady, there were equality and coherence.

*Bud* Tailor, you talk like an ass—I tell thee there is equality enough between a lady and a city dame, if there can be but of a colour. Name you any one thing that your citizen's wife comes short of to your lady—they have as pure linen as choice painting, love greengeams in June, mulled and tait in the fall and woodcock in winter. Your citizen's wife learns nothing, but fopperies of your lady, but your lady in past coo' peccadilloes comes high wit from the city,—namely, to receive all and pay all, to awe the husbands, to check their husbands, to control their husbands, nay, they have the trick out to be sick for a new gown, or a carcanet,\* or a diamond, or so, and I wis† this is better wit than to learn how to wear a Scotch futtingale, nay, more,—Here comes one of the servants—you remember, tailor, that I am deaf, observe that.

*Tailor* Ay, thou art in that like one of our young gulls, that will not understand any wrong is done him, because he dares not answer it.

*Enter PRENTICE*

*Bud* By your leave, bachelor, is the gentlewoman, your mistress, stirring?

*Prent* Yes, she is moving.

*Bud* What says he?

*Tailor* She is up.

\* *Scene I*] London. A street before the house of Justiniano.

† *Keep a hot house* &c.] A hot house meant properly a bagnio, but it also meant a brothel—for brothels were often kept under the pretence of their being hot houses.—"He, sir, a tapster, sir, parcel bird, one that serves a bird woman, whose house, sir, was, as they say, plucked down in the suburbs, and now she professes a hot house, which, I think, is a very ill house too." Shakespeare's *Measure for Measure*, act ii. sc. i.

‡ *The Italian Courtier*] Thomas Hoby's translation of Castiglione's famous *Courtier* appeared in 4to in 1561.

\* carcanet] i.e., necklace.

† *wis*] Some copies of the old ed. 'wist'

*Bird* Where's the gentleman, your master, pray you?

*Preu* Where many women desire to have their husbands,—abroad

*Bird* I am very thick of hearing

*Preu* Why, abroad —[*aside*] you smell of the bawd

*Bird* I pray you, tell her here's an old gentleman would speak with her

*Preu* So [Exit

*Tailor* What, will you be deaf to the gentleman when she comes too?

*Bird* O, no, she's acquainted well enough with my knavery —She comes

*Enter MISTRESS JUSTINIANO*

How do you, sweet lady?

*Mist Just* Lady!

*Bird* By God's me, I hope to call you lady ere you die. What, mistress, do you sleep well on nights?

*Mist Just* Sleep! ay, as quietly as a client having great business with lawyers

*Bird* Come, I am come to you about the old suit my good lord and master hath sent you a velvet gown here do you like the colour? three-pile, a pretty fantished trimming! I would God you would say it, by my troth I dreamed last night you looked so prettily, so sweetly, methought so like the wisest lady of them all, in a velvet gown

*Mist Just* What's the forepart?

*Bird* A very pretty stuff I know not the name of your forepart, but 'tis of a hain colour

*Mist Just* That it was my hind fortune, being so well brought up, having so great a portion to my marriage, to match so unluckily! Why, my husband and his whole credit is not worth my apparel well, I shall undergo a strange report in leaving my husband

*Bird* Tush, if you respect your credit, never think of that, for beauty covets rich apparel, choice diet, excellent physick. No German clock,\* not mathematical engine whatsoever, requies so much reparation as a woman's face, and what means hath your husband to allow sweet Doctor Glisterpipe his pen on? I have heard that you have three-score smocks that cost three pounds a smock will these smocks ever hold out with

\* No German clock &c.] Some copies of the old ed "No" —See the notes of the commentators on—

"A woman, that is like a German clock, still a repairing"

Shakespeare's *Love's Labour's Lost*, act iii sc 1

your husband? no, your linen and your apparel must turn over a new leaf, I can tell you.

*Tailor [aside]* O admirable bawd! O excellent Birdlime!

*Bird* I have heard he loved you, before you were married, entirely what of that? I have ever found it most true in mine own experience, that they which are most violent dotards before their marriage are most voluntary cuckolds after. Many are honest, either because they have not wit,\* or because they have not opportunity, to be dishonest, and this Italian, your husband's countryman, holds it impossible any of their ladies should be excellent witty, and not make the uttermost use of their beauty will you be a fool, then?

*Mist Just* Thou dost persuade me to all very well

*Bird* You are nice and peevish † how long will you hold out, thank you? not so long as Ostend ‡

*Enter JUSTINIANO*

Pardon of me, your husband! Remember that I am deaf, and that I come to sell you complexion—truly, mistress, I will deal very reasonably with you

*Just* What are you, say ye?

*Bird* Ay, forsooth

*Just* What, my most happy wife?

*Mist Just* Why, your jealousy

*Just* Jealousy! in fith, I do not fear to lose That I have lost already—What are you?

*Bird* Please your good worship, I am a poor gentlewoman that cast away myself upon an unthrifty captain that lives now in Ireland I am fain to pick out a poor living with selling complexion, to keep the frailty, as they say, honest

*Just* What's he? §—Complexion too! you are a bawd

*Bird* I thank your good worship for it

*Just* Do not I know these tricks?

That which thou mak'st a colour for thy sin Hath been thy first undoing,—painting, painting

*Bird* I have of all sorts, forsooth here is the

\* wit] Some copies of the old ed "wit", other copies "means" (Compare what follows)

† nice and peevish] i.e. scrupulous and foolish

‡ not so long as Ostend] After a siege of three years and ten weeks this place surrendered to the Marquis of Spain on the twelfth of September, 1604. In the same year appeared at London *A True Historie of the Memorable Siege of Ostend and what passed on either side from the beginning of the Siege unto the yielding up of the Town* &c. Translated out of French into English By Edward Blount

§ he] If right, means the Tailor but by "hero"

burned powder of a hog's jaw-bone, to be laid with the oil of white poppy, an excellent focus to kill morpew, weed out ficklees, and a most excellent groundwork for painting, here is gnimony likewise burned and pulverized, to be mingled with the juice of lemons, sublimate mercury, and two spoonfuls of the flowers of brimstone, a most excellent receipt to cure the flushing in the face

*Just* Do you hear, if you have any business to despatch with that deaf goodness there, pray you, take leave—opportunity, that which most of you long for (though you never be with child), opportunity I'll find some idle business in the mean time, I will, I will, in truth, you shall not need fear me or you may speak French, most of your kinds can understand French God b'w'you!

Being certain thou art false, sleep, sleep, my brain,

For doubt was only that which fed my pain

[*Exit*]

*Must Just* You see what a hell I live in I am resolved to leave him

*Bird* O the most fortunate gentlewoman, that will be so wise, and so, so provident! the caroches shall come

*Must Just* At what hour?

*Bird* Just when women and vintners are conjuring, at midnight O the entertainment my lord will make you,—sweet wines, lusty diet, perfumed linen, soft beds! O most fortunate gentlewoman!

[*Leant BIRDIE and Tailor*]

*Re enter JACINTANO*

*Just* Have you done? have you despatched? 'twas well and, in truth, what was the motion?

*Must Just* Motion! what motion?

*Just* Motion! why, like the motion in law that stays for a day of hearing, yours for a night of hearing Come, let's not have April in your eyes, I pray you it shows a wint'ron month follows you weeping Love a woman for her tears! Let a man love oysters for their water for women, though they should weep liquor enough to scive a dyer or a brewer, yet they may be as stale as wenches that travel every second tide between Gravesend and Billingsgate

*Must Just* This madness shows very well

*Just* Why, look you, I am wondrous merry can any man discern by my face that I am a cuckold? I have known many suspected for men of this misfortune, when they have walked

thorough the streets, wear their hats o'er their eyebrows, like politic penthouses,\* which commonly make the shop of a mercer or a linen-draper as dark as a room in Bedlam, his cloak shrouding his face, as if he were a Neopolitan that had lost his beard in April, and if he walk through the street, or any other narrow road (as 'tis rare to meet a cuckold), he ducks at the penthouses, like an ancient† that dares not flourish at the oath-taking of the prior‡ for fear of the sign posts Wife, wife, do I any of these? Come, what news from his lordship? has not his lordship's virtue once gone against the hum, and coveted coyness?

*Must Just* Sir, by my soul, I will be plain with you

*Just* Except the forehead, dear wife, except the forehead

*Must Just* The gentleman you spake of hath often solicited my love, and hath received from me most chaste denials

*Just* Ay, ay, provoking resistance 'tis as if you come to buy wares in the city, bid money for't, your mercer or goldsmith says, "Truly, I cannot take it," lets his customer pass his stall next, my, perhaps two or three, but if he find he is not prone to return of himself, he calls him back and back, and takes his money so you, my dear wife,—O the policy of women and tradesmen! they'll bite at any thing

*Must Just* What would you have me do? all your plate, and most part of your jewels, are at pawn, besides, I hear you have made over all your estate to men in the town here What would you have me do? would you have me turn common sinner, or sell my apparel to my wretched coat, and become a laundress?

*Just* No laundress, dear wife, though your credit would go far with gentlemen for taking up of linen, no laundress

*Must Just* Come, come, I will speak as my

\* like politic penthouses, &c | Our old writers have frequent allusions to the regularity of tradesmen in making their shops, that customers might be unable to detect the badness of their goods So Brome, 'What should the city do with honesty?' Why we your wares gummied, your shops dark, &c The City Wit, act 1 sc 1 And Middleton,

'though your shop wares you vent

With your deceiving lights, &c

Any thing for a quiet life, act 1 sc 2,—Brome, iv 412, col 1350

† ancient | i.e. flag, standard (So afterwards, act 1 sc 1, "I'm as lumber as an ancient that was flourished in the run," &c)

‡ the prior | i.e. the Lord Mayor

misfortune prompts me Jealousy hath undone many a citizen, it hath undone you and me You married me from the service of an honourable lady, and you knew what matches I might have had What would you have me to do? I would I had never seen your eyes, your eyes

*Just* Very good, very good

*Must Just* Your prodigality, your dicing, your riding abroad, your consorting yourself with noblemen your building a summer house, hath undone us, hath undone us What would you have me do?

*Just* Any thing I have sold my house and the wares in it, I am going for Stole\* next tide what will you do now, wife?

*Must Just* Have you indeed?

*Just* Ay, by this light, all's one I have done as some citizens at thirty, and most heirs at three and twenty, made all away Why do you not ask me now what you shall do?

*Must Just* I have no counsel in your voyage, neither shall you have my mine

*Just* This bondslavery—will you not, wife?

*Must Just* I even whether my misfortune leads me

*Just* Go, no longer will I make my cure thy prison

*Must Just* O my fate! Well, sir, you shall answer for this sin which you force me to I am, you will let not the world condemn me, if I seek for mine own maintenance

*Just* So, so

*Must Just* Do not send me my letters—do not seek my recommendation by this light, I'll receive none if you will send me my apparel, so, if not, choose I hope we shall meet more

*[Exit]*

*Just* So, farewell the acquaintance of all the mad devils that haunt jealousy! Why should a man be such an ass to play the mite for his wife's appetite? Imagine that I, or any other gentleman, have on a velvet night cap and put case that this night cap be too little for my ears or forehead, can my man tell me where my night-cap wrongs me, except I be such an ass to proclaim it? Well, I do play the fool with my misfortune very handsomely I am glad that I am certain of my wife's dishonesty, for a secret stamper is like mines prepared to run goodly buildings F farewell my care! I have told my wife I am

going for Stole that's not my course, for I resolve to take some shape upon me, and to live disguised here in the city They say, for one enfold to know that his friend is in the like head ache, and to give him counsel, is as if there were two partners, the one to be arrested, the other to bail him My estate is made over to my friends, that do verily believe I mean to leave England Have amongst you, city dames! you that are indeed the fittest and most proper persons for a comedy nor let the world lay any imputation upon my disguise, for court, city, and country, are merely as masks one to the other, envied of some, laughed at of others and so, to my comical business *[Exit]*

#### SCENE II\*

*[Enter Tenterhook, Merchant, Tenterhook, Merchant, a Servant, and a Watchman]*

*Ten* Moll,—

*Must Ten* What would, heart?

*Ten* Where's my cashier? are the sums right? are the bonds sealed?

*Cash* Yes, sir

*Ten* Will you have the bags sealed?

*Mon* O no, sir, I must disburse instantly, as that be counters have more places to send money to than the devil hath to send his spirits There's a great deal of light gold

*Ten* O, sir, twill wait in pay in you will stay till to-morrow, you shall have it If it be new sovereigns

*Mon* No, in troth tis no matter, twill wait in pay Let me see the bond, let me see when this money is to be paid *[Looks at the bond]* the tenth of August, the first day that I must tender this money, is the first of dog days

*Serv* I fear 'twill be hot staying for you in London then

*Ten* Servicer, take home the bond with you *[Exit Servicer]*

Will you stay to dinner, sir?—Have you any partridge, Moll?

*Must Ten* No, in troth, heart, but in excellent pickled goose, a new service—Pray you, stay

*Mon* Sooth, I cannot—By this light, I am so infinitely, so unboundably beholdng to you!

*Ten* Well, signior, I'll leave you—My cloak, there!

*Must Ten* When will you come home, heart?

\* I am going for Stole next tide] By Stole I suppose, we are to understand Stale—Here the spelling of the old ad is Stole, but in act in sc 3, it has "Stole"

\* Scene II] The same A room in the house of Tenterhook

*Ten* In troth, self, I know not, a friend of yours and mine hath broke

*Mist Ten* Who, sir?

• *Ten*. Muster Justiniano, the Italian

*Mist Ten* Broke, sir?

*Ten* Yea, sooth I was offered forty yesterday upon the Exchange, to assure a hundred

*Mist Ten* By my troth, I am sorry

*Ten* And his wife is gone to the party

*Mist Ten* Gone to the party? O wicked creature!

*Ten* Farewell, good Master Monopoly I prithee, visit me often [Exit]

*Mon* Little Moll, send away the fellow

*Mist Ten*. Philip, Philip,—

*Cash* Here, forsooth

*Mist Ten* Go into Bucklersbury,\* and fetch me two ounces of preserved melons look there be no tobacco taken in the shop when he weighs it

*Cash* Ay, forsooth [Exit]

*Mon* What do you eat preserved melons for, Moll?

*Mist Ten* In troth, for the shaking of the heart I have here sometime such a shaking, and downwards such a kind of earthquake, as it were

*Mon* Do you hear, let your man carry home my money to the ordinary, and lay it in my chamber but let him not tell my host that it is money I owe him but forty pound, and the rogue is hasty, he will follow me when he thinks I have money, and give into me as crows perch upon carrion, and when he hath found it out, give upon me as heralds do upon funerals

*Mist Ten* Come, come, you owe much money in town when you have forfeited your bond, I shall never see you more

*Mon* You are a monkey I'll pay him tomorrow I'll see you to-morrow too

*Mist Ten* By my troth, I love you very honestly, you were never the gentleman offered any civility to me, which is strange methinks, in one that comes from beyond seas would I had given a thousand pound, I could not love thee so!

*Mon* Do you hear, you shall sign some scurvy discharge or other, and go to the Bath next spring I'll meet you there

[Enter MISTRESS HONEYSUCKLE and MISTRESS WAFER]

*Mist Honey* By your leave, sweet Mistress Tenterhook

\* Bucklersbury] In our author's time, was chiefly occupied by druggists

*Mist Ten* O, how dost, partner?

*Mon* Gentlewomen, I stayed for a most happy wind, and now the breath from your sweet, sweet lips should set me going Good Mistress Honey suckle, good Mistress Wafer, good Mistress Tenterhook, I will pray for you, that neither rivalship in loves, pureness of painting, or riding out of town, nor acquainting each other with it, be a cause your sweet beauties do fall out, and run one upon another

*Mist Wafer* Hail, sir! we do not use to rail

*Mon* Why, mistress, railing is your mother tongue, as well as lying

*Mist Honey* But do you think we can fall out?

*Mon* In troth, beauties, as one spoke seriously that there was no inheritance in the amity of princes, so think I of women, too often interviews amongst women, as amongst princes, breed envy oft to other's fortune there is only in the amity of women an estate for wile, and every penny knows that is no certain inheritance

*Mist Wafer* You no more, sir

*Mon* So my I leave you, most fortunate gentlewoman! [Exit]

*Mist Ten* [aside] Love shoots here

*Mist Wafer* Tenterhook, what gentleman is that gone out? is he a man?

*Mist Honey* O God, and an excellent trumpeter He came lately from the university, and loves city dames only for their victuals He hath an excellent trick to keep lobsters and crabs sweet in summer, and calls it a device to prolong the days of shell fish, for which I do suspect he hath been clerk to some nobleman's kitchen I have heard he never loves any wench till she be as stale as branchmen eat their wild fowl — [aside] I shall anger her

*Mist Ten* How stale, good Mistress Numb-wit?

*Mist Honey* Why, as stale as a country hostess, in exchange sempster, or a court laundress

*Mist Ten* He is your cousin how your tongue runs?

*Mist Honey* Talk and make a noise, no matter to what purpose, I have heard that with going to puritan lectures I was yesterday at a banquet will you discharge my riffs of some wafer? — And how doth thy husband, Wafer?

*Mist Wafer* Faith, very well

*Mist Honey* He is just like a torchbearer to maskers, he wears good clothes, and is mixed in good company, but he doth nothing thou art fain to take all and pay all

*Mist Ten* The more happy she would I could

make such an ass of my husband too!—I hear say he breeds thy child in his teeth, every year

*Mist Wafer* In faith, he doth

*Mist Honey* By my troth, 'tis pity but the fool should have the other two pains incident to the head

*Mist Wafer* What are they?

*Mist Honey* Why, the head-ache and horn-ache I heard say that he would have had thee nursed thy child thyself too

*Mist Wafer* That he would, truly

*Mist Honey* Why, there's the policy of husbands to keep their wives in I do assure you, if a woman of any markable face in the world give her child suck, look, how many wrinkles be in the nipple of her breast, so many will be in her forehead by that time twelvemonth But, sirrah,\* we are come to acquaint thee with an excellent secret, we two learn to write

*Mist Ten* To write!

*Mist Honey* Yes, believe it, and we have the finest schoolmaster, a kind of precisian, and yet an honest knave too By my troth, if thou beest a good wench, let him teach thee thou mayst send him of any errand, and trust him with any secret, nay, to see how demurely he will bear himself before our husbands, and how pious when their backs are turned!

*Mist Ten* For God's love, let me see him

*Mist Wafer* To-morrow we'll send him to thee till then, sweet Tenterhook, we have thee, wishing thou mayst have the fortune to change thy name often

*Mist Ten* How! change my name?

*Mist Wafer* Ay, for thieves and widows love to shift many names, and make sweet use of it too

*Mist Ten* O, you are a wag, indeed! Good Wafer, remember my schoolmaster—Farewell, good Honey-suckle

*Mist Honey* Farewell, Tenterhook [*Exit*]

## ACT II

### SCENE I†

*Enter BONIFACE, a carpenter, brushing his master's clock and cap, and Honey-suckle in his night cap, dressing her self.*

*Honey* Boniface, make an end of my cloak and cap

*Bon* I have despatched 'em, sir, both of them he sits at your mercy

*Honey* 'Fore God, methinks my joints are numbler every morning since I came over than they were before In France, when I rise,‡ I was so stiff and so stuck, I would ha' sworn my

\* *sirrah*! "*Sirrah* has go."

Shakespeare's  *Antony and Cleopatra*, act v. sc. 2

† *Julia* Why, he tell thee, *sirrah*

*Domestic* No *sirrah* you shannot tell me

*The Two Merry Wives of Windsor* 1620 sig. B4

And in *The Wit of a Woman*, 1604, Errata says to Gualtero "But hark, *sirrah*, tell me one thing, if it fall out," &c. sig. B

A female was sometimes addressed "*sirrah*," long after our author's days in Fletcher's *Man of Mode*, or *Sir Fopling Flutter*, 1676, old Buller says to Harriett, "Adod, *sirrah* I like thy wit well" Act II. sc. 1

In the north of Scotland I have frequently heard persons in the lower ranks of life use the word "*Sirra*," when speaking to two or three women

† *See I*] London A room in the house of Honey-suckle; *transposing herself*] i.e. tying the tagged laces which fastened the breeches to the doublet.

‡ *See*] Or *ma*, was formerly often used for *rose*

legs had been wooden pegs, a constable new chosen kept not such a peripatetical gait, but now I'm as lumber as an ancient\* that has flourished in the rain, and as active as a Norfolk tumbler

*Bon* You may see what change of pasture is able to do

*Honey* It makes fat calves in Romney-Marsh, and lean knives in London therefore, Boniface, keep your ground! God's my pity, my forehead has more crumples than the back part of a counsellor's gown, when another rides upon his neck at the bus Boniface, take my helmet give your mistress my night cap! Are my antlers swollen so big, that my biggen pinches my brows? So, request her to make my head piece a little wider

*Bon* How much wider, sir?

*Honey* I can allow her almost an inch go, tell her so, very near an inch

*Bon.* [*aside*] If she be a right citizen's wife, now her husband has given her an inch, she'll take an ell, or a yard at least [*Exit*]

*Enter JUSTINIANO like a writing mechanical poetist*

*Honey* Master Parenthesis! *salve, salve, domine*

\* *ancient*] See note †, p. 211

*Just* *Salve tu quoque, jubete salvere plurimum.*

*Honey* No more *plurimums*, if you love mo Latin whole meats mo now minced, and served in for English gallin wifies, let us, therefore, cut out our uplandish meats' tongues, and talk like regenerate Britons

*Just* Your worship is welcome to England. I poured out orisons for your arrival

*Honey* Thanks, good Master Parenthesis, and *que nouvelles?* what news flutters abroad? do juckdaws dung the top of Paul's steeple at all?

*Just* The more is the pity, if my daws do come into the temple as I fear they do

*Honey* They say Charing cross is fallen down since I went to Rochelle, but that's no such wonder, 'twas old, and stood awry, as most part of the world can tell, and though it liek under propping, yet, like great fellows at a wrestling, when their heels are once flying up, no man will save em, down they fall, and there let them lie, though they were bigger than the great Charing cross, was old, and old things must shrink, as well as new northern cloth

*Just* Your worship is in the right way, verily, they must so, but a number of better than between Westminster bridge and Temple bar, both of a worshipful and honourable erection, are fallen to decay, and have suffered patriotic faction, since Charing fell, that were not of half so long standing as the poor way-necked monument

*Honey* Who's within there? One of you call up your mistress, tell her here's her writing schoolmaster—I had not thought, Master Parenthesis, you had been such an early stirrer

*Just* Sir, your vulgar and tompenny penmen, that, like your London sempsters, keep open shop and sell learning by retail, may keep their beds and lie at their pleasure, but we, that edify in private and traffic by wholesale, must be up with the lark, because, like country attorneys, we are to shuffle up many matters in a forenoon. Certes, Master Honeysuckle, I would sing *Laus Deo*, so I may but please all those that come under my fingers, for it is my duty and function, perdy, to be fervent in my vocation

*Honey* Your nand. I am glad our city has so good, so necessary, and so laborious a member in it, we lack painful and expert penmen amongst us. Master Parenthesis, you teach many of our merchants, sir, do you not?

*Just* Both wives, maids, and daughters, and I thank God the very worst of them lie by very good men's sides. I pick out a poor living amongst 'em, and I am thankful for it

*Honey* Trust me, I am not sorry how long have you exercised this quality?

*Just* Come Michael tide next, this thirteen year

*Honey* And how does my wife profit under you, sir? hope you to do any good upon her?

*Just* Master Honeysuckle, I am in great hope she shall finetify. I will do my best, for my part, I can do no more than another man can

*Honey* Pray, sir, ply her, for she is capable of any thing

*Just* So far as my poor talent can stretch, it shall not be hidden from her

*Honey* Does she hold her pen well yet?

*Just* She learns somewhat too hard upon her pen yet, sir, but practice and ammadver-nion will break her from that

*Honey* Then she grubs her pen?

*Just* Its but my pains to mend the neb agnau

*Honey* And whereabouts is she now, Master Parenthesis? She was talking of you this morning, and commending you in her bed, and told me she was past her letters

*Just* Truly, sir, she took her letters very suddenly, and is now in her mums

*Honey* I would she were in her crotchets too, Master Parenthesis, ha, ha! I must talk merrily, sir

*Just* Sir, so long as your muth be void of all squirrility,\* 'tis not unfit for you calling. I trust, ere few days be at an end, to have her fall to her joining, for she has her letters *ad unguem*, her A, her great B, and her great C, very right, D and E delicate, her double F of a good length, but that it straddles a little too wide, at the G very cunning

*Honey* Her H is full, like mine, a goodly big H

*Just* But her double L is well, her O of a reasonable size, at her P and Q neither merchant's daughter, alderman's wife, young country gentle won in, nor courtier's mistress, can match her

*Honey* And how her U?

*Just* U, sir! she fetches up U best of all, her single U she can fashion two or three ways, but her double U is as I would wish it

*Honey* And, faith, who takes it faster,—my wife or Mistress Tenterhook?

*Just* O, your wife, by odds, she'll take more in one hour than I can fisten either upon Mistress Tenterhook, or Mistress Wafer, or Mistress Flapdragon the brewer's wife, in three

\* *squirrility*] A corrupt form of *scrupulosity* sometimes found in old writers



Enter MISTRESS HONEYSUCKLE

*Honey* Do not thy cheeks burn, sweet chuckaby, for we are talking of thee?

*Must Honey* No, goodness, I warrant you have few citizens speak well of their wives behind their backs, but to their faces they'll cog worse and be more suppliant than clients that sue in *forma pauper*\*—How does my master's troth, I am a very tyrant have you your ruler about you, master? for, look you, I go clean awry

[Shows copy book]

*Just* A small fault, most of my scholars do so—Look you, sir, do not you think your wife will mend? mark her dashes, and her strokes, and her breakings, and her bendings

*Honey* She knows what I have promised her, if she do mend—Nay, by my fay, Jude, this is well, if you would not fly out thus, but keep your line

*Must Honey* I shall in time, when my hand is in—I have you a new pen for me, master? for, by my tru'ty, my old one is stark nought, and will cast no ink—Whither are you going, lamb?

*Honey* To the Custom house, to the 'Change, to my warehouse, to divers places

*Must Honey* Good Cole, tarry not past eleven, for you turn my stomach then from my dinner

*Honey* I will make more haste home than a stipendiary Switzer does after he's paid—Fare you well, Master Parenthesis

*Must Honey* I am so troubled with the rheum too! Mouse, what's good for t?

*Honey* How often have I told you you must get a patch!† I must hence [Exit]

*Must Honey* I think, when all's done, I must follow his counsel, and take a patch, I[d] have had one long ere this, but for disfiguring my face yet I had noted that a mastic patch upon some women's temples hath been the very rheum of beauty

\* *forma pauper*] Our early dramaists have a pleasure in making their characters miscell terms of law—so Rowley, "I, by my troth, he is now but a Knight under *Forma Pauper*." When you see nice you know race, 1612 Sig. 43 † you must get a patch] "I ven as blake patches are worne, some for pride, some to stay the Rheume, and some to hide the scall," &c. *Jacke Drums Entertainment*, 1616, sig. I 2

For when they did but happen for to see  
Those that with Rheume a little troubled be  
Wore on their faces a round mastic patch,  
Their fondness I perceiv'd sometime to catch  
Thit for a Fashion "

Withers *Abuses Stript and Whipt*, B ii Sat I, p 171, ed 1615

† all s] Some copies of the old ed "all "

§ rheum] A misprint, I be. eve but q3 for what?

*Just* Is he departed? is old Nestor marched into Troy?

*Must Honey* Yes, you mad Greek, the gentleman's gone

*Just* Why, then, clap up copy-books, down with pens, hang up ink horns and now, my sweet Honeysuckle, see what golden winged bee from Hybla flies humming with *crura thymo plena*,\* which he will empty in the hive of your bosom

[Giving letter]

*Must Honey* From whom?

*Just* At the skirt of that sheet, in black work, is wrought his name break not up the wild fowl† till anon, and then feed upon him in private there's other mous r'the fire, more sacks ne coming to the mill O you sweet temptations of the sons of Adam, I commend you, extol you, magnify you! Were I a poet, by Hippocrene I swear (which was a certain well where all the Muses watered), and by Parnassus like I swear, I would rhyme you to death with praises, for that you can be content to lie with old men all night for their money, and walk to your gardens with young men in the daytime for your pleasure O you delicate diminutions! you do but as I would do were I the properest, sweetest, plumpest, cherry checked, coral lipped woman in a kingdom I would not dance after one man's pipe

*Must Honey* And why?

*Just* Especially after an old man's

*Must Honey* And why, pray?

*Just* Especially after an old citizen's

*Must Honey* Still, and why?

*Just* Nay, because the submbs, and those without the bus, have more privilege than they within the freedom What need one woman dote upon one man? or one man be mad, like Orlando, for one woman?

*Must Honey* Troth, 'tis true, considering how much flesh is in every shambles

*Just* Why should I long to eat of bakers bread only, when there's so much sitting, and boiling, and grudging in every corner of the city? Men and women are born, and come running into the world faster than coaches do into Cheapside upon Simon and Jude's day, and are eaten up by death faster than mutton and porridge in a term time Who would pin their hearts to any sleeve? This world is like a mint we are no sooner cast into

\* *crura thymo plena*]

"At festus multa refruent se nocte minores,

*Crura thymo plena*" Virgil *Georg* iv 151

† break not up the wild fowl] To break up was an old term for carving (So in Shakespeare's *Love's Labour's Lost*, act iv sc 1, "Break up this capon," i e Open this letter)

the fire, taken out again, hammered, stamped, and made current, but presently we are changed the new money, like a new drab, is caught at by Dutch, Spanish, Welsh, French, Scotch, and English, but the old cracked King Harry groats are shovelled up, feel bruising and battering, clapping and melting,—they smoke for't

*Mist Honey* The world's an amint naughty pack I see, and is a very scurvy world

*Just* Scurvy! worse than the conscience of a broom man, that carries out new ware and brings home old shoes. A naughty pack! why, there's no minute, no thought of time passes, but some villany or other is a brewing. Why, even now now, at holding up of this finger, and before the turning down of this, some are murdering, some lying with their hands, some picking of pockets, some cutting purses, some cheating, some weighing out bribes, in this city some wives are cuckolding some husbands in yonder village some farmers are now now grinding the jawbones of the poor. Therefore, sweet scholar, sugared Mistress Honey-suckle, take summer before you, and lay hold of it. Why, even now must you and I hatch an egg of mortality.

*Mist Honey* Troth, master, I think thou wilt prove a very knave

*Just* It's the fault of many that fight under this brand

*Mist Honey* I shall love a puritan's face the worse, whilst I live, for that copy of thy countenance

*Just* We are all weather-cocks, and must follow the wind of the present, from the bias

*Mist Honey* Change a bowl, then \*

*Just* I will so, and now for a good cast there's the knight, Sir Goshing Glowworm

*Mist Honey* He's a knight made out of wax †

*Just* He took up silks upon his bond, I confess, nay, more, he's a knight in print but let his knighthood be of what stamp it will, from him come I, to entreat you, and Mistress Wafer and Mistress Tenterhook, being both my scholars, and your honest pew fellows, to meet him this afternoon at the Rhenish wine-house in the Stillard ‡. Captain Whinpool will be there,

\* From the bias

*Mist Honey* Change a bowl then! Here the metaphor is, of course, from the game of bowls

† He's a knight made out of wax! So in Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*, act 1 sc. 3, the Nurse says of Friar, "Why, he's a man of wax"

‡ The Rhenish wine house in the Stillard! "Next to this lane on the East [Cosin Lane, Dowgate Ward] is the black house, or Side yard (as they terme it), a place for

young Linstock, the alderman's son and heir, there too Will you steal forth, and taste of a Dutch bun and a keg of sturgeon!

*Mist Honey* What excuse shall I coin now?

*Just* Phew! excuses! You must to the Pawn to buy lawn, \* to Saint Martin's for lace, to the garden, to the glass-house, to your gossip's, to the poulter's † else take out an old ruff, and go to your sempster's. Excuses! why, they are more ripe than medlars at Christmas

*Mist Honey* I'll come. The hour?

*Just* Two the way through Paul's, every wench take a pillar, there clap on your mask your men will be behind you, and, before your prayers be half done, be before you, and man you out at several doors. You'll be there!

*Mist Honey* If I breathe

*Just* Farewell

[Exit MIST HONEY]

So now must I go set the t'other wenches the self-same copy a rare schoolmaster for all kind

Merchants of Almain, &c. *Stow's Survey of London*, 1608 p. 164

"Stillard is a place in London, where the fraternitie of the Easterling Merchants otherwise the Merchants of the Hanse and Almaine went to have their shade. It is so called Stillard, of a broad place of court wherein Steele was much sought of. Steel yard upon which that house is now founded." *Almshew's Guide into Longue*, 1617

"They [the Hans Lown Merchants] were permitted to sell themselves wine by retail." *Nicholas's London*, vol. 1 p. 48

Compare with the passage in the text,

"Men when they are idle and know not what to do, with me let us go to the stillard and drink! *Almshew's Guide*, &c." *Nicholas's London*, Sup. P. 2, ed. 1. 1.

Who would let a Cit (whose teeth are rotten out with sweet meads his mother brings him from Feshingpanes) breathe upon her varnish for the promise of a dry mead's tongue and a pottle of *Almshew's* of the stillard, when she may command a blade to toss and tumble her!" *Nicholas's London*, 1610, Sup. B.

To this note I now (1857) add on the authority of Mr. P. Cunningham's *Handbook of London*—that the Steel yard, Stillard, or Stillard (in Upper Thames Street, in the ward of Dowgate) appears to have been so called from its being the place where the king's steel yard, or beam, was erected for weighing the tonnage of goods imported into London.—In the present passage the old ad. has 'Stilly ard,' but twice *Almshew's* it has 'Stillard'

\* to the Pawn to buy lawn! So in the curious poetical dialogue 'Les merry when ye sight meet,' 1609, the Wife says,

"In truth (kind cousin) my commin's from the Pawn,

But I protest I lost my linen there.

A Gentleman joynist to give me lawn,

And did not meet me, which he well shall hearo'

Stanza 2nd

The Pawn (*Bahn*, Germ., a path or walk. *Baan*, Dutch, a pathway) was a corridor, which for need a kind of *Barbar*, in the Royal Exchange (Gresham's). See Cunningham's *Handbook of London*

† poulter's] i. e. poulterer's

of hands I O, what strange curses are poured down with one blessing!

Do all tread on the heel? Have all the art To hoodwink wise men thus? and, like those builders

Of Babel's tower, to speak unknown tongues, Of all, save by their husbands, understood? Well, if, as ivy 'bout the elm does twine, All wives love clipping,\* there's no fault in mine

But if the world lay speechless, even the dead Would rise, and thus cry out from yawning graves, Women make men or fools, or beasts, or slaves

[Exit

### SCENE II \*

*Enter EARL and MISTRESS BIRDLING*

*Earl* Her answer! talk in music will she come!

*Bird* O, my sides ache in my loins, in my bones I ha' more need of a posset of sick, and he in my bed and sweat, than to talk in music. No honest woman would run hurrying up and down thus, and undo herself for a man of honour, without reason. I am so lame, every foot that I set to the ground went to my heart, I thought I had been at mum chance,† my bones rattled so with jouncing had it not been for a friend in a corner [*Takes aqua-vitæ*], I had kicked up my heels

*Earl* Minister comfort to me,—will she come?

*Bird* All the castles of comfort that I can put you into is this, that the jealous wittol her husband came, like a mad ox, bellowing in whilst I was there O, I ha' lost my sweet breath with trotting

*Earl* Death to my heart! her husband! What saith he?

*Bird* The frize jerkin rascal out with his purse, and called me plain bawd to my face

*Earl* Affliction to me! then thou spak'st not to her?

*Bird* I spake to her, as clients do to lawyers without money, to no purpose, but I'll speak with him, and hamper him too, if ever he fall into my clutches I'll make the yellow hammer her husband know (for all he's an Italian) that there's a difference between a cogging bawd and an honest motherly gentlewoman Now, what

cold whetstones lie over your stomacher? will you have some of my aqua? Why, my lord!

*Earl* Thou hast kill'd me with thy words

*Bird* I see bashful lovers and young bullocks are knocked down at a blow Come, come, drink this draught of cinnamon water, and pluck up your spirits, up with 'em, up with 'em Do you hear? the whiting-mop\* has nibbled

*Earl* Ha!

*Bird* O, I thought I should fetch you you can "hu" at that, I'll make you hear anon As I'm a sinner, I think you'll find the sweetest, sweetest bedfellow of her O, she looks so sugaredly, so simperingly, so gingerly, so amiably, so amiably! Such a red lip, such a white forehead, such a black eye, such a full cheek, and such a goodly little nose, now she's in that French gown, Scotch falls, Scotch bonnet, and Italian head tire you sent her, and is such an enticing she witch, carrying the charms of your jewels about her! O!

*Earl* Did she receive them? speak,—here's golden keys [*Giving money*] To unlock thy lips,—did she vouchsafe to take them?

*Bird* Did she vouchsafe to take them? there's a question! you shall find she did vouchsafe The truth is, my lord, I got her to my house, there she put off her own clothes, my lord, and put on your's, my lord, provided her a coach, searched the middle aisle in Paul's,† and with three Elizabeth twelve pence pressed three knaves, my lord, hired three liveries in Long lane,‡ to man her for all which, so God mend me, I'm to pay this night before sun set

*Earl* This shower shall fill them all rain in their laps

What golden drops thou wilt

*Bird* Alas, my lord, I do but receive it with

\* *whiting mop*] i.e. young whiting,—a cant term for a nice young woman, a tender creature

† *searched the middle aisle in Paul's, and with three Elizabeth twelve pence pressed three knaves*] Persons of every description, with a strange want of reverence for the sanctity of the spot, used daily to frequent the body of old St Paul's. There the young gallant gratified his vanity by strutting about in the most fashionable attire, there the politician discussed the latest news, there he who could not afford to dine loitered during the dinner hour, there the wretch out of place came to be engaged there the pickpocket found the best opportunities for the exercise of his talents, &c

‡ *hired three liveries in Long lane*] "The lane, truelike called Long," (*Stow's Survey*, p. 911, ed. 1598,) running out of Aldersgate street, and falling into West Smith field, abounded in shops where second hand apparel might be procured

\* *clipping*] i.e. embracing

† *Scene II*] The same A room in the house of the Earl

‡ *mum chance*] A game played either with dice or cards Mistress Birdling alludes to the former method

one hand, to pay it away with another I'm but your bailey

*Earl.* Where is she?

*Bud.* In the green velvet chamber the poor sinful creature pants like a pigeon under the hands of a hawk, therefore use her like a woman, my lord, use her honestly, my lord, for, alas, she's but a novice and a very green thing

*Earl.* Farewell I'll in unto her

*Bud.* Fie upon't, that were not for your honour, you know gentlewomen use to come to lords' chambers, and not lords to the gentlewomen's I'd not have her think you are such a rascal indeed Walk you here I'll beckon, you shall see I'll fetch her with a wet finger

*Earl.* Do so

*Bud.* Hist! why, sweetheart, Mistress Justinao! why, pretty soul, tread softly, and come into this room here he rushes,\* you need not fear the creaking of your cork shoes

*Enter MISTRESS JUSTINAO*

So, well and fit—There's his honour—I have business, my lord very now the mark he set up, I'll get me twelve score off, and give him †

*[Exit]*

*Earl.* You're welcome, sweet, you're welcome  
Bless my hand

With the soft touch of yours Can you be cruel  
To one so prostrate to you? even my heart,  
My happiness, and state lie at your feet  
My hopes me flatter'd that the field was won,  
That you had yielded (though you conquer me),  
And that all marble scales, that barr'd your eyes  
From throwing light on mine, were quite ta'en off  
By the cunning woman's hand that works for me  
Why, therefore, do you wound me now with frowns?

Why do you fly me? Do not excuse  
The art of woman on me, I'm already  
Your captive, sweet Are these your hate or fears?

*Mist Just.* I wonder lust can hang at such white hairs

*Earl.* You give my love ill names, it is not lust,  
Lawless desires well temper'd may seem just  
A thousand mornings with the early sun,  
Mine eyes have 'fore § your windows watch'd to steal

Brightness from those as oft upon the days  
That consecrated to devotion are,  
Within the holy temple have I stood

\* rushes] See note f, p. 21

† well and fit] In our early writers is often equivalent to Well done

‡ give aim] See note \*, p. 20

§ 'fore] The old ed. "from"

Disguis'd, waiting your presence, and when your hands

Went up towards heaven to draw some blessing down,

Mine, as if all my nerves by yours did move,  
Begg'd in dumb signs some pity for my love  
And thus being feasted only with your sight,  
I went more pleas'd than sick men with flesh health,

Rich men with honour, beggars do with wealth

*Mist Just.* Part now so pleas'd, for now you more enjoy me

*Earl.* O, you do wish no physic to destroy me?

*Mist Just.* I have already leap'd beyond the bounds

Of modesty, in piecing out my wings  
With borrow'd feathers but you sent a sorceress  
So perfect in her trade, that did so lively  
Breathe forth your passionate accents, and could draw

A lover lungishing so piercingly,  
That her charms wrought upon me, and, in pity  
Of your sick heart, which she did counterfoit  
(O, she's a subtle beldam!), see, I cloth'd  
My limbs, thus play'd like, in rich attires  
Not fitting mine estate, and am come forth,—  
But why I know not

*Earl.* Will you love me?

*Mist Just.* Yes,

If you can clear me of a debt that's due  
But to one man, I'll pay my heart to thee

*Earl.* Who's that?

*Mist Just.* My husband

*Earl.* Um

*Mist Just.* The sum's so great,  
I know a kingdom cannot answer it,  
And therefore I beseech you, good my lord,  
To take this gilding off, which is your own,  
And henceforth cease to throw out golden hooks  
To choke mine honour though my husband's poor,

I'll rather beg for him than be your whore

*Earl.* 'Gainst beauty you plot treason, if you suffer

Tears to do violence to so fair a cheek  
That face was ne'er made to look pale with want  
Dwell here, and be the sovereign of my fortunes  
Thus shall you go attir'd

*Mist Just.* Till lust be tir'd

I must take leave, my lord

*Earl.* Sweet creature, stay

My coffers shall be yours, my servants yours,  
Myself will be your servant, and I swear  
By that which I hold dear in you, your beauty

(And which I'll not profane), you shall live here  
As free from base wrong as you are from blackness,  
So you will deign but let me enjoy your sight  
Answer me, will you?

*Mist Just* I will think upon't

*Earl* Unless you shall perceive that all my  
thoughts

And all my actions be to you devoted,  
And that I very justly earn your love,  
Let me not taste it

*Mist Just* I will think upon it

*Furl* But when you find my merits of full  
weight,

Will you accept their worth?

*Mist Just* I'll think upon't

I'd speak with the old woman

*Earl* She shall come —

Joys, that are born unlook'd for, are born dumb  
[Exit]

*Mist Just* Poverty, thou bane of chastity,  
Poison of beauty, broker of maidenheads!  
I see when force nor wit can scale the hold,  
Wealth must, she'll ne'er be won that defies gold  
But lives there such a creature? O, 'tis rare  
To find a woman chaste that's poor and fair

*Re-enter BIRDIE*

*Bird* Now, hunch, has not his honour dealt  
like an honest nobleman with you? I can tell  
you, you shall not find him a Templar, nor one of  
these coggng Catherine pear coloured\* beards,  
that by their good wills would have no pretty  
woman scape them

*Mist Just* Thou art a very bawd, thou art a  
devil

Cast in a reverend shape, thou stale diminution,†  
Why hast thou me cutt'd from mine own  
paradise,

To steal fruit in a barren wilderness?

*Bird* Bawd, and devil, and stale damnation!

Will women's tongues, like bakers' legs, never go  
straight?

*Mist Just* Had thy Chaucer magic me thus  
form'd

Into that sensual shape for which thou conjur'st,  
And that I were turn'd common venturer,  
I could not love this old man

*Bird* This old man, n'm! this old man! do  
his hoary hairs stick in your stomach! yet,

\* Catherine pear coloured] i.e. red

† stale damnation] So Juliet, in Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*, act iii sc 5, and Malevole, in *The Malcontent*, act v sc 2 (see the present edition), use "ancient damnation" as a term of reproach

methinks, his silver hairs should move you they  
may serve to make you bodkins Does his age  
grieve you? Fool! is not old wine wholesomest,  
old puppies toothsomest, old wood burn brightest,  
old linen wash whitest? Old soldiers, sweetheart,  
are surest, and old lovers are soundest I ha'  
tried both

*Mist Just* So will not I

*Bird* You'd have some young perfumed  
beardless gullant\* board you, that spits all his  
brains out at's tongue's end, would you not?

*Mist Just* No, none at all, not any

*Bird* None at all! what do you make there,  
then? why are you a burden to the world's  
conscience, and an eye sore to well given men?  
I dare pawn my gown, and all the buds in my  
house, and all the gettings in Miehrehm's term  
next, to a tavern token,† that thou shalt never be  
an innocent

*Mist Just* Who are so?

*Bird* Fools why, then, are you so precise!  
Your husband's down the wind, and will you,  
like a haggler arrow, be down the weather?  
Strike whilst the iron is hot A woman, when  
there be roses in her cheeks, cherries on her lips,  
civet in her breath, ivory in her teeth, lilies in  
her hand, and liquorice in her heart, why, she's  
like a play, if new, very good company, very  
good company, but if stale, like old Hieronimo,  
go by, go by ‡ therefore, as I said before, strike  
besides, you must think that the commonality of  
beauty was not made to be dead upon any young  
woman's hands if your husband live given up  
his cloak let another take measure of you in his  
jerkin, for as the cobbler in the night time  
walks with his lantern, the merchant and the

\* gallant] The old ed. *Gallants*

† *alocera token*] There being scarcity of small change  
tradesmen were allowed to coin *tokens*—promissory pieces  
of brass or copper, of the value of a farthing Reed  
(note on the First Part of *The Honest Whore*, act i sc 4,) thinks they were called *alocera tokens*, because they were  
probably at first coined chiefly by tavern keepers  
but Gifford (note on Ben Jonson's *Works*, vol. i p. 24,) observes, "that most of them would travel to the tavern  
may be easily supposed, and hence perhaps, the name"

‡ *take old Hieronimo, go by, go by*] An allusion to a pas-  
sage in Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*, which has been ridiculed  
by a host of poets,

*Hieronimo* Justice, O justice to Hieronimo!

*Isabella* Back! see'st thou not the king is here?

*Hieronimo* O, is he so?

*King* Who is he that interrupts our business?

*Hieronimo* Not I—Hieronimo how art thou, go by

Sig. 44 Alde's ed. n. d.

It may be just necessary to add, that the *Spanish Tragedy* is a continuation of *The First Part of Hieronimo*, which was most probably also the work of Kyd.

lawyer with his link, and the courtier with his torch, so every lip has his lettuce to himself, the lob has his lass, the collier his dowdy, the western man his pug, the serving man his punk, the student his nun in White friars, the punter his sister, and the lord his lady, which worshipful vocation may fall upon you, if you'll but strike whilst the iron is hot

*Miss Just* Witch, thou I break thy spells were I kept brave \*

On a king's cost, I am but a king's slave [Exit

*Bud* I see, that, as Frenchmen love to be bold, Flemings to be drunk, Welshmen to be called Britons, and Irishmen to be costermongers, so cockneys, especially she cockneys, love not acquaintance when tis good for them

[Enter MONOPOLY]

*Mon* Saw you my uncle?

*Bud* I saw him even now going the way of all flesh that's to say towards the kitchen. Here's a letter to your worship from the puffy

*Mon* What puffy?

*Bud* The Tentehook, your worship

*Mon* From her? phew! pray thee, stretch me no more upon your Tentehook. pox on her! if there be no pothecaries in the town to send her physic bills to, but me? She's not troubled with the green sickness still is she?

*Bud* The yellow jaundice, as the doctor tells me. Troth, she's as good a peat! she is tullen away so, that she's nothing but bare skin and bone, for the turtle so mourns for you!

*Mon* In black?

*Bud* In black! you shall find both black and blue if you look under her eyes

*Mon* Well, sing over her ditty when I'm in tune

*Bud* Nay, but will you send her a box of mithridatium and dragon water,—I mean some restorative words? Good Master Monopoly, you know how welcome you're to the city, and will you, Master Monopoly, keep out of the city? I know you cannot—would you saw how the poor gentlewoman lies!

*Mon* Why, how lies she?

*Bud* Troth, as the way lies over Girdhill, very dangerous—you would pity a woman's case,

\* *bud*] i.e. nicely dressed

† *Enter MONOPOLY*

*Mon* Saw you my uncle? Qy is the I and the uncle of Monopoly? and the latter, in consequence of that relationship, now under the Earl's roof? Or were the audience to suppose, after Mrs Justiniano's *ex*, a change of place?

if you saw her Write to her some treatise of pacification

*Mon* I'll write to her to-morrow

*Bud* To-morrow! she'll not sleep, then, but tumble an if she might have it to night, it would better please her

*Mon* Perhaps I'll do't to night farewell

*Bud* If you do't to night, it would better please her than to-morrow

*Mon* God's so, dost hear? I'm to sup this night at the Lion in Shoreditch with certain gallants—canst thou not draw forth some delicate face that I ha' not seen and bring it thither! wilt thou?

*Bud* All the painters in London shall not fit for colour as I can—but we shall have some swagging!

*Mon* All as civil, by this light as lawyers

*Bud* But, I tell you, she's not so common as lawyers, that I mean to bring to your table, for is I'm a summer she's a night's cousin—a Yorkshire gentlewoman, and only speaks a little broad, but of very good carriage

*Mon* Nay, that's no matter—we can speak as broad as she—but wilt bring her?

*Bud* You shall call her cousin do you see? two men shall wait upon her—and I'll come in by chance—but shall not the puffy be there?

*Mon* Which puffy?

*Bud* The writer of that's noble hand

*Mon* Not for as many angels as there be letters in her paper—speak not of me to her nor our meeting, if you love me—Wilt come?

*Bud* Mum, I'll come

*Mon* Farewell

*Bud* Good Master Monopoly, I hope to see you one day a man of great credit

*Mon* If I be, I'll build chimneys with tobacco—but I'll smoke some—and be sure, Budline, I'll stick wool upon thy back

*Bud* Thanks, sir, I know you will, for all the kindred of the Monopolies are held to be great fleecers [Exit

### SCENE III \*

[Enter Sir GOSWINE GLOWWORM, LASSHOCK, WIL LUDON, and the three CITIZENS WIVES, MISTRESS MONYSTOCK, MISTRESS WARE, and MISTRESS TENTHROCK]

*Sir Gos* So, draw those curtains, and let's see the pictures under 'em [The ladies unmask]

*Lin* Welcome to the Stillard, fair ladies

\* *Scene III*] The same A room in the Rhemish wine-house in the Stillard See note f, p 217

*Must Honey, Must Wafer, Must Ten* Thanks, good Master Linstock

*What* Hans, some wine, Hans!

*Enter HANS with cloth and bun*

*Hans* Yaw, yaw, you sall hebbin it, mester old vine or new vine?

*Sir Gos* Speak, women

*Must Honey* New wine, good Sir Gosling — wine in the must, good Dutchman, for must is best for us women

*Hans* New wine,—vell, two pots of new wine! *[Exit]*

*Must Honey* An honest butterbox, for if it be old, there's none of it comes into my belly

*Must Wafer* Why, Tenterhook, pray thee, let's dance friskin, and be mery

*Lin* Thou art so troubled with Monopolies, they so hang at thy heart strings

*Must Ten* Pox o' my heart, then

*Re enter HANS with wine*

*Must Honey* Ay, and mine too if any courtier of them all set up his gallows there, wench, use him as thou dost thy pantables,\* scorn to let him kiss thy heel, for he feeds thee with nothing but court-holy bread,† good words, and cares not for thee—Sir Gosling, will you taste a Dutch what's you call 'em?

*Must Wafer* Here, Master Linstock, half mine is yours bun, bun, bun, bun

*Just* *[within]* Which room? where are they?—Wo ho, ho, ho, so ho, boys!

*Sir Gos* 'Sfoot, who's that? lock our room

*Just* *[within]* Not till I am in, and then lock out the devil, though he come in the shape of a puritan

*Enter JUSTINIANO and spouse and two*

*Must Honey, Must Wafer, Must Ten* School master, welcome, welcome, in troth

*Just* Who would not be scratched with the briars and brambles to have such burrs sucking on his breeches?—Sive you gentlemen!—O noble knight!

*Sir Gos* More wine, Hans!

*Just* Am not I gentlemen a ferret of the night hair, that can make three combs bolt at a clap into your purse nets?‡ Ha, hith do then three husbands dream what coques I am setting them wives now were it not a rare jest if they should come sneaking upon us like a horrible noise of fiddlers?§

\* pantables] i.e. slippers

† court holy bread] Or, as we more usually find it, court holy water,—i.e. flattery, insincere compliments

‡ purse nets] See note \*, p. 130

§ noise of fiddlers] i.e. company of fiddlers

*Must Honey* Troth, I'd not care, let 'em come, I'd tell 'em we'd ha' none of their dull music

*Must Wafer* *[drinking]* Here, Mistress Tenterhook

*Must Ten* Thanks, good Mistress Wafer

*Just* Who's there? peepers, intelligencers, eavesdroppers!

*Omnes* Uds foot, throw a pot at's head!

*Just* O Lord! O gentlemen, knight, ladies that may be, citizens' wives that are, shift for your selves, for a pur of your husbands' heads are knocking together with Hans his, and inquiring for you

*Omnes* Keep the door locked

*Must Honey* O ay, do, do, and let Sir Gosling (because he has been in the Low Countries) swear *Gotz Sacrament*, and drive 'em away with broken Dutch

*Just* Here's a wench has simple spricks in her she's my pupil, gallints—*[Aside]* Good God! I see a man is not sure that his wife is in the chamber, though his own fingers hung on the pullock trap doors, false drabs, and spring locks, may cozen a covey of constables. How the silly husbands might here ha' been gulled with Flemish money!—Come, drink up Rhine, Thames, and Meander dry, there's nobody

*Must Honey* Ah, thou ungodly master!

*Just* I did but make a false fire, to try your valour, because you cried "Let 'em come" By this glass of woman's wine, I would not ha' seen them spirits walk here, to be dubbed deputy of a ward, I they would ha' chronicled me for a fox in a lamb's skin. But, come, is this merry midsummer night agreed upon? when shall it be? where shall it be?

*Lin* Why, futh, to morrow at night.

*What* We'll take a coach and ride to Ham or so

*Must Ten* O, fie upon t, a coach! I cannot abide to be jolted

*Must Wafer* Yet most of your citizens' wives love jolting

*Sir Gos* What say you to Blackwall or Lime house?

*Must Honey* Every room there smells too much of tar

*Lin* Let's to mine host Dogbolt at Brunford,\* then there you are out of eyes, out of ears, private rooms, sweet linen, winking attendants, and what cheer you will

*Omnes* Content, to Brunford

\* Brunford] i.e. Brunford (I rotum the old spelling on account of the pun in p. 241)

*Mist Wafer* Ay, ay, let's go by water, for, Sir Gosling, I have heard you say you love to go by water

\* *Mist Honey*. But, wenches, with what pulleys shall we slide, with some cleanly excuse, out of our husbands' suspicion, being gone westward for smelts\* all night?

*Just* Thit's the block now we all stumble at wind up that string well, and all the consort's† in tune

*Mist Honey* Why, then, Goodman scunner, 'tis wound up, I have it—Sir! *Wafer*, thy child's at nurse—if you that are the men could provide some wise ass that could keep his countenance,—

*Just* Nay, if he be an ass, he will keep his countenance

*Mist Honey* Ay, but I mean, one that could set out his tale with audacity, and say that the child were sick, and ne'er stagger at it, that last should serve all our feet

*Wafel*. But where will that wise ass be found now?

*Just* I see I'm born still to draw dun out o'the mure‡ for you, that wise beast will I be—I'll be that ass that shall groan under the burden of that abominable lie—heaven pardon me, and pray God the infant be not punished for't! Let me see—I'll break out in some filthy shape like a thrasher, or a Thatcher, or a sowgelder, or something—and speak dreamingly, and swear how the child pukes, and eats nothing (as perhaps it does not), and lies at the mercy of God (as all children and old folks do), and then, scholar *Wafer*, ply you your put

*Mist Wafer* Fen not me for a vney § or two

\* westward for smelts] A proverbial expression. In 1603 appeared a story book (which suggested to Shakespeare some of the circumstances in *Twelfth Night*) entitled *Westward for Smelts, or the Waterman's Fare of Mist Merry Western Wenches, &c.*

† consort] See note on *Northward Ho*, act i. p. 10.  
‡ to draw dun out o' the mure] Gifford thus satisfactorily describes a game, the allusion to which in *Hamlet* and *Julius*, act i. sc. iv., had completely puzzled all Shakespeare commentators. *Dun* is in the mure is a Christ mas gambol, at which I have often played. A log of wood is brought into the midst of the room, thence *Dun* (the cut horse), and a cry is raised, that he is stuck in the mure. Two of the company advance either with or without ropes, to draw him out. After repeated attempts they find themselves unable to do it, and call for more assistance. The game continues till all the company take part in it, when *Dun* is extricated of course—and the merriment arises from the awkward and ill-directed efforts of the rustics to lift the log and from snatches of contrivances to let the ends of it fall on one another's toes. Note on Ben Jonson's *Works*, vol. vii. p. 281.

§ vney] Or *venue* a technical term for *chat at throat* in plying with different wensons, was a subject of dispute

*Just* Where will you meet in the morning?

*Sir Gos* At some tavern near the water side, that's private

*Just* The Greyhound, the Greyhound in Blackfriars, an excellent rendezvous

*Lin* Content, the Greyhound by eight

*Just* And then you may whip forth, two first, and two next, on a sudden, and take boat at Bridewell dock most privately

*Omnes* But so—a good place

*Just* I'll go make ready my rustical properties\* Let me see—scholar, lie you home, for your child shall be sick within this half hour [Exit

*Enter Birdtime*

*Mist Honey* 'Tis the uprightest dealing man!—God's my pity, who's yourn?

*Bird* I'm bold to press myself under the colours of your company, hearing that gentlewoman was in the room—[To *Mist Ten*] A word, mistress

*Mist Ten* How now? what says he?

*Sir Gos* Zounds, what's she? a bawd, by the Lord, is not?

*Mist Wafer* No, indeed, Sir Gosling, she's a very honest woman and a midwife

*Mist Ten* At the Lion in Shoreditch? and would he not read it? nor write to me? I'll poison his snapper

*Bird* But no words that I bewray'd him

*Mist Ten* Gentlemen, I must be gone, I cannot stay, in faith pardon me, I'll meet to-morrow—come, nurse—cannot tarry, by this clement

*Sir Gos* Mother, you, gi'mum, drunk are you go

*Bird* I am going to a woman's labour, indeed, sir, cannot stay

[Exit MISTRESS FENSTERBOOK and BIRDTIME]

*Mist Wafer* I hold my life, the black bird her husband whistles for her

between Messrs Stevens and Malone. Douce has made himself their umpire in his *Illustrations of Shakespeare*, vol. i. p. 23 to which I refer the reader. In finding *venue* the French term answered to the Italian *stocata* see Gifford's note on Ben Jonson, vol. i. p. 99. I wonder that Malone, in his contest with Stevens, failed to quote the following passage of a play which he must surely have read—

1 *Four Women* Look to t, the fencer gives you a vney

2 *Lin* Believe it in his home

3 *Secundum the Woman later*, 1620, Sig. B. 2  
\* *properties*] Used here in a theatrical sense—articles necessary for the scene

† *Mist Wafer* I hold my life, &c.] The old ad. prefixes to this speech *And* which in early plays often stands for *For* *both* but here it would seem to be a mistake for *And*, see note on the *Dramatis Personae* of this play



*Must Honey* A reckoning! Break one, break all

*Sir Gos* Here, Hans!—Draw not, I'll draw for all, as I'm true knight

*Must Honey* Let him 'mongst women this does stand for law,

The worthiest man, though he be fool, must draw  
[*Leant*]

## ACT III

## SCENE I \*

*Enter TEUTERHOOK and MISTRESS TEUTERHOOK*

*Ten* What book is that, sweetheart?

*Mist Ten* Why, the book of bonds that is due to you

*Ten* Come, what do you with it? why do you trouble yourself to take care about my business?

*Mist Ten* Why, sir, doth not that which concerns you concern me? You told me Monopoly had discharged his bond. I find by the book of accounts here that it is not cancelled. Had I would suffer such a cheating companion to cheat it me, I'd see him hanged. O good sweetheart, as ever you loved me, as ever my bed was pleasing to you, arrest the knave: we were never beholding to him for a pin, but for eating up our victuals: good monse, catch an action against him

*Ten* In troth, love, I may do the gentleman much discredit: and besides, it may be other actions may fall very heavy upon him

*Mist Ten* Hang him! to see the dishonesty of the knave!

*Ten* O wife, good word: a courtier, a gentle man

*Mist Ten* Why may not a gentleman be a knave? that were strange, in faith: but, as I was a saying, to see the dishonesty of him that would never come, since he received the money, to visit us! You know, Master Teuterhook, he hath hung long upon you. Master Teuterhook, as I am virtuous, you shall arrest him

*Ten* Why, I know not when he will come to town

*Mist Ten* He's in town, this night he sups at the Lion in Shoreditch: good husband, enter your action, and make haste to the Lion presently. There's an honest fellow, Sergeant Ambush, will do it in a trice, he never salutes a man in courtesy, but he catches him as if he would arrest him: good heart, let Sergeant Ambush be in wait for him

*Ten* Well, at thy entreaty I will do it—[*To*

*Servant within*] Give me my cloak, there! Buy a link and meet me at the Counter in Wood street—Buss me Moll

*Mist Ten* Why, now you love me: I'll go to bed, sweetheart

*Ten* Do not sleep till I come Moll

*Mist Ten* No, hush [Exit TEUTERHOOK] Buy sheep! If a woman will be free in this intricate labyrinth of a husband, let her marry a man of melanchol complexion: she shall not be much troubled with him. By my sooth, my husband hath a hand as dry as his bones, and a breath as strong as six common garden. Well, my husband is gone to arrest Monopoly. I have dealt with a sergeant privately, to catch him, pretending that he is my unit's son: by this means shall I see my young gallant that in this has played his part. When they two meet in the city once, they deal with their lawyers by attorney follow the court, though the court do them not the grace to follow them: then dict! O, the wit of a woman when she is put to the pinch! [Exit]

## SCENE II \*

*Enter TEUTERHOOK, SERGEANT AMBUSH, and YEOMAN CLUTCH*

*Ten* Come, Sergeant Ambush,—come, Yeoman Clutch: you're the tavin, the gentleman will come out presently. Thou art resolute?

*Amb* Who, I? I carry fire and sword that fight for me, here and here. I know most of the knaves about London, and most of the thieves too, I thank God and good intelligence

*Ten* I wonder thou dost not turn broker, then

*Amb* Phew! I have been a broker already, for I was first a putman, then a bankrupt, then a broker, then a fencer, and then sergeant: were not these trades would make a man honest?—Peace! the door opens: wheel about, Yeoman Clutch

\* Scene I.] London. A room in the house of Teuterhook

\* Scene II.] The same. Before the Lion in Shoreditch

Enter WHIRLPOOL, LINSTOCK and MONOPOLY, unbraced

Mon An e'er I come to sup in this tavern again! there's no more attendance than in a gaol an there had been a punk or two in the company, then we should not have been rid of the drawers. Now were I in an excellent humour to go to a vaulting house. I would break down all their glass windows, hew in pieces all their joint-stools, tear [their] silk petticoats, ruffle their periwigs, and spoil their painting,—O the gods, what I could do! I could undergo fifteen bawds, by this darkness, or if I could meet one of those varlets that wear Panmure alley on their backs, sergeants, I would make them scud so fast from me, that they should think it a shorter way between this and Ludgate, than a condemned cutpurse thinks it between Newgate and Tyburn.

Lin You are for no action to night!

Whol No, I'll to bed

Mon Am not I drunk now? *Implentus veteris Bacchi pinguisque tobacco*\*

Whol Faith, we are all heated

Mon Ciptun Whirlpool, when wilt come to court and dine with me?

Whol One of these days, Frank, but I'll get me two gauntlets for fear I lose my fingers in the dishes. There be excellent shavers, I hear, in the most of your under offices. I protest I have often come thither, sat down, drawn my knife, and, ere I could say grace, all the meat hath been gone. I have risen and departed thence as hungry as ever came country attorney from Westminster. Good night, honest Frank. do not swaggle with the watch, Frank.

[Exit WHIRLPOOL and LINSTOCK]

Ten So, now they are gone, you may take him

Amb Sir, I arrest you

Mon Arrest me! at whose suit, you varlets?

Clutch At Master Tenterhook's

Mon Why, you varlets, dare you arrest one of the court?

Amb Come, will you be quiet, sir?

Mon Pr'y thee, good yeoman, call the gentle men hick & an. There's a gentleman hath carried a hundred pound of mine home with him to his lodging, because I dare not carry it over the fields. I'll discharge it presently.

Amb That's a trick, sir, you would procure a rescue.

Mon Catchpoll, do you see? I will have the hair of your head and beard shaved off for this, an e'er I catch you at Gray's Inn, by this light, ha

\* *Implentur, &c.* | "Implentur veteris Bacchi pinguis que, &c." *Vingl, Lucul, i 215*

Amb Come, will you march?

Mon Are you sergeants Christens? Sirrah, thou lookest like a good pitiful rascal, and thou art a tall man too it seems, thou hast backed many a man in thy time, I warrant.

Amb I have had many a man by the back, sir

Mon Well said! in troth, I love your quality. 'Tis needful every man should come by his own. But, as God mend me, gentlemen, I have not one cross\* about me, only you two. Might not you let a gentleman pass out of your hands, and say you saw him not? is there not such a kind of mercy in you now and then, my masters? As I live, if you come to my lodging to-morrow morning, I'll give you five brace of angels. Good yeoman, persuade your graduate here. I know some of you to be honest faithful drunkards respect a poor gentleman in my case.

Ten Come, it will not serve your turn—Officers, look to him upon your peril.

Mon Do you hear, sir? you see I am in the hands of a couple of ravens here. Is you not a gentleman, lend me forty shillings. Let me not live, if I do not pay you the forfeiture of the whole bond, and never plead conscience.

Ten Not a penny, not a penny good night, sir

[Exit]

Mon Well, a man ought not to swear by any thing, in the hands of sergeants, but by silver, and because my pocket is no lawful justice to minister any such oath unto me, I will patiently encounter the Counter. Which is the dearest ward in prison, sergeant? the Knights ward?

Amb No, sir, the Master's side†

Mon Well the knight is above the master, though his table be worse furnished. I'll go thither.

Amb Come, sir, I must use you kindly. the gentleman's wife that hath arrested you—

Mon Ay, what of her?

Amb She says you are her annt's son.

Mon I am?

Amb She takes on so pitifully for your arrest, 'twas much against her will, good gentle woman, that this affliction lighted upon you.

Mon She hath reason, if she respect her poor kindred.

Amb You shall not go to prison.

Mon Honest sergeant, conscientious officer, did

\* *I have not one cross about me, only you two.* This quibbling on the word *cross* has occurred before. See note f, p. 196.

† *the Knight's ward?*

Amb No, sir, the Master's side. See note f, p. 163.

I forget myself even now, a vice that sticks to me always when I am drunk, to abuse my best friends? Where didst buy this buff? Let me not live, but I'll give thee a good suit of durance.\* Wilt thou take my bond, sergeant? Where's a scrivener, a scrivener, good yecomm? you shall have my sword and hangers† to pay him

*Amb* Not so, sir, but you shall be prisoner in my house. I do not think but that your cousin will visit you there this morning, and take order for you.

*Mon* Well said! Was't not a most treacherous part to arrest a man in the night, and when he is almost drunk? when he hath not his wits about him, to remember which of his friends is in the subsidy? Come, did I abuse you, I recant: you are as necessary in a city as tumblers in Norfolk, summers in Lancashire, or rake-hells in an army.

[*Exeunt*]

### SCENE III ‡

*Enter JUSTINIANO like a collier, and a Boy*

*Just* Buy any small coal, buy any small coal? §

*Boy* Collier, collier!

*Just* What sayest, boy?

*Boy* 'Ware the pillory!

*Just* O, boy, the pillory assumes many a man that he is no cuckold, for how impossible were

\* *When didst buy this buff? Let me not live, but I'll give thee a good suit of durance.* So, in Shakespeare's *First Part of Henry IV*, act 1 sc 2, the Prince says to Falstaff with a pun, "And is not a buff-jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?" — *Durance* was a strong and lasting kind of stuff. Mr. Hilditch (*Shakespeare Society Papers*, vol. iii) cites from *The Book of Rates*, ed. 1675 p. 35, —

"Durance, or } with thred, the yard      00   06   08  
Durety        } with sils, the yard      00   10   00"

† *hangers*]: i.e. fringed and ornamented loops attached to the girdle, in which the small sword or dagger was suspended. —

‡ *Mens swords in hangers hung fast by their side.*

Taylor the water-poet's *virtue of a Tayle and necessity of Hanging*, Works, 1630, p. 133.

§ *Scene III*] The same. A street before the house of Wafer.

§ *Buy any small coal, buy any small coal?* This was the common cry of colliers: so in one of the rarest of plays, *A Knacke to know an honest man*, 1596,

"*Enter LILLO, like a collier.*"

*Le* Will you buy any coles, fine small coles?" Sir G. Let me here make a remark on a note of Gifford: "With our ancestors," says he, "colliers, I know not for what reason, say, like Mrs. Quickly, under an ill name." *Ben Jonson's Works*, vol. ii p. 169. I believe they were in bad repute because they used to cheat most grossly the purchasers of coals by giving false measure. R. Greene, in his *Pleasant Discovery of the Coynage of Colliers*, appended to his *Notable Discovery of Loosnane*, 1591, lays open all their knavery.

it a man should thrust his head through so small a loop-hole, if his forehead were branched, boy!

*Boy* Collier, how came the goose to be put upon you, ha?

*Just* I'll tell thee. The term lying at Winchester, in Henry the Third's days, and many French women coming out of the Isle of Wight thither, (as it hath always been seen, though the Isle of Wight could not of long time neither endure foxes nor lawyers, yet it could brook the more dreadful cockatrice,\*) there were many punks in the town, as you know our term is their term. Your farmer, that would spend but threepence on his ordinary, would lavish half a crown on his lechery, and many men, calves as they were, would ride in a farmer's foul boots before break-fast: the commonest sinner had more fluttering about her than a fresh punk hath when she comes to a town of garrison or to a university. Captains, scholars, servingmen, jurors, clerks, townsmen, and the black guard,† used all to one ordinary, and most of them were called to a pitiful reckoning, for, before two returns of Michaelmas, surgeons were full of business, the care of most, secrecy, grew as common as lice in Ireland, or as scabs in France. One of my tribe, a collier, earned in his cart forty married soldiers to Salisbury, looking as pitifully as Dutchmen first made drunk, then carried to beholding: every one that met him cried "Ware the goose,‡ collier!" and from that day to this there's record to be seen at Croydon, how that pitiful wifage, which indeed was virtue in the collier, that all that time would carry no coals, laid this imputation on all the posterity.

*Boy* You are full of tricks, collier.

*Just* Boy, where dwells Master Wafer?

*Boy* Why, here: what wouldst? I am one of his juvenals.

*Just* Hath he not a child at nurse at More-clacke?§

*Boy* Yes: dost thou dwell there?

*Just* That I do: the child is wondrous sick, I was willed|| to acquaint thy master and mistress with it.

*Boy* I'll up and tell them presently. [*Exit*]

*Just* So, if all should fail me, I could turn collier. O the villany of this age! how full of secrecy and silence (contrary to the opinion of the world) have I ever found most women! I

\* *cockatrice*] A cant name for a prostitute.

† *the black guard*] See note \*, p. 8.

‡ *the goose*] See note on *A Cure for a Cuckold*, act iv sc. 1.

§ *More-clacke*] A common corruption of *Mortals*.

|| *willed*] i.e. desired.

have sat a whole afternoon many times by my wife, and looked upon her eyes, and felt if her pulses have beat, when I have named a suspected love, yet all this while have not drawn from her the least scruple of confession. I have lain awake a thousand nights, thinking she would have revealed somewhat in her dreams, and when she has begun to speak any thing in her sleep, I have jugged her, and cried, "Ay, sweet heart, but when will your love come?" or "What did he say to thee over the stall?" or "What did he do to thee in the garden chamber?" or "When will he send to thee any letters?" or "When wilt thou send to him any money?" What an idle conceit jealousy will make a man! Well, this is my comfort, that here comes a creature of the same kind piece

*Enter WAFER and MISTRESS WAFER, with Boy*

*Mist Wafer* O my sweet child!—Whence the collier?

*Just* Here, forsooth

*Mist Wafer* [to Boy] Run into Bucklersbury\* for two ounces of dragon water, some pimpernel, and treacle—What is it sick of, collier? a burning fever?

*Just* Futh, mistress, I do not know the infirmity of it—Will you buy any small coal, say you?

*Wafer* Prithce, go in and empty them—Come, be not so impatient

*Mist Wafer* Ay, ay, ay, if you had groaned for it as I have done, you would have been more natural—[To Servant within] Take my riding hat and my kittle, there!—I'll away presently

*Wafer* You will not go to night, I am sure

*Mist Wafer* As I live, but I will

*Wafer* Futh, sweetheart, I have great business to night—stay till to-morrow, and I'll go with you

*Mist Wafer* No, sir, I will not hinder your business. I see how little you respect the fruits of your own body. I shall find somebody to bear me company

*Wafer* Well, I will defer my business for once, and go with thee

*Mist Wafer* By this light, but you shall not, you shall not hit me with the teeth that I was your hindrance—Will you to Bucklersbury, sir?

[Exit Boy]

*Wafer* Come, you are a fool, leave you weeping

*Mist Wafer* You shall not go with me, as I live

[Exit WAFER]

*Just* Pupil!

*Mist Wafer* Excellent master!

*Just* Admirable mistress! How happy be our Englishwomen that are not troubled with jealous husbands! Why, your Italians, in general, are so sun burnt with these dog days, that your great lady there thinks her husband loves her not, if he be not jealous—what confirms the liberty of our women more in England than the Italian proverb which says,—If there were a bridge over the narrow seas, all the women in Italy would show their husbands a million of light pair of heels, and fly over into England?

*Mist Wafer* The time of our meeting? come

*Just* Seven

*Mist Wafer* The place?

*Just* In Blacklins there take water, keep aloof from the shore, on with your masks, up with your sails, and Westward ho!

*Mist Wafer* So

[Exit]

*Just* O the quick apprehension of women! they'll grope out a man's meaning presently. Well, it rests now that I discover myself in my true shape to these gentlewomen's husbands, for though I have played the fool a little, to beguile the memory of mine own misfortune, I would not play the knave, though I be taken for a bankrupt but, indeed, as in other things, so in that, the world is much deceived in me, for I have yet three thousand pounds in the hands of a sufficient friend, and all my debts discharged. I have received here a letter from my wife, directed to Stodge,\* wherein she most repentently entreateth my return, with protestation to give me assured trial of her honesty. I cannot tell what to think of it, but I will put it to the test. There is a great strife between beauty and chastity, and that which placeth many is never free from temptation. As for jealousy, it makes many cuckolds, many fools, and many bankrupts, it may have abused me, and not my wife's honesty. I'll try it—but first to my secure and doting companion[s] [Exit]

#### SCENE IV †

*Enter MONOPOLY and MISTRESS TENTERHOOK*

*Mon* I beseech you, Mistress Tenterhook,—

God, I'll be sick, if you will not be merry

*Mist Ten* You are a sweet bangle

*Mon* Come, because I kept from town a little,

\* *Stodge* See note \*, p. 212

† *Scene IV* The same. A room in the house of Ambush

\* *Bucklersbury* See note \*, p. 213

—let me not live, if I did not hear the sickness was in town very hot. In troth, thy hair is of an excellent colour since I saw it. O those bright tresses, like to threads of gold!\*

*Mist Ten* Lie and ashes suffer much in the city for that comparison.

*Mon* Here's an honest gentleman will be here by and by was born at Fulham, his name is Gosling Glowworm.

*Mist Ten* I know him [not] what is he?

*Mon* He is a knight. What ailed your husband to be so hasty to arrest me?

*Mist Ten* Shall I speak truly? shall I speak not like a woman?

*Mon* Why not like a woman?

*Mist Ten* Because women's tongues are like to clocks, if they go too fast, they never go true 'twas I that got my husband to arrest thee, I have.

*Mon* I am beholding to you.

*Mist Ten* Forsooth, I could not come to the speech of you. I think you may be spoken withal now.

*Mon* I thank you. I hope you'll bid me, cousin?

*Mist Ten* And yet why should I speak with you? I protest I love my husband.

*Mon* Tush, let not any young woman love a man in years too well.

*Mist Ten* Why?

*Mon* Because he'll die before he can requite it.

*Mist Ten* I have acquainted Waffer and Honeysuckle with it, and they allow† my wit for't extremely.

*Enter AMBUSH*

O honest sergeant!

*Amb* Welcome, good Mistress Tenterhook.

*Mist Ten* Sergeant I must needs have my cousin go a little way out of town with me, and to secure thee, here are two diamonds, they are worth two hundred pound, keep them till I return him.

*Amb* Well, 'tis good security.

*Mist Ten* Do not come in my husband's sight in the mean time.

*Enter WHIMMOOL, SIR GOSLING GLOWWORM, LINSTOCK, MISTRESS HONEYSUCKLE, and MISTRESS WAFER*

*Amb* Welcome, gallants.

*Whiml* How now! Monopoly arrested!

\* O those bright tresses, like to threads of gold. [Hounds very like a quotation, but I have searched several poems and find it in vain.]

† allow: i.e. approve, praise.

*Mon* O my little Honeysuckle, art come to visit a prisoner?

*Mist Honey* Yes, faith, as gentlemen visit merchants, to sue well, or as poets young quaint revellers, to laugh at them—Sirrah,\* if I were some foolish justice, if I would not beg thy wit, never trust me.

*Mist Ten* Why, I pray you?

*Mist Honey* Because it hath been concealed all this while. But, come, shall we to boat? we are furnished for attendants as ladies are, we have our fools and our ushers.

*Sir Gos* I thank you, madam, I shall meet you wit in the close one day.

*Mist Waffer* Sirrah, thou knowest my husband keeps a kennel of hounds?

*Mist Honey* Yes.

*Whiml* Doth thy husband love venery?

*Mist Waffer* Venery!

*Whiml* Ay, hunting and venery are words of one signification.

*Mist Waffer* You two husbands† and he have made a match to go find a hare about Busty Causy‡.

*Mist Ten* They'll keep an excellent house till we come home again.

*Mist Honey* O, excellent! a Spanish dinner,—a pilcher, and a Dutch supper,—butter and onions.

*Lin* O, thou art a mad wench!

*Mist Ten* Sergeant, carry this ell of cambric to Mistress Birdlime tell her, but that it is a rough tide and that she fears the water, she should have gone with us.

*Sir Gos* O, thou hast an excellent wit!

*Whiml* To boat, hey!

*Mist Honey* Sir Gosling, I do take it your legs are maimed.

*Sir Gos* Why, mistress?

*Mist Honey* They look so thin upon it.

*Sir Gos* Ever since I measured with your husband, I have shrunk in the calf.

*Mist Honey* And yet you have a sweet tooth in your head.

*Sir Gos* O, well dealt for the calf's head! You may talk what you will of legs, and rising in the small, and swelling beneath the garter, but 'tis certain, when lank thighs brought long stockings out of fashion, the courtier's leg and his slender tilting staff grew both of a bigness—Come, for Biamford! [Exeunt]

\* Sirrah! See note \*, p. 214.

† husbands! The old ed. "husband."

‡ Busty Causy! Q3. "Bushy Causy"?

## ACT IV

## SCENE I \*

*Enter MISTRESS BIRDLINE and LUCE*

*Bird* Good morrow, Mistress Luce how did you take your rest to night? how doth your good worship like your lodging? what will you have to breakfast?

*Luce* A pox of the knight that was here last night! he promised to have sent me some wild-fowl he was drunk, I'll be stewed else

*Bud* Why, do not you think he will send them?

*Luce* Hang them, 'tis no more in fashion for them to keep their promises, than 'tis for men to pay their debts he will be faster than a dog trots What a filthy knocking was at do or list night! some puny inn o'-court-men, I'll hold my contribution

*Bud* Yes, in troth, were they, civil gentlemen without bands but to say the truth, I did take exceptions at their knocking, took them aside, and said to them, 'Gentlemen, this is not well, that you should come in thus habited, cloaks and rapiers, boots and spurs I protest to you, those that be your ancestors in the house would have come to my house in their caps and gowns, civilly and modestly I promise you, they might have been taken for citizens, but that they talk more liker fools' [*Knocking within*]-Who knocks there?—Up into your chamber

[*Exit Luce*]

*Enter HONEYBUCKLE*

Who are you? some man of credit, that you come in muffled thus?

*Honey* Who's above?

*Bud* Let me see your face first O, Master Honeybuckle! Why, the old party, the old party

*Honey* Phew, I will not go up to her Nobody else!

*Bud* As I live Will you give me some sack?  
—Where's Opportunity?

*Enter CHRISTIAN*

*Honey* What dost call her?

*Bud* Her name is Christian, but Mistress Luce cannot abide that name, and so she calls her Opportunity

*Honey* Very good, good [*Gives money*]

\* Scene I] London A room in the house of Mistress Birdline

*Bird* Is't a shilling? bring the rest in aquavite [*Exit CHRISTIAN*]

Come, shall's go to noddy?\*

*Honey* Ay, an thou wilt, for half in hour

*Bird* Here are the cards deal [*They play*]  
God send me dences and aces with a count card, and I shall get by it

*Honey* That can make thee nothing

*Bud* Yes, if I have a count card turn up

*Honey* I show four guineas

*Bird* By my troth, I must show all and little enough too, six guineas, play your simple game, I shall double with you anon Pray you, lend me some silver to count my games

*Re-enter CHRISTIAN with sack*

How now, is it good sack?

*Chris* There's a gentleman it doot would speak with you

*Honey* God's so, I will not be seen by any means

*Bud* Into that closet, then

[*Exit HONEYBUCKLE*]

What, another muffler?

*Enter TINTINHOOK*

*Ten* How dost thou, Mistress Birdline?

*Bud* Master Tintinhook! The party is above in the dining chamber

*Ten* Above!

*Bud* All alone

[*Exit TINTINHOOK*]

*Re-enter HONEYBUCKLE*

*Honey* Is he gone up? who was't, I pray thee?

*Bud* By this sack, I will not tell you say that you were a country gentleman, or a citizen that hath a young wife, or an Inn of Chancery man, should I tell you? pardon me This sack tastes of horse flesh † I warrant you the leg of a dead horse hangs in the butt of sack to keep it quick

\* noddy] A game on the cards which appears, from passages in our old writers, to have been played in more ways than one

† This sack tastes of horse flesh, &c.] So Clapham's "This collar spoiles my drinking, or else this sack has horse flesh in it, it rides upon my stomach"

The Hollander 1640 Sig. II 2

The statute 12 Car. II c. 25 sect. 41 which forbids the adulteration of wines, mentions among other ingredients used for that purpose, "nor any sort of flesh whatsoever"

*Honey* I beseech thee, good Mistress Birdlime, tell me who it was

*Bud* O God, an, we are sworn to secrecy as well as surgeons. Come, drink to me, and let us to our game

*Enter TENDERHOOK and LUCE, above\**

*Ten* Who am I?

*Luce* You?—pray you, unblind me.—Captain Whirlpool? no, Master Linstock?—pray, unblind me—you are not Sir Gosling Glowworm, for he wears no rings of his fingers.—Mister Freeze leather?—O, you are George the drawer at the Mitre—pray you, unblind me.—Captain Puckfoist?—Master Counterpane the lawyer?—What the devil mean you? beshrew your heart, you have a very dry hand.—Are you not mine host Dogbolt of Brunford?—Mistress Birdlime?—Master Honeysuckle?—Master Waffer?

*Ten* What, the last of all your clients?

*Luce* O, how dost thou, good cousin?

*Ten* Ay, you have many cousins

*Luce* Faith, I can name many that I do not know—and suppose I did know them, what then? I will suffer one to keep me in diet, another in apparel, another in physic, another to pay my house rent. I am just of the nature of alchemy, I will suffer every plodding fool to spend money upon me, many, none but some worthy friend to enjoy my more retired and useful faithfulness

*Ten* Your love, your love

*Luce* O, ay, tis the curse that is laid upon our quality, what we glean from others we lavish upon some trothless well-fed younger brother, that loves us only for maintenance

*Ten* Hast a good term, Luce?

*Luce* A pox on the term! and now I think on't, says a gentleman last night, let the pox be in the town seven year. Westminster never breeds cobwebs, and yet 'tis as catching as the plague, though not ill so general. There be a thousand bragging Jacks in London, that will protest they can wrest comfort from me, when, I swear, not one of them know whether my palm be moist or not. In troth, I have thee. You promised me seven ells of cambrie. [*Knocking within*] Who's that knocks?

*Honey* What, more sacks to the mill? I'll to my old retirement. [*Exit*

*Enter WAFER*

*Bird* How doth your good worship?—[*Aside*]

Passion of my heart, what shift shall I make?—How hath your good worship done a long time?

*Waffer* Very well, Godamerey

*Bird* Your good worship, I think, be aiding out of town

*Waffer* Yes, believe me, I love to be once a week on horseback, for methinks nothing sets a man out better than a horse

*Bud* 'Tis certain nothing sets a woman out better than a man

*Waffer* What, is Mistress Luce above?

*Bud* Yes, truly

*Waffer* Not any company with her?

*Bird* Company! shall I say to your good worship and not lie, she hath had no company,—let me see how long it was since your worship was here, you went to a butcher's feast at Cuckhold's-haven\* the next day after Saint Luke's day,—not this fortnight, in good truth

*Waffer* Alas, good soul!

*Bud* And why was it? go to, go to, I think you know better than I. The wench asketh every day, when will Master Waffer be here? and if knights ask for her, she cries out at starry head, "As you love my life, let 'em not come up. I'll do myself violence, if they enter." Have not you promised her somewhat?

*Waffer* Faith, I think she loves me

*Bud* Loves! well, would you knew what I know! then you would say somewhat. In good faith, she's very poor—all her gowns are at pawn, she owes me five pound for her diet besides forty shillings I lent her to redeem two half silk kirtles from the broker's—and do you think she needed be in debt thus, if she thought not of somebody?

*Waffer* Good, honest wench

*Bird* Nay, in troth, she's now entering into bond for five pounds more, the scrivener is but new gone up to take her bond

*Waffer* Come, let her not enter into bond, I'll lend her five pound, I'll pay the rest of her debts—call down the scrivener

*Bud* I pray you, when he comes down, stand muffled, and I'll tell him you are her brother

*Waffer* If a man have a good honest wench that lives wholly to his use, let him not see her want

[*Exit MISTRESS BIRDLIME and then enter above*]

*Bird* O Mistress Luce, Mistress Luce, you are the most unfortunate gentlewoman that ever breathed! Your young wild brother came newly out of the country—he calls me bawd, swears I keep a bawdy house, says his sister is tinned

\* above] See note \*, p. 100

\* Cuckhold's haven] See note on *Northward Ho*, act iii sc. ii, p. 206

where, and that he will kill and slay any man that he finds in her company

*Ten* What conveyance will you make with me, Mistress Birdlime?

*Luce* O God, let him not come up! 'tis the swaggiest wild-oats

*Bud* I have purified him somewhat, for I told him that you were a scrivener come to take a bond\* of her now, as you go forth, say, "she might have had so much money if she had pleased," and say, "she is an honest gentlewoman," and all will be well

*Ten* Enough — Farewell, good Luce

*Bud* Come, change your voice, and muffle you  
[*Leaves, above, Birdlime and Luce*]

*Luce* What trick should this be? I have never a brother I'll hold my life, some trick comes to me, that who slides him off so smoothly

*Re-enter, below, Justiniano and Birdlime*

*Ten* The gentlewoman is an honest gentlewoman as my is in London, and should have had three or much money upon her single bond, for the good report I hear of her

*Wafu* No, sir, her friends can furnish her with money

*Ten* By this light, I should know that voice  
*Wafu* Ods foot, are you the gentlewoman's brother?

*Wafu* Are you turned a scrivener, Tenterhook?

*Bud* [aside] I am spoiled

*Wafu* Tricks of Mistress Birdlime, by this light

*Re-enter Monksuckle*

*Honey* Hoick, covert! hoick, covert! why, gentlemen, is this your hunting?

*Ten* A consort! What make you here, Honey-suckle?

*Honey* Nay, what make you two here?—O excellent Mistress Birdlime! thou hast more tricks in thee than a punk hath uncles, cousins, brothers, sons, or fathers,—an infinite company

*Bud* If I did it not to make your good worships merry, never believe me I will drink to your worship[s] a glass of sack

*Enter Justiniano*

*Just* God save you!

*Honey, Wafu* Master Justiniano! welcome from Stodel†

\* bond] i.e. bond

† Stodel] See note \*, p. 212

*Just* Why, gentlemen, I never came there  
*Ten* Never there! where have you been, then?

*Just* Marry, your daily guest, I thank you

*Ten, Honey, Wafu* Ours!

*Just* Ay, yours I was the pedant that learned your wives to write I was the collier that brought you news your child was sick but the truth is, for aught I know, the child is in health, and your wives are gone to make merry at Brauford

*Wafu* By my troth, good wenches, they little dream what we are now

*Just* You little dream what gallants are with them

*Ten* Gallants with them! I'd laugh at that

*Just* Four gallants, by this light, Master Monopoly is one of them

*Ten* Monopoly! I'd laugh at that, in faith

*Just* Would you laugh at that? why, do ye laugh at it, then They are there by this time I cannot stay to give you more particular intelligence I have received a letter from my wife here If you will call me at Putney, I'll bear you company

*Ten* Ods foot, what a rogue is Sergeant Ambush! I'll undo him, by this light

*Just* I met Sergeant Ambush, and willed\* him come to this house to you presently So, gentlemen, I leave you—Bowl, I have nothing to say to you now—Do not think too much in so dangerous a matter, for in woman's matters 'tis more dangerous to stand long deliberating than before a battle [Exit

*Wafu* This fellow's poverty hath made him an ancient knife

*Bud* Will your worship drink any aqua vitae?

*Ten* A pox on your aqua vitae!—Monopoly, that my wife nixed me to wrest, gone to Brauford!—Here comes the wicket

*Enter Ambush*

*Amb* I am come, sir, to know your pleasure

*Ten* What, hath Monopoly paid the money yet?

*Amb* No, sir, but he sent for money

*Ten* You have not carried him to the Counter? he is at your house still?

*Amb* O Lord, ay, sir, as melancholic, &c.†

\* willed] i.e. desired

† as melancholic, &c.] Was the performer to conclude this speech with any simile that he thought proper? Our old dramatists sometimes trusted to the player's powers of extemporizing so Greene,

"Faith Polyxena, the pride of Ilion,



*Ten* You ho like an arrant varlet By this candle, I laugh at the jest

*Bud* [*aside*] And yet he's ready to cry

*Ten* He's gone with my wife to Branford an there be any law in England, I'll tiekle ye for this

*Amb* Do your worst, for I have good security, and I care not, besides, it was his cousin your wife's pleasure that he should go along with her

*Ten* Hoy day, her cousin! Well, sir, your security?

*Amb* Why, sir, two diamonds here

*Ten* [*aside*] O my heart! my wife's two diamonds!—Well, you'll go along and justify this?

*Amb* That I will, sir

*Enter Luce, below*

*Luce* Who am I?

*Ten* What the murrain care I who you are? hold off your fingers, or I'll cut them with these diamond[s]

*Luce* I'll see 'em, i'faith So, I'll keep these diamonds till I have my silk gown and six ells of cambric

*Ten* By this light, you shall not

*Luce* No? what, do you think you have fops in hand? sue me for them

*Wesfer, Honey* As you respect your credit, lets go

*Ten* Good Luce, as you love me, let me have them, it stands upon my credit thou shalt have any thing, take my purse

*Luce* I will not be crossed in my humour, sir

*Ten* You are a damned filthy punk—What an unfortunate rogue was I, that ever I came into this house!

*Bud* Do not spurn any body in my house, you were best

*Ten* Well, well

*[Exeunt Luce, Wesfer, Honey, and Ambrose]*

*Bud* Excellent Luce! the getting of these two diamonds may chance to save the gentlewomen's credit Thou heardest all?

*Luce* O, ay, and, by my troth, pity them what a filthy knave was that betrayed them!

*Fear not Achilles' over madding boy,  
Pyrrhus shall not, &c*

*Souns, Orgilio, why sufferest thou this old trot  
to come so nigh me?*

*Orlando Furioso, Dram Works, i 43, ed Dyce  
And Heywood,*

*"Jockie is led to whipping over the stage, speaking  
some words, but of no importance*

*Etienne de la Fontaine, Part Sec, ed 1610, sig Y*

*Bird* One that put me into pitiful fear Master Justiniano here hath layed lurking, like a sheep biter, and, in my knowledge, hath drawn these gentlewomen to this misfortune But I'll down to Quenchhive,\* and the watermen, which were wont to carry you to Lambeth Marsh,† shall carry me thither It may be I may come before them I think I shall pray more, what for fear of the water, and for my good success, than I did this twelvemonth [*Exeunt*]

## SCENE II ‡

*Enter the Earl and three Servingmen*

*Earl* Have you perfum'd this chamber?

*Omnes* Yes, my lord

*Earl* The banquet?

*Omnes* It stands ready

*Earl* Go, let unsie

Charm with her excellent voice an awful silence Through all this building, that her spheric soul May, on the wings of air, in thousand forms Invisibly fly, yet be enjoy'd Away!

*First Serv* Does my lord mean to conjure, that he draws these strange characters?

*Sec Serv* He does, but we shall see whether the spirit that rises, nor the circle it rises in

*Third Serv* 'Twould make our han stand up an end, if we should Come, fools, come, meddle not with his matters lords may do any thing [*Exeunt Servingmen*]

*Earl* This night shall my desires be amply crown'd,

And all those powers that taste of morn in us Shall now aspire that point of happiness, Beyond which sensual eyes ne'er look,—sweet pleasure,

Delicious pleasure, earth's supremest good, The spring of blood, though it dry up our blood Rob me of that,—though to be drunk with pleasure,

As rank excess even in best things is bad, Turns man into a beast,—yet that being gone, A horse, and thus, the goodliest shape, all we We feed, wear rich attires, and strive to cleave The stars with marble towers, fight battles, spend

Our blood to buy us names, and, in iron hold,

\* Quenchhive] i.e. Quenchinthe

† Lambeth-Marsh] A noted haunt of prostitutes and sharpers

‡ Scene II] The same A room in the house of the Earl

Will we eat roots, to imprison fugitive gold  
But to do thus, what spell can us excite?  
This, the strong magic of our appetite,  
To feast which richly, life itself undoes  
Who'd not die thus? to see, and then to choose  
Why, even those that starve in voluntary wants,  
d, to advance the mind, keep the flesh poor,  
The world enjoying them, they not the world,  
Would they do this, but that they are proud to  
suck

A sweetness from such sourness? Let 'em so  
The torrent of my appetite shall flow  
With happier stream A woman! O, the spirit  
And extract of creation! This, this night,  
The sun shall envy What cold checks our  
blood?

Her body is the chariot of my soul,  
Her eyes my body's light, which if I want,  
Life wants, or if possess, I undo her,  
Turn her into a devil, whom I adore,  
By scorching her with the hot steam of lust.  
'Tis but a minute's pleasure, and the sin  
Scarce acted is repented shun it, than \*  
O, he that can abstain is more than man!  
'Tush! Resolv'st thou to do ill, be not precise  
Who write of virtue best, are slaves to vice

[Music]

The music sounds alarm to my blood  
What's bad I follow, yet I see what's good †

[While the song is heard, the EARL draws a curtain,  
and sits forth a banquet. He then exits and re-  
enters presently with JUSTINIANO altered to his  
wife, masked leads him to the table places him  
in a chair, and in dumb signs waits him till the  
song be done]

Fair, be not doubly mask'd with that and  
night

Beauty, like gold, being used becomes more bright

Just [taking off his mask] Will it please your  
lordship to sit? I shall receive small pleasure,  
if I see your lordship stand

Earl Witch! hag! what art thou, proud dam-  
nation?

Just A merchant's wife

Earl Fury, who rais'd thee up? what comest  
thou for?

Just For a banquet

Earl I am abus'd, deluded—Speak, what art  
thou?

Ud's death, speak, or I'll kill thee In that habit  
I look'd to find an angel, but thy face  
Shows thou'rt a devil

\* than] A form of then, common in old poets

† What's bad, &c.] "video meliora proboque, deterius  
sequor" Ovid, Met. vii. 20

Just My face is as God made it, my lord I  
am no devil, unless women be devils, but men  
find 'em not so, for they daily hunt for them

Earl What art thou that dost cozen me thus?

Just A merchant's wife, I say, Justiniano's  
wife, she whom that long birding piece of yours,  
I mean that wicked Mother Birdlime, caught for  
your honour Why, my lord, has your lordship  
forgot how ye courted me last morning?

Earl The devil, I did!

Just Kissed me last morning

Earl Succubus, not thee

Just Gave me this jewel last morning

Earl Not to thee, harpy

Just To me, upon mine honesty, swore you  
would build me a lodging by the Thames side  
with a water gate to it, or else take me a lodging  
in Cole's harbour \*

Earl I swore so?

Just Or keep me in a labyrinth, as Harry kept  
Rosamond, where the Minotaur, my husband,  
should not enter

Earl I swear so, but, gipsy, not to thee

Just To me, upon my honour hard was the  
sage which you laid to the crystal walls of my  
chastity, but I held out you know, but because  
I cannot be too stony hearted, I yielded, my  
lord, by this token, my lord, (which token lies at  
my heart like lead,) but by this token, my lord,  
that this night you should commit that sin which  
we all know with me

Earl There!

Just Do I look ugly, that you put "thou" upon  
me? did I give you my hand to horn my head,  
that's to say my husband, and is it come to  
"thou"? is my face a filthier face, now it is yours,  
than when it was his? or have I two faces under  
one hood? I confess I have laid mine eyes in  
brim, and that may change the copy but, my  
lord, I know what I am

Earl A sorceress thou shalt witch mine ears  
no more,

If thou canst pray, do't quickly, for thou dost

Just I can pray, but I will not die,—thou heest  
My lord, there drops your lady, and now know,

\* [Cole harbour] Or Coal harbour—a corruption of Cold-  
harbour, or Coldharbour, which was an old building in  
Dowgate Ward. Stow (Survey, p. 188, ed. 1598,) tells us,  
"The first decreed I rule [of Shrewsbury] took it  
down, and in place thereof builded a great number of  
small tenements, now letten out for great rents to  
people of all sorts"—Debtors and persons not of the  
most respectable character used to take refuge there.  
Middlton calls it "the devil's sanctuary" A Trick to  
catch the old one,—Works, ii. 55, ed. Dyce

Thou unseasonable lecher, I am her husband,  
Whom thou wouldst make whore Read, she  
speaks there thus

[Mistress JUSTINIANO is discovered, lying as if dead\*]

Unless I came to her, her hand should free  
Her chastity from blemish proud I was  
Of her brave mind, I came, and seeing what  
slavery,

Poverty, and the frailty of her sex,  
Had, and was like to make her subject to,  
I begg'd that she would die, my suit was granted,  
I poison'd her, thy lust there strikes her dead  
Horns fear'd plagues worse than sticking on the  
head

Earl O God, thou hast undone thyself and me!  
None live to match this piece thou art too  
bloody

Yet for her sake, whom I'll embalm with tears,  
This act with her I bury, and to quit  
Thy loss of such a jewel, thou shalt share  
My living with me come, embrace

Just My lord!

Earl Villain, damn'd merciless slave, I'll  
torture thee

To every inch of flesh—What, ho! help! who's  
there?

Come hither! here's a murderer, bind him!—  
How now!

What noise is this?

*Re enter the Servingmen*

First Serv My lord, there are three citizens  
face me down that here's one Master Parentheus,  
a schoolmaster, with your lordship, and desire he  
may be forthcoming to 'em

Just That borrow'd name is mine—[*Calling to  
those within*] Shift for yourselves,  
Away, shift for yourselves, fly, I am taken!

Earl Why should they fly, thou screech-owl?

Just I will tell thee

Those three are partners with me in the murder,  
We four commix'd the poison—[*Calling to those  
within*] Shift for yourselves!

Earl Stop's mouth, and drag him back cu-  
treat'em enter [Exit First Serv]

O, what a conflict feel I in my blood!  
(I would I were less great to be more good

*Enter TENTERHOOK, WAFFR and HONLYBUCKLE, with  
First Servingman*

Ye're welcome wherefore came you!—Guard  
the doors—

\* *Mistress Justiniano is discovered, lying as if dead*  
This stage-direction is not in the old ed.—Here probably  
Justiniano drew back a curtain

When I behold that object, all my senses  
Revolt from reason—He that offers flight  
Drops down a corse

Ten, Wafer, Honey A corse!

First Serv Ay, a corse do you scorn to be  
worms' meat more than she?

Just See, gentlemen, the Italian that does  
scorn,

Beneath the moon, no baseness like the hoin,  
Has pour'd through all the veins of yon chaste  
bosom

Strong poison to preserve it from that plague  
This fleshly lord, he doted on my wife,  
He would have wrought on her and play'd on me  
But to pare off these hums, I cut off her,  
And gull'd him with this lie, that you had hands  
Dipt in her blood with mine, but this I did,  
That his stain'd ago and name might not be hid  
My act, though vile, the world shall crown as just,  
I shall die clear, when he lives soil'd with lust—  
But, come, rise, Moll, awake, sweet Moll, thou'st  
play'd

The woman rarely, counterfeited well

[Mistress JUSTINIANO rises]

First Serv Sure, sh's as nine live-

Just See, Lucrece is not slain

Her eyes, which lust call'd suns, have their first  
beams,

And all these frightments are but idle dreams  
Yet, afore Jove, she had her knife prepar'd  
To let her \* blood forth ere it should run black  
Do not these open cuts now cool your back?  
Methinks they should when vice seeds with  
broad eyes

Her ugly form, she does herself despise

Earl Mirror of dames, I look upon thee now,  
As men long blind having recover'd sight,  
Amaz'd, scarce able are to endure the light  
Mine own shame strikes me dumb henceforth  
the book

I'll read shall be thy mind, and not thy look

Honey I would either we were at Brainford to  
see our wives, or our wives here to see this pi-  
gcant

Ten So would I, I stand upon thorns

Earl The jewels which I gave you, wear, your  
fortunes

I'll raise on golden pillars fare you well  
Lust in old age, like burnt straw, does even choke  
The kindlers, and consumes in stinking smoke

[Exit  
Just You may follow your lord by the smoke,  
badgers

\* *her* The old ed., "his

*First Serv* If fortune had favoured him, we might have followed you by the horns

*Just* Fortune favours fools, your lord's a wise lord [*Exeunt Servingmen*] So—How now! ha! This is that makes me fit now is't not itsbane to you, gentlemen, as pap was to Nestor? but I know the invisible sins of your wives hang at your eye lids, and that makes you so heavily-laden

*Ten* If I do take 'em napping, I know what I'll do

*Honey* I'll nap some of them

*Ten* That villain Monopoly, and that Sn Gosling, treads 'em all

*Wafer* Would I might come to that treading!

*Just* Ha, ha, so would I—Come, Moll, the book of the siege of Ostend,\* writ by one that dropped in the action, will never sell so well as a report of the siege between this grave, this wicked elder and himself, an impression of you two would away in a May morning. Was it ever heard that such things were brought away from a lord by any wench but thee, Moll, without paying, unless the wench conveyed him? Go thy ways if all the great Turk's concubines were but like thee, the ten penny infidel† should

never need keep so many geldings to neigh over 'em—Come, shall this western voyage hold, my hearts?

*Ten, Wafer, Honey* Yes, yes

*Just* Yes, yes! s'foot, you speak as if you had no hearts, and look as if you were going westward indeed! To see how plain dealing women can pull down men!—Moll, you'll help us to catch snells‡ too?

*Miss Just* If you be pleased

*Just* Never better since I wore a sinock

*Honey* I fear our oars have given us the bag‡

*Wafer* Good, I'd laugh at that

*Just* If they have, would theirs § might give them the bottle! Come, march whilst the women double their files. Married men, see, there's comfort, the moon's up 'fore Don Phœbus, I doubt we shall have a frost this night, her horns are so sharp do you not feel it bite?

*Ten* I do, I'm sure

*Just* But we'll sit upon one another's skirts i' the boat, and lie close in straw, like the heavy courtier. Set on

To Brumford now, where if you meet frail wives, Ne'er swear 'gainst horns in vain. Dams Natives stirres [*Exeunt*

## ACT V

## SCENE I ‡

*Enter* MONOPOLY, WHIRLPOOL, TINSNICK, MISTRESS HONEY-SUCKLE, MISTRESS WAFER, and MISTRESS LINDENHOLM, *their hats off*

*Mon* Why, chamberlain!—Will not these fellows be drawn forth? are they not in tune yet? or are the rogues afraid o' the statute,§ and dare not travel so far without a passport?

*Whirl* What, chamberlain!

*Lun* Where's mine host?—What, chamberlain!

*Enter* CHAMBERLAIN

*Cham* Anon, sir, here, sir, at hand, sir

*Mon* Where's this noise?|| What a lousy town's this! Has Brumford no music in't?

\* *the siege of Ostend*] See note †, p. 210

† *the ten penny infidel*] So Dekker,

"Wilt fight, Turke a tenpence?"

*Satromastix*, 1602, sig. II 2

‡ *Scen. I*] Brumford. A room in an inn

§ *the statute*] "Statute against vagabonds." MS. note by Malone

|| *noise*] See note §, p. 222

*Cham* They are but rosin'g, sir, and they'll scrape themselves into your company presently

*Mon* Plague o' their cat's guts and their scraping! Dost not see women here, and can we, thinkest thou, be without a noise, then?

*Cham* The truth is, sir, one of the poor instruments caught a sore machine last night his most base bridge fell down, and belike they are making a gathering for the reparations of that

*Whirl* When they come, let's have 'em, with a pox

*Cham* Well, sir, you shall, sir

*Mon* Stay, chamberlain, where's our knight, Sn Gosling? where's Sir Gosling?

*Cham* Troth, sir, my master and Sir Gosling are guzzling, they are dabbling together fathom-

\* *westward indeed*] i. e. to Tyburn

† *to catch snells*] See note \* p. 221

‡ *I fear our oars have given us the bag*] *To give the bag* means to cheat

§ *theirs*] Old ed., "whereas"

deep the knight hath drunk so much health to the gentlemen yonder, on his knees,\* that he has almost lost the use of his legs

*Mist Honey* O, for love, let none of 'em enter our room, fie!

*Mist Wafer* I would not have 'em cast up their accounts here, for more than they mean to bo drunk this twelvemonth

*Mist Ten* Good chamberlain, keep them and their healths out of our company

*Cham* I warrant you, their healths shall not hurt you [Exit]

*Mon Ay*, well said! they're none of our giving let 'em keep their own quarters Nay, I told you the men would soak him, if he were ten knights, if he were a knight of gold, they'd fetch him over

*Mist Ten* Out upon him!

*Whirl* There's a lieutenant and a captain amongst 'em too

*Mon* Nay, then, look to have somebody lie on the earth for't its ordinary for your lieutenant to be drunk with your captain, and your captain to cast with your knight

*Mist Ten* Did you never hear how Sir Fabian Scarecrow (even such another) took me up one night before my husband, being in wine?

*Mist Wafer* No, indeed how was it?

*Mist Ten* But I think I took him down with a witless

*Mist Honey* How, good Tenterhook?

*Mist Ten* Nay, I'll have all your ears take part of it

*Omnes* Come, on then

*Mist Ten* He used to frequent me and my husband divers times, and at last comes he out one morning to my husband, and says, "Master Tenterhook," says he, "I must trouble you to lend me two hundred pounds about a commodity which I am to deal in" and what was that commodity but his knighthood?

*Omnes* So

*Mist Ten* "Why, you shall, Master Scarecrow," says my good man so within a little while after, Master Fabian was created knight

*Mon* Created a knight! that's no good he raldry, you must say dubbed

*Mist Ten* And why not created, pray?

*Omnes, except Mon Ay*, well done! put him down at's own weapon

*Mist Ten* Not created! why, all things have their being by creation

*Lin* Yes, by my faith, is't

*Mist Ten* But to return to my tale,—

*Whirl Ay*, marry, mark now

*Mist Ten* When he had climbed up this costly ladder of preferment, he disburses the money back again very honourably, comes home, and was by my husband invited to supper There supped with us, besides, another gentleman incident to the court, one that had bespoke me of my husband to help me into the banquetting house and see the revelling, a young gentle woman,\* and that wag our schoolmaster Master Parenthesis, for I remember he said grace,—methinks I see him yet, how he turned up the white o' the eye, when he came to the last grace, and that he was almost past grace!—

*Mist Wafer* Nay, he can do't

*Mist Ten* All supper time my new mounted knight made wine the waggon to his meat, for it ran down his throat so fast, that, before my chamber-maid had taken half up, he was not scarce able to stand

*Mon* A general fault at citizens' tables

*Mist Ten* And I, thinking to play upon him, asked him, "Sir Fabian Scarecrow," quoth I, "what pretty gentlewoman will you raise up now to stall her your lady?" But he, like a foul mouthed man, swore, "Zounds, I'll still never t punk in England a lady, there's too many already" "O, fie, Sir Fabian," quoth I, "will you call her that shall be your wife such an odious name?" And then he sets out a throat, and swore again, like a stinking breathed knight as he was, that women were like horses,—

*Mist Honey, Mist Wafer* O filthy knave!

*Mist Ten* They'd break over any hedge to change their pasture, though it were worse "Fie, man, fie," says the gentlewoman,—

*Mon* Very good

*Mist Ten* And he, bristling up his beard to rail at her too, I cut him over the thumbs thus "Why, Sir Fabian Scarecrow, did I meanst my husband to lend you so much money upon your bare word, and do you backbite my friends and me to our faces? I thought you had had more perseverance if you bore a knightly and a de generous mind, you would scorn it you had wont to be more deformable amongst women fie, that you'll be so humoursome! here was nobody so egregious towards you, Sir Fabian"

\* the knight hath drunk so much health to the gentleman yonder on his knees] This was a foolish custom of the day, at which the Puritans expressed the highest indignation

\* gentlewoman] The old copy "Gentleman", but see what presently follows

and thus, in good sadness, I gave him the best words I could pick out, to make him ashamed of his doings

*Whirl* And how took he this correction?

*Mist Ten* Very heavily, for he slept presently upon't, and in the morning was the sorriest knight, and, I warrant, is so to this day, that lives by bread in England

*Mon* To see what wine and women can do! the one makes a man not to have a word to throw at a dog, the other makes a man to eat his own words, though they were never so filthy

*Whirl* I see these fiddlers cannot build up their bridge, that some music may come over us

*Lin* No, faith, they are drunk too what shall's do therefore?

*Mon* Sit up at cards all night

*Mist Wafer* That's serving man's fashion

*Whirl* Drink burnt wine and eggs, then

*Mist Honey* That's an exercise for your sublimed wenchies

*Mist Ten* No, no, let's set upon our posset, and so march to bed, for I begin to wa- light with having my natural sleep pulled out o mine eyes

*Omnes* Agreed, be't so, the sack posset and to bed

*Mon* What, chamberlains!—I must take a pipe of tobacco

*Mist Honey, Mist Wafer, Mist Ten* Not here, not here, not here

*Mist Wafer* I'll rather love a man that takes a purse than him that takes tobacco

*Mist Ten* By my little finger, I'll break all your pipes, and burn the case and the box too, as you draw out your stinking smoke afore me

*Mon* Pithco, good Mistress Tinterhook,—I'll ha' done in a trice

*Mist Ten* Do you long to have me swion?

*Mon* I'll use but half a pipe, in troth

*Mist Ten* Do you long to see me lie at your feet?

*Mon* Sinell to't, 'tis perfumed

*Mist Ten* O God O God, you anger me, you stain my blood, you move me, you make me spoil a good face with frowning at you This was ever your fashion, so to smoke my husband when you come home, that I could not abide him in mine eye, he was a mote in it, methought, a month after Pray, spawl in another room fie, fie, fie!

*Mon* Well, well come, well for once feed her humour

*Mist Honey* Get two rooms off at least, if you love us

*Mist Wafer* Three, three, Master Linstock, three

*Lin* 'Sfoot, we'll dance to Norwich,\* and take it there, if you'll stay till we return again Hero's a sin! You'll ill abide a fiery face, that cannot endure a smoky nose

*Mon* Come, let's satisfy our appetite

*Whirl* And that will be hard for us, but we'll do our best

[*Exeunt MONOPOLY, WHIMPOOL, and LINSTOCK*]

*Mist Ten* So, are they departed? What string may we three think that these three gillants harp upon, by bringing us to this sinful town of Brainford, ha?

*Mist Honey* I know what string they would harp upon, if they could put us into the right tune

*Mist Wafer* I know what one of 'em buzzed in mine ear, till, like a thief in a candle, he made mine ears burn, but I swore to say nothing

*Mist Ten* I know as vainly they hope, and brag one to another, that this night they'll row westward in our husbands' wherries as we hope to be rowed to London to-morrow morning in a pair of oars But, wenchies, let's be wise, and make rooks of them that, I warrant, are now setting purse-net-† to concatch us

*Mist Honey, Mist Wafer* Content

*Mist Ten* They shall know that citizens wives have wit enough to outstrip twenty such gulls though we are merry, let's not be mad, be as wintou as new-married wives, as fantastic and light-headed to the eye as feather makers, but as pure about the heart as if we dwelt amongst 'em in Blackfriars‡

*Mist Wafer* Well eat and drink with 'em

*Mist Ten* O, yes, eat with 'em as hungrily as soldiers, drink as if we were frogs,§ talk as freely as jesters but do as little as misers, who, like dry nurses, have great breasts, but give no milk It were better we should laugh at their popinjays than live in fear of their prating

\* *Dance to Norwich*] An allusion to a feat of Kempe, the actor of which he published an account called *Kempe's Nine Days Wonder, performed on a dance from London to Norwich, 1600* &c It has been reprinted by the Camden Society from the unique copy in the Bodleian Library

† *purse-net*] See note \*, p. 130

‡ *as fantastic and light-headed to the eye as feather makers, but as pure about the heart as if we dwelt amongst 'em in Blackfriars*] Blackfriars was famed for the residence of Puritans, some of whom most inconsistently with their religious opinions followed the trade of feather making

§ *frogs*] 1 o frows

tongues Though we lie all night out of the city, they shall not find country wenches of us, but since we ha' brought 'em thus far into a fool's paradise, let's 'em in't the jost shall be a stock to maintain us and our pelfellows in laughing at christenings, sayings out, and upittings this twelve month How say you, wenches? have I set the saddle on the right horse?

*Mist Wafe*, *Mist Honey* O, 'twill be excellent!

*Mist Wafe* But how shall we shift 'em off?

*Mist Ten* Not as ill debtors do their creditors, with good words, but as lawyers do their clients when they're overthrow'n, by some new knavish trick and thus it shall be, one of us must dissemble to be suddenly very sick.

*Mist Honey* I'll be she

*Mist Ten* Nay, though we can all dissemble well, yet I'll be she, for men are so jealous, or rather envious of one another's happiness, especially in these out of town gossipings, that he who shall miss his hen, if he be a right cock indeed, will watch the other from treading

*Mist Wafe* That's certain, I know that by myself

*Mist Ten* And, like Esop's dog, unless himself might eat hay, will lie in the manger and starve, but he'll hinder the horse from eating any besides, it will be as good as a Welsh hook for you to keep out the other at the staves end, for you may boldly stand upon this point, that unless every man's heels may be tript up, you scorn to play at football

*Mist Honey* That's certain — peace! I hear them spitting after their tobacco

*Mist Ten* A chair, a chair! one of you keep as great a coil and calling as if\* you ran for a midwife, th'other hold my head, whilst I cut my lace

*Mist Wafe* Passion of me! Master Monopoly! Master Lunstock! an you be men, help to daw† Mistress Tenterhook! O, quickly, quickly! she's sick and taken with an agony

*Re enter, as she cries, MONOPOLY, WHIRLPOOL, and LINSTOCK*

*Mon*, *Whirl*, *Lin* Sick! How! how now! what's the matter?

*Mon* Sweet Clare, call up thy spirits

*Mist Ten* O Master Monopoly, thy spirits will not come at my calling! I am terrible and ill Sure, sure, I'm struck with some wicked planet, for it hit my very heart. O, I feel myself worse and worse!

\* as if The old copy "and as if"  
† daw] i.e. revive

*Mon* Some burnt sack for her, good wenches, or posset drink Pox o' this rogue chamberlain! one of you call him How her pulses beat! a draught of cinnamon water now for her were better than two tankards out of the Thames — How now, ha?

*Mist Ten* Ill, ill, ill, ill, ill

*Mon* I'm accus'd to spend money in this town of iniquity, there's no good thing ever comes out of it, and it stands upon such musty ground by reason of the river, that I cannot see how a tender woman can do well in't 'Sfoot, sick now, cast down, now 'tis come to the push!

*Mist Ten* My mind misgives me that all's not sound at London

*Whirl* Pox on 'em that be not sound! what need that touch you?

*Mist Ten* I fear you'll never carry me thither

*Mon*, *Whirl*, *Lin* Pooh, pooh, say not so

*Mist Ten* Pray, let my clothes be utterly undone, and then lay me in my bed

*Lin* Walk up and down a little

*Mist Ten* O Mister Lunstock, 'tis no walking will serve my turn — Have me to bed, good sweet Mistress Honey-suckle — I doubt that old hag, *Gilham of Braunford*,\* has bewitched me

\* *Gilham of Braunford*] *Gilham*, *Julian*, or *John* of *Braunford* was a reputed witch of some celebrity

*Let of Braunford's testament* *Acely compiled*, n.d. etc., consisting of eight leaves, is among the rarest of black letter tracts — it was written by Robert and printed by William Copland — In this very low and vulgar production no mention is made of *Gilham's* being indebted to witchcraft — as the Bodleian copy is now before me, I quote a few lines from it,

"At Braunford on the west of London

Nigh to a place called is Syon

There dwelt a widow of a homely sort

Honest in substance and full of sport

Daily she cowd w<sup>th</sup> pastime and Jests

Among her neighbours and her gesses

She kept an lbe of ryght good lodgyng

For all estates that thyder was comyng

The reader who has any curiosity to know what *Gilham* bequeathed to her friends may gratify it by turning to *Nash's Summers last will and testament*, 1604, sig. B 2

It appears from *Henslowes Diary* that she was a character in a play written by Thomas Downton [or Downton] and Samuel Redly [Howley?], produced in February, 1598-9, and mentioned there under the title of "*1 ryer Fox and gillen of Braunford*"

In the 4to of Shakespeare's *Merry Wives of Windsor*, 1602, when Mistress Page says that Falstaff

"might put on a plowse and a muller,

And so escape"

*Mistress Ford* answers,

"Thats wel remembered my maids aunt,

*Gilham of Braunford*, with a gowne aboute"

p. 37, Shakespeare Soc. reprint.

*Mon.* Look to her, good wenches

*Mist Wafer.* Ay, so we will,—[*aside*] and to you too [*Aside to MIST TEN and MIST HONEY*] This was excellent.

[*Exeunt MISTRESS TENTFRIDOOK, MISTRESS HONEY, SICKLE, and MISTRESS WAFER*]

*Whirl.* This is strange

*Lin.* Villanous spiteful luck! No matter, th'other two hold bias

*Whirl.* Peace! mark how he's nipt nothing grieves me so much as that poor Pyramus here must have a wall this night between him and his Thisbe

*Mon.* No remedy, trusty Troilus and it grieves me as much that you'll want your false Cressida to night, for here's no Sir Pandarus to usher you into your chamber

*Lin.* I'll summon a pailey to one of the wenches, and see how all goes

*Mon.* No whispering with the common enemy, by this iron he sees the devil that sees how all goes amongst the women to night N.Y., foot, if I stand piping till you dance, damn me

*Lin.* Why, you'll let me call to 'em but at the key hole?

*Mon.* Pooh, good Master Lanstock, I'll not stand by whilst you give fire at your key hole. I'll hold no trencher till another feeds, no stirrup till another gets up, be no door keeper I ha' not been so often at court, but I know what the backside of the hangings are made of, I'll trust none under a piece of tipcatry, namely a coverlet

*Whirl.* What will you say if the wenches do this to gull us?

*Mon.* No matter, I'll not be doubly gulled, by them and by you go, will you take the lease of the next chamber, and do as I do?

*Whirl, Lin.* And what's that?

*Mon.* Any villany in your company, but nothing out on't Will you sit up, or lie by t?

*Whirl.* Nay, he, sure, for lying is most in fashion

*Mon.* Troth, then, I'll have you before me.

*Whirl, Lin.* It shall be yours

*Mon.* Yours, i' faith I'll play Janus with two faces, and look asquint both ways for one night

*Lin.* Well, sir, you shall be our door keeper

*Mon.* Since we must swim, let's leap into one flood

Well either be all naught, or else all good

*Exeunt*

## SCENE II \*

*Enter a Noise of Fiddlers,† following the CHAMBERLAIN*

*Cham.* Come, come, come, follow me, follow me I warrant, you ha' lost more by not falling into a sound ‡ last night, than ever you got at one job since it pleased to make you a noise I can tell you, gold is no money with em Follow me, and fann as you go you shall put something into their ears, whilst I provide to put something into their bellies Follow close, and fann

[*Exeunt*]

## SCENE III §

*Enter SIR GOSLOW GROWWOM and MISTRESS BIDDLEBEE galled along by him*

*Sir Gos.* What kin art thou to Long Meg of Westminster? || thou rt like her

*Bird.* Somewhat like, sir, at a blush, nothing akin, sir, saving in height of mind, and that she was a goodly woman

*Sir Gos.* My Ambree,\*|| do not you know me? and not I a sight of this sweet phisnomy at Rhensish wine house ha' last day, i the Stillard, ha'?? Whither art bound, galleyfoist? || † whither art bound? whence comest thou, fann de yeoman o' the guard?

*Bird.* From London sir

*Sir Gos.* Dost come to keep the door An part? || ‡

*Bird.* My reputation rather is to speak with the gentlewomen here that drunk with your worship at the Dutch house of meeting

*Sir Gos.* Drunk with me? you ha, not drunk with me but, faith, what wouldst with the

\* *Scen II*] The same A lobby in the same

† *A Noise of Fiddlers*] See note § p. 212

‡ *part*] I need hardly observe that the Chamberlain is quibbling here—*social* being the usual form of *person* when this play was written

§ *Scen III*] The same A room in the same

|| *Long Meg of Westminster*] An Amazon often alluded to by our old writers She was the heroine of a play, named after her and first acted in 1594 as we learn from Henslow's *Dramat* She also figured in a ballad entered on the Stationers' books in that year In 1615 appeared a tract entitled *The Life of Long Meg of Westminster concerning the most merry pranks she played in her lifetime &c*

¶ *Mary Ambree*] Was as famous as the Lady Jane Grey named *The valiant and perfidious at Court by the house for her in a Mary Ambree who in revenge of her lover's death set fire her part most pathetically may be found in Percy's *Reliques* vol ii p. 240, ed 1812*

\*\* *the Rhensish wine house* [*the Stillard*] See note \*, p. 217

†† *galleyfoist*] A large barge with oars When our old writers talk of 'the galleyfoist,' they mean the Lord Mayor of London's barge The word is formed of *galley*, and *foist*, a light vessel,—*tr Juste*

‡‡ *Ancepart*] A renowned giant, whom Sir Nevils of Southampton conquered



women? they are a bed Art not a midwife? one of 'em told me thou wert a nightwoman

[Music within the Fiddlers]

*Bud* I ha' brought some women a bed in my time, sir

*Sir Gos* Ay, and some young men too, hast not, Pandora?—How now! where's this noise?

*Bud* I'll commit your worship—

*Sir Gos* To the stocks? art a justice? shalt not commit me

*Enter Fiddlers*

Dance first, faith—Why, scoundrels, appear under the wenches' comical window,\* by the Lord! Uds daggers, cannot sin be set ashore once in a reign upon your country quarters, but it must have fiddling? what set of villains are you, you perpetual ragamuffins?

*First Fidd* The town consort,† sir

*Sir Gos* Consort, with a pox! cannot the shaking of the sheets‡ be danced without your town piping? nay, then, let all hell roar

*First Fidd* I beseech you, sir, put up yours, and well put up ours

*Sir Gos* Play, you lousy Hungarians § sec, look the Maypole is set up, we'll dance about it—Keep this circle, maquerelle ||

*Bud* I am no muckerel, and I'll keep no circles

*Sir Gos* Play, life of Pharaoh, play the bawd shall teach me a Scotch jig

*Bud* Bawd! I defy thee and thy jigs, whatsoever thou art were I in place where, I'd make thee prove thy words

*Sir Gos* I would prove 'em, Mother Best be trust why, do not I know you, grammar? and thit sugar-loaf?¶ h'r! do I not, Megera?

*Bud* I am none of your Mags do not nick name me so, I will not be nicked

\* Why, scoundrels, appear under the wenches' comical window.] If this be right, I cannot explain it if it be wrong, I cannot set it right. (In the first ed of the present work I queried "the comical wenches' window.")

† consort] See note on "Westward Ho, act i sc 1, p 260  
‡ the shaking of the sheets] The name of an old dance, often mentioned with a double entendre by our early dramatists

§ Hungarians] A cant term, alluding either to the Hungarians who once overrun a considerable part of Europe, or to the condition of the persons addressed,—hungry fellows. See notes of Shakspeare's commentators on *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, act i sc iii

|| maquerelle] i.e. bawd pandress. Irish want has,

'Yet, howsoever this Maquerelle trade,

She's tano in court and city for a maid'

*The House of Chast It's*, p 19

And the old pandress in *The Malcontent* (which forms a portion of this collection) is named Maquerelle

¶ sugar loaf] i.e. high crowned hat

*Sir Gos* You will not, you will not! how many of my name, of the glowworms, have paid for your furred gowns, thou woman's broker?

*Bud* No, sir, I scorn to be beholding to any glowworm that lives upon earth for my fur I can keep myself warm without glowworms

*Sir Gos* Canst sing, woodpecker? come, sing and wako'em

*Bud* Would you should well know it, I am no singing woman

*Sir Gos* How! then 'sfoot, sing or how', or I'll break your ostrich egg shell there

*Bud* My egg hurts not you what do you mean, to flourish so?

*Sir Gos* Sing, Madge, Madge, sing, owl!

*Bud* How can I sing with such a sour fice? I am haunted with a cough and cannot sing

*Sir Gos* One of your instruments, mounte banks—Come, here, clutch, clutch

*Bud* Alas, sir, I'm an old woman, and know not how to clutch an instrument

*Sir Gos* Look, mark to and fro, as I rub it make a noise, it's no matter, any hunt's-up\* to waken vice

*Bud* I shall never rub it in tune

*Sir Gos* Will you scrape?

*Bud* So you will let me go in to the parties, I will scaw and make a noise

*Sir Gos* Do, then sh'r't in to the parties, and put 'em, sh'r't, my lew lena

*Bud* If I must needs play the fool in my old days, let me have the biggest instrument, because I can hold that best I shall cough like a broken winded horse, if I gape once to sing once

*Sir Gos* No matter, cough out thy lungs

*Bud* No, sir, though I'm old and worm eaten, I'm not so rotten

[Coughs]

#### A Song †

Will your worship be rid of me now?

*Sir Gos* I am, as rich men's heirs would be of their gonty dads That's the hot house where your parties are sweating ramble, go, tell the ladies I have sent 'em a mast to their ship

*Bud* Yes, forsooth, I'll do your errand. [Exit]

*Sir Gos* Half masty still, by thundering Jove! With what waldo of villainy might I cleave out an hour or two?—Fiddlers, come, strike up, march before me the chamberlain shall put a crown for you into his bill of items You shall sing bawdy songs under every window i'tho

\* hunt's up] Means properly a tune played to rouse sportsmen in the morning

† A Song] See note i, p 45

town up will the clowns start, down come the wenches, we'll set the men a fighting, the women a scolding, the dogs a barking, you shall be on fiddling, and I follow dancing Lantana carry your instruments, play, and away

[*Exeunt*]

## SCENE IV \*

*Enter* TERTIUS, HONEYSUCKLE, WAFER, JUSTINIANO and MISTRESS JUSTINIANO, with AMBUSH and Chamberlain

*Honey* Sergeant Ambush, as thou art my honest fellow, scout in some back room, till the watch word be given for calling forth

*Amb* Dun's the mouse,†

[*Exit*]

*Ten* A little low woman, sayest thou, in a velvet cap, and one of 'em in a beaver?—Brother Honeysuckle, and brother Wafer, hark, they are they

*Wafer* But art sure their husbands are a bed with 'em?

*Cham* I think so, sir, I know not. I left 'em together in one room, and what division fall amongst 'em the fates can discover, not I

*Ten* Leave us, good chamberlain: we are some of their friends, leave us, good chamberlain, be merry a little, leave us, honest chamberlain

[*Exit Chamberlain*]

We are abused, we are bought and sold in Branford market: never did the sickness of one belied nurse child stick so cold to the hearts of three fathers, never were three innocent citizens so horribly, so abominably wronged under the withers

*Honey, Wafer* What shall we do? how shall we help ourselves?

*Honey* How shall we pull this thorn out of our foot, before it rankle?

*Ten* Yes, yes, yes, well enough: one of us stay here to watch, do you see? to watch, have an eye, have an ear. I, and my brother Wafer, and Master Justiniano, will set the town in an insurrection, bring hither the constable and his bill men, break open upon 'em, take 'em in their wickedness, and put 'em to their purgation

*Honey, Wafer* Agreed

*Just* Ha, ha, purgation!

*Ten* We'll have 'em before some country justice of coram (for we scorn to be bound to the peace), and this justice shall draw his sword in

our defence: if we find 'em to be malefactors, we'll tickle 'em

*Honey* Agreed: do not say, but do not come

*Just* Are you mad? do you know what you do? whither will you run?

*Ten, Honey, Wafer* To set the town in an uproar

*Just* An uproar! will you make the townsmen think that Londoners never come hither but upon Saint Thomas's night? Say you should rattle up the constable, thrust all the country into the hedge in the house with flails, pike-staves, and pitch forks, take your wives nipping these western smelts nibbling and that, like so many Vilems, every smith should discover his Venus dancing with Mars in a net,—would this plaster cure the headache?

*Ten* Ay, it would

*Honey, Wafer* Nay, it should

*Just* *Nego, nego*, no, no, it shall be proved unto you, your heads would ache worse when women are proclaimed to be light, they strive to be more light, for who dare disprove a proclamation?

*Ten* Ay, but when light wives make heavy husbands, let these husbands play mad Hamlet,† and cry "Revenge!" Come, and we'll do so

*Mist Just* Pray, stay, be not so heady, it may entreaty

*Just* My wife entreats you, and I entreat you, to have mercy on yourselves though you have none over the women. I'll tell you a tale. This last Christmas, a citizen and his wife, as it might be one of you, were invited to the revels one night at one of the lady's court. The husband, having business, trusts his wife thither to take up a room for him before she did so, but before she went, doubts arising what blocks her husband would stumble at to hinder his entrance, it was consulted upon by what token, by what trick, by what banner or brooch, he should be known to be he when he rapped at the gate.

*Ten, Honey, Wafer* Very good

*Just* The crowd, he was told, would be greater, their clamours greater, and able to drown the throats of a shoal of fishwives: he himself, therefore, devises an excellent watchword, and the sign at which he would hang out himself should be a horn, he would wind his horn, and that should give 'em warning that he was come

\* Scene IV.] The same. An outer room in the same.  
† Dun's the mouse.] See the notes of the commentators on

"Tut, dun's the mouse, the constable's own word"  
Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*, act I, sc

\* HONEY, WAFER.] The old ed. "All"

† play mad Hamlet, and cry "Revenge!" One of the numerous passages in contemporary writers which attest the popularity of Shakespeare's Hamlet

*Ten, Honey, Wafer* So

*Just* The torchmen and whiffers\* had an item to receive him—he comes, rings out his horn with an alarm, enters with a shout, all the house rises, thinking some sow gelder pressed in,† his wife blushed, the company jested, the simple man like a beggar going to the stocks, laughed, as not being sensible of his own disgrace and hereupon the punics set down this decree, that no man shall hereafter come to laugh at their revels, if his wife be entered before him, unless he carry his horn about him

*Wafer* I'll not trouble them

*Just* So, if you trumpet abroad and preach at the market-cross your wives shame, 'tis your own shame

*Ten, Honey, Wafer* What shall we do, then?

*Just* Take my counsel, I'll ask no fee for't bar out host, banish mine hostess, beat away the chamberlain, let the ostlers walk, enter you the chambers peaceably, lock the doors gingerly, look upon your wives woefully, but upon the evil-doers most wickedly

*Ten.* What shall we reap by this?

*Just* An excellent harvest, this—you shall hear the poor mouse trapped guilty gentlemen call for mercy, your wives you shall see kneeling at your feet, and weeping, and wringing, and blushing, and crying Brinford, and crying *Pardonnez moi, pardonnez moi, pardonnez moi!* whilst you have the choice to stand either as judges to condemn 'em, bevilles to torment 'em, or confessors to absolve 'em. And what a glory will it be for you three, to kiss your wives like forgetful husbands to exhort and forgive the young men like pitiful fathers, then to call for oars, then to cry "Hoy for London!" then to make a supper,

\* *whiffers* \* The term is undoubtedly borrowed from *whistle*, another name for a fife or small flute, for whiffers were originally those who preceded armies or processions as fifers or pipers. In process of time the term *whiffer* which had always been used in the sense of a *whiffer*, came to signify any person who went before in a procession. Minshew in his *Dictionary* 1617, describes him to be a club or staff bearer. Sometimes the whiffers carried white staves" &c.—Douce's *Illustrations of Shakespeare*, vol. 1 p. 507

† *think some sow gelder pressed in*

"Have ye any work for the sow of lute, ho?"

*My horn goes to high, to low, to high to low!"*

Song by Higgen, disguised as a sow gelder, in Fletcher's *Hippys Bush*, act iii sc. 1

"And so much credit now attends it [the horn] daily, That every common crier, petio truly, Swine herds, and brane now gelders, in a prude Doe beare a home low dangling by their side"

Breton's *Cornu copie*, *Pasquill Night-cap*, &c., p. 108, ed. 1612

then to drown all in sack and sugar, then to go to bed, and then to rise and open shop, where you may ask any man what he lacks, with your cap off, and none shall perceive whether the brims wring you

*Ten* We'll raise no towns

*Honey* No, no, let's knock first

*Wafer* Ay, that's best I'll summon a parley  
[Knocks]

*Must Ten [within]* Who's there? have you stock-fish in hand, that you beat so hard? who are you?

*Ten* That's my wife let Justiniano speak, for all they know our tongues.

*Must Ten [within]* What a murrain ul these colts, to keep such a kicking!—Monopoly!

*Just* Yes

*Must Ten [within]* Is Master Linstock up too, and the captain?

*Just* Both are in the field will you open your door?

*Must Ten [within]* O, you are proper gamesters, to bring false dice with you from London to cheat yourselves! Is't possible that three shallow women should gull three such gull-ants?

*Ten* What means this?

*Must Ten [within]* Have we defied you upon the walls all night, to open our gates to you in the morning? Our honest husbands, they (silly men) be prying in their beds now, that the water under us may not be rough, the tilt that covers us may not be rent, and the straw about our feet may keep our pretty legs warm. I warrant they walk upon Queenhive, as Leander did for Hero, to watch for our landing and should we wrong such kind hearts? would we might ever be troubled with the toothache, then!

*Ten* This thing that makes fools of us thus, is my wife  
[Knocks]

*Must Wafer [within]* Ay, ay, knock your bellies full we hug one another a bed, and be lugging till we tickle again, to remember how we sent you a bat fowling

*Wafer* An almond, parrot \* that's my Mabs voice, I know by the sound

\* *An almond, parrot* A sort of proverbial expression  
*In almon now for Parrot, dilycately drest*

Skolton's *Spoke, Parrot*—*World*, ii. 4. ed. Dyce

"An Almond for Parrot, a Rope for Parrot"

Houghton's *Englishmen for my money*, 1616, sig. G 3

"Here's an almond for parrot"

Dekker and Middleton's *Honest Whore (Part First)*—

Middleton's *World*, iii. 112, ed. Dyce

An Almond for a Parrot n.d., attributed to Nash, is a memorable production, and one of the poems of the

*Just* 'Sfoot, you ha' spoiled half already, and you'll spoil all, if you dam not up your mouths Villany! nothing but villany! I'm afraid they have smelt your breaths at the key-hole, and now they set you to catch flounders, whilst in the meantime the conspicuous malefactors make 'em ready, and take London napping

*Ten, Honey, Wafer* I'll not be gulled so

*Ten* Show yourselves to be men, and break open doors

*Just* Break open doors, and show yourselves to be beasts! If you break open doors, your wives may lay flat burglary to your charge

*Honey* Lay a pudding! burglary!

*Just* Will you, then, turn Corydons\* because you are among clowns? Shall it be said you have no brains, being in Brainford?

*Ten, Honey, Wafer* Master Parenthesis, we will enter and set upon 'em

*Just* Well, do so, but enter not so that all the country may cry shame of your doings knock 'em down, burst open Erebus, and bring an old house over your heads, if you do

*Wafer* No matter, we'll bear it off with head and shoulders [Knocks]

*Miss Wafer* [within] You cannot enter, indeed, la—[Looks out] God's my pittikin, our three husbands summon a parley let that long old woman either creep under the bed, or else stand upright behind the painted cloth [Disappears]

*Wafer* Do you hear, you Mabel?

*Miss Wafer* [looking out] Let's never hide our heads now, for we are discovered

*Honey* But all this while my Honeysuckle appears not

*Just* Why, then, two of them have pitched their tents there, and yours lies in ambuscado with your enemy there

*Honey* Stand upon your guard there, whilst I batter here [Knocks]

*Mon* [within] Who's there?

*Just* Hold, I'll speak in a small voice, like one of the women—Here's a friend are you up? rise, rise, stir, stir

*Mon* [within] Ud's foot, what weasel are you? are you going to catch quails, that you bring your pipes with you? I'll see what troubled ghost it is that cannot sleep [Looks out]

*Ten* O, Master Monopoly, God save you!

*Mon* Amen, for the last time I saw you, the devil was at mine elbow in buff What! three merry men, and three merry men, and three merry men\* be we too

*Hon* How does my wife, Master Monopoly?

*Mon* Who? my overthwart† neighbour—passing well—this is kindly done Sir Goshing is not far from you, well join our armies presently, here be rare fields to walk in—Captain, rise, Captain Linstock, bestir your stumps, for the Philistines are upon us

[Disappears]

*Ten* This Monopoly is an ardent knave, a coggling knave, for all he's a courtier if Monopoly be suffered to ride up and down with other men's wives, he'll undo both city and country

*Enter* MISTRESS TENTHROCK, MISTRESS HONEYSUCKLE, and MISTRESS WAFER

*Just* Moll, mask thyself, they shall not know thee.

*Miss Ten,*  
*Miss Honey,* } How now, sweethearts! what  
*Miss Wafer* } make you here?

*Wafer* Not that which you make here

*Ten* Marry, you make bulls of your husbands

*Miss Ten* Buzzards, do we not! out, you yellow infirmities! do all flowers show in your eyes like columbines?

*Wafer* Wife, what says the collier? is not thy soul blacker than his coals? how does the child? how does my flesh and blood, wife?

*Miss Wafer* Your flesh and blood is very well recovered now, mouse

*Wafer* I know 'tis the collier has a sackful of news to empty

*Ten* Clare, where be your two rings with diamonds?

*Miss Ten* At hand, sir, here, with a wet finger

*Ten* I dreamed you had lost 'em—[Aside] What a profane violet is this shoulder clapper, to lie thus upon my wife and her rings!

*Enter* MONOPOLY, WHIRLPOOL, and LINSTOCK

*Mon,*  
*Whirl,* } Save you, gentlemen!  
*Lin*

\* three merry men, and three merry men, &c.] A fragment of an old song. See my edition of *Puck's Hark* vol. 1 p. 208, second ed., and the notes of the commentators on Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*, act ii. sc. 1

† overthwart] Generally used for cross, contrivance—but here it seems merely to mean opposite as in *The Merry Devil of Eldon*, 1626. Body of Saint George, this is mine overthwart neighbour with done this" Sig. F 2

indefatigable Wither is called *Amegdala Britannica*, *Almonds for Parrots*, 1647

\* Corydons] "The name of this unfortunate shepherd of Virgil [Corydon] seems to have suggested to our old writers a certain mixture of rusticity and folly"

Gifford's Note on Ben Jonson's *Forke*, vol. 1 p. 40

*Ten*,  
*Honey*, } And you, and our wives from you!  
*Waffer* }

*Mon* Your wives have saved themselves, for one

*Ten* Master Monopoly, though I meet you in High Germany, I hope you can understand broken English, have you discharged your debt?

*Mon* Yes, sir, with a double change, your harpy that set his ten commandments upon my back, had two diamonds to save him humbles

*Ten* Of you, sir?

*Mon* Me, sir do you think there be no diamond cutters?

*Ten* Sergeant Ambush, issue forth!

*Re-enter Ambush*

Monopoly, I'll cut off your convoy—Master Sergeant Ambush, I charge you, as you hope to receive comfort from the smell of mace, speak not like a sergeant, but deal honestly of whom had you the diamonds?

*Amb* Of your wife, sir, if I'm an honest man

*Mist Ten* Of me, you pewter-buttoned rascal!

*Mon* Sirrah, you that live by nothing but the carrion of Poultry,—

*Mist Ten* Schoolmaster, hark hither

*Mon* Where are my gems and precious stones, that were my bail?

*Amb* Forthcoming, sir, though your money is not, your creditor has 'em

*Just* Excellent! peace!—Why, Master Tenterhook, if the diamonds be of the reported value, I'll pay you money, receive 'em, keep 'em till Master Monopoly be fatter i' the purse,—for, Master Monopoly, I know you will not be long empty, Master Monopoly

*Mist Ten* Let him have 'em, good Tenterhook where are they?

*Ten* At home, I locked 'em up

*Enter MISTRESS BIRDLING*

*Bird* No, indeed, forsooth, I locked 'em up, and those are they your wife has, and those are they your husband, like a bad liver as he is, would have given to a niece of mine, that lies in my house to take physick, to have committed fleshly treason with her

*Ten* I at your house! you old —

*Bird* You, perdy, and that honest bachelor never call me old for the matter

*Mist Honey* Motherly woman, he's my husband, and no bachelor's buttons are at his doublet

*Bird* 'Las, I speak innocently and that lean

gentleman set in his staff there But, as I'm a sinner, both I and the young woman had an eye to the main chance, and though they brought more about 'em than Captain Ca'ndish's voyage\* came to, they should not, nor could not, unless I had been a naughty woman, have entered the straits

*Mist Ten*,  
*Mist Honey*, } Have we smelt you out, foxes?  
*Mist Waffer* }

*Mist Ten* Do you come after us with linc and cry, when you are the thieves yourselves?

*Mist Honey* Murder, I see, cannot be hid but if this old sibyl of yours speak oracles, for my part, I'll be like an almanac that threatens nothing but foul weather

*Ten* That bawd has been damned five hundred times, and is her word to be taken?

*Just* To be damned once is enough for a y one of her coat

*Bud* Why, sir, what is my coat, that you sit thus upon my skirts?

*Just* Thy coat is an ancient coat, one of the seven deadly sins put thy coat first to making but do you hear? you mother of iniquity! you that can lose and find your ears when you list! go, sail with the rest of your bawdy traffickers to the place of sixpenny sinfulness, the suburbs

*Bud* I scorn the sinfulness of any suburbs in Christendom 'tis well known I have uprisers and down liers within the city, night by night, like a profane fellow as thou art

*Just* Right, I know thou hast—I'll tell you, gentlefolks, there's more resort to this fortune teller, than of forlorn wives married to old husbands, and of green sickness wenches that can get no husbands, to the house of a wise woman she has tricks to keep a vaulting house under the law's nose

*Bud* Thou dost the law's nose wrong, to believe me so.

\* *Captain Ca'ndish's voyage*] The name of Thomas Cavendish (—who, sailing from Plymouth in 1584, with three insignificant vessels, plundered the coast of New Spain and Peru, captured, off California, a Spanish admiral of seven hundred tons, and having circumnavigated the globe, returned to England with a very large fortune, in 1588—) is frequently abbreviated by our old writers so Brome,

"Ca'ndish and Hawkins Furbisher, all our voyagers,  
 Went short of Mandevile "

*The Antipodes*, 1640, Sig. C 3

This contraction is scarce yet out of use.

"When Chatsworth tastes no Ca'ndish bounties,  
 Let fame forget this costly countess "

Epitaph by Horace Walpole, in his *Letters to Montagu*, p. 207

*Just.* For either a cunning woman has a chamber in her house, or a physician, or a picture-maker, or an attorney, because all these are good cloaks for the rain. And then, if the female party that's clouted above-stairs be young, she's a squire's daughter of low degree, that lies there for physie, or comes up to be placed with a countess, if of middle age, she's a widow, and has suits at the term or so.

*Mist Honey.* O, fie upon her! burn the witch out of our company.

*Mist Ten.* Let's hem her out of Brainford, if she get not the faster to London.

*Mist Wafer.* O, no, for God's sake! rather hem her out of London, and let her keep in Brainford still.

*Bird.* No, you cannot hem me out of London.—Had I known this, your rings should ha' been posed ere I would ha' touched 'em. I will take a pair of oars and leave you. [*Exit*]

*Just.* Let that ruin of intemperance be raked up in dust and ashes. And now tell me, if you had raised the town, had not the tales tumbled upon your heads? for you see your wives are chaste, these gentlemen civil, all is but a merriment, all but a May-game. She has her diamonds, you shall have your money, the child is recovered, the false collier discovered, they came to Brainford to be merry, you were caught in Birdlime and therefore got the hare's head against the goose giblets,\* put all instruments in tune, and every husband play music upon the lips of his wife, whilst I begin first.

*Ten,*  
*Honey,* } Come, wenches, bet so  
*Wafer* }

\* *at the hare's head against the goose giblets* A proverbial expression, signifying to balance things, to set one against another. compare Field's *Aments for Law* &c, sig B 3, ed 1610, and Middleton's *A Trick to catch the old one*,—*Works*, ii 78, ed Dyce. Sometimes it occurs with a slight variation: "set the Hare Pye against the Goose giblets" Rowley's *Match at Midnight*, 1611, sig I 2. "Ide set mine olde debts against my new driblets, and the hare's foot against the goose giblets" Dekker's *Shoemakers Holiday*, 1600, sig C.

*Mist Ten.* Mistress Justiniano, is't you were ashamed all this while of showing your face?—Is she your wife, schoolmaster?

*Just.* Look you, your schoolmaster has been in France, and lost his hair,\* no more Parenthesis now, but Justiniano. I will now play the merchant with you. Look not strange at her, nor at me: the story of us both shall be as good as an old wife's tale, to cut off our way to London.

*Enter Chamberlain*

How now!

*Cham.* Alas, sir, the knight yonder, Sir Gosling, has almost his throat cut by poulterers and townsmen and rascals, and all the noise that went with him, poor fellows, have their fiddle-cases pulled over their ears.

*Omnes.* Is Sir Gosling hurt?

*Cham.* Not much hurt, sir[s], but he bleeds like a pig, for his crown's cracked.

*Mist Honey.* Then has he been twice cut i' the head since we landed, once with a pottle-pot, and now with old iron.

*Just.* Gentlemen, hasten to his rescue some, whilst others call for oars.

*Omnes.* Away, then, to London.

*Just.* Farewell, Brainford.—

Gold that buys health can never be ill spent,  
Nor hours laid out in harmless merriment.

#### SONG

Ours oars, ours oars!  
To London, hey! to London, hey!  
Hoist up oars, and let's away,  
For the safest way  
For us to land is London shore.  
Ours oars, ours oars!  
Quickly shall we get to land,  
If you, if you, if you  
Send us but half a hind  
O, lend us half a hind!

[*Reunt*]

\* *Took you your schoolmaster has been in France, and lost his hair* Here we must suppose Justiniano to pull off the false hair which assisted his disguise. He alludes to the effects of the venereal, or, as it was called, the French disease.



## NORTHWARD HO.

*Northward Ho* Sundry times Acted by the Children of Paules By Thomas Ducker and John Webster 1674  
at London by G. Flet 1607 4to

Concerning the origin of the title of this comedy see the prefatory remarks to the preceding play



## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

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MAYBERRY  
BELLAMONT  
PHILIP  
CRENSHIELD  
FEATHERSTONE  
EVERFOOT  
CHARTLEY  
HOUSLEY  
HANS VAN BUREN  
ALICE  
CAPTAIN JENKINS  
LALFEE  
SOLARRELL  
Chamberlain  
Prentice  
Tutor  
FALMOON  
Musician, Sergeants, Keepers, Kiddlers, Tapsters, Servants.

MISTRESS MAYBERRY  
KATE  
DOIT  
BARD  
Hostess  
Wards

# NORTHWARD HO

## ACT I

### SCENE I \*

*Enter GREENSHIELD and FEATHSTONE, booted*

*Feath* Art sure old Mayberry runs here to-night?

*Green* 'Tis certain the honest knave chamberlain, that hath been my informer, my bawd, ever since I knew Ware, assures me of it, and more, being a Londoner, though altogether unacquainted, I have requested his company at supper

*Feath* Excellent occasion! how we shall carry ourselves in this business is only to be thought upon

*Green* Bo that my undertaking if I do not take a full revenge of his wife's puitanical coyness!

*Feath* Suppose it she should be chaste?

*Green* O, hang her! this art of seeming honest makes many of our young sons and heirs in the city look so like our prentices —Chamberlain!

*Enter Chamberlain*

*Cham* Here, sir

*Green* This honest knave is called Innocence isn't not a good name for a chamberlain? He dwelt at Dunstable not long since, and hath brought me and the two butchers daughters thure to interview twenty times, and not so little, I protest —How chauce you left Dunstable, sirrah?

*Cham* Faith, sir, the town drooped ever since the peace in Ireland Your captains were wont to take their leaves of their London pole-cats (their wenches I mean, sir,) at Dunstable the next morning, when they had broke their fast together, the wenches brought them to Hockley the-Hole, and so the one for London, the other

for West Chester \* Your only road now, sir, is York, York, sir

*Green* True, but yet it comes scant of the prophecy,—Lincoln was, London is, and York shall be

*Cham* Yes, sir, 'tis fulfilled, York shall be, that is, it shall be York still surely, it was the meaning of the prophet—Will you have some tiny fish and a spitcheock?

*Feath.* And a fat trout

*Cham* You shall, sir —The Londoners you wot of [Exit

*Enter MAYBERRY and BEILAMONT*

*Green* Most kindly welcome I beseech you hold our boldness excused, sir

*Bill* Sir, it is the health of travellers to enjoy good company will you walk?

*Feath.* Whither travel you, I beseech you?

*May* To London, sir we came from Sturbridge

*Bill* I tell you, gentlemen, I have observed very much with being at Sturbridge, † it hath

\* *West Chester*] On their way to Ireland "My refuge is Ireland or Virginia, necessity cries out, and I will presently to Westchester" Cook's *Green's Ta Quoque* sig B, ed. 1622 "Hce came into Ireland, where at Dubblin hee was stricken lame, but recovering new strength and courage, hee ship'd himselfe for England, land'd at Westchester, whence taking poste towards London, hee lodg'd at Hockley in the Hole, in his way," &c. Taylor the water poet's *Praise of cleane Linnen*,—*Works*, 1630, p. 170 It may perhaps be necessary to add, that the ancient city of Chester is called *West* (Chester, from its relative situation, to distinguish it from several other towns which bear the name of Chester with some addition

† I have observed very much with being at Sturbridge] Sturbridge fair, from which our two travellers are just come, is mentioned by old Skelton,

"And syllogisari was drowned at Sturbrydge fayre"

*Speke, Parrot*,—*Works*, il 9, ed. Dyce.

And it was resorted to both for business and pleasure

\* Scene I] Ware A room in an inn

afforded me mirth beyond the length of five Latin comedies. Here should you meet a Norfolk yeoman full butt, with his head able to overturn you, and his pretty wife, that followed him, ready to excuse the ignorant hardness of her husband's forehead, in the goose-market number of freshmen, stuck here and there with a graduate, like cloves with great heads in a gammon of bacon, here two gentlemen making a marriage between their heirs over a woolpack, there a ministers wife that could speak false Latin very hispingly, here two in one corner of a shop, Londoners, selling their wares, and other gentlemen court ing their wives, where they take up petticoats, you should find scholars and town's men's wives crowding together, while then husbands were in another market busy amongst the oxen,—'twas like a camp, for in other countries so many punks do not follow an army. I could make an excellent description of it in a comedy.—But whither are you travelhug, gentlemen?

*Feath* Faith, sir, we purposed a dangerous voyage, but upon better consideration we altered our course.

*May* May we without offence partake the ground of it?

*Green* 'Tis altogether trivial, in sooth, but, to pass away the time till supper, I'll deliver it to you, with protestation before hand, I seek not to publish every gentlowoman's dishonour, only by the passage of my discourse to have you censure\* the state of our quarrel.

*Bell* Forth, sir.

*Green* Frequenting the company of many merchants' wives in the city, my heart by chance leaped into mine eye to affect the fairest, but withal the falsest, creature that over affection stooped to.

*May* Of what rank was she, I beseech you?

*Feath* Upon your promise of secrecy?

\* *Bell* You shall close it up like treasure of

long after the present play was produced. Ned Ward wrote a piece full of low humour, called *A Step to Star Buck Fair* see the second vol of his works, p. 248, ed 1706. The reader who is desirous of authentic information on such matters will find a long and curious account of Sturbridge fair in *Dufosse's Tour through Britain*, vol. 1 p. 83, seqq., ed 1712. 'it is not only,' says he, 'the greatest in the whole nation, but I think in Europe, nor is the Fair at Leipsack in Saxony, the Mart at Frankfort on the Main or the Fairs at Nuremberg or Augsburg, reputed any way comparable to this at Sturbridge.'

\* censure] i.e. judge of, give an opinion on

your own, and yourself shall keep the key of it.\*

*Green* She was, and by report still is, wife to a most grave and well-reputed citizen.

*May* And entertained your love?

*Green* As meadows do April. The violence, as it seemed, of her affection—but, alas, it proved her dissembling—would, at my coming and departing, bedew her eyes with love drops. O, she could† the art of woman most feelingly!

*Bell* Most feelingly!

*May* I should not have liked that feelingly, had she been my wife—Give us some sack, here!—and, in faith,—we are all friends, and in private,—what was her husband's name?—I'll give you a carouse by and by.

*Green* O, you shall pardon me his name: it seems you are a citizen, it would be discourse enough for you upon the Exchange this fortnight, should I tell his name.

*Bell* Your modesty in this wife's commendation!—On, sir.

*Green* In the passage of our loves, amongst other favours of greater value, she bestowed upon me this ring, which, she protested, was her husband's gift.

*May* The posy, the posy?—[*Aside*] O my heart! that ring!—Good, in faith.

*Green* Not many nights coming to her, and being familiar with her,—

*May* Kissing, and so forth?

*Green* Ay, sir.

*May* And talking to her feelingly?

*Green* Pox on't, I lay with her.

*May* Good, in faith, you are of a good complexion.

*Green* Lying with her, as I say, and rising somewhat early from her in the morning, I lost this ring in her bed.

*May* [*aside*] In my wife's bed!

*Feath* How do you, sir?

*May* Nothing—Let's have a fire, chamberlain!—I think my boots have taken water, I have such a shuddering—I'll the bed, you say?

*Green* Right, sir, in Mistress Mayberry's sheets.

*May* Was her name Mayberry?

*Green* Beshrew my tongue for blabbing! I presume upon your secrecy.

\* and yourself shall keep the key of it] From Shakespeare,

"'Tis in my memory lock'd,  
And you yourself shall keep the key of it."

Hamlet, act 1 sc. 3.

† could] i.e. knew, understood

*May* O God, sir! but where did you find your loving!

*Green* Where I found her falseness,—with this gentleman, who, by his own confession, partaking the like enjoyment, found this ring the same morning on her pillow, and shamed not in my sight to wear it

*May* What, did she talk feelingly to him too? I warrant, her husband was forth o' town all this while, and he, poor man, travelled with hard eggs in's pocket, to save the charge of a bait, whilst she was at home with her plovers, turkey, chickens. Do you know that Mayberry?

*Feath* No more than by name

*May* Ho's a wondrous honest man—Let's be merry—Will not your mistress—gentlemen, you are tenants in common, I take it?—

*Feath,* } Yes

*Green* } Yes

*May* Will not your mistress make much of her husband when he comes home, as if no such legendeman had been acted?

*Green* Yes, she hath reason for't for in some countries, where men and women have good travelling stomachs, they begin with porridge, then they fall to capon or so forth, but if capon come short of filling their bellies, to their porridge again, 'tis their only course so for our women in England

*May* This, with taking of long journeys, kindred that comes in o'er the hatch, and suing to Westminster, makes a number of cuckolds

*Bell* Fie, what an idle quarrel is this! Was this her ring?

*Green* Her ring, sir

*May* A pretty idle toy would you would take money for't!

*Feath,* } Money, sir!

*Green* } Money, sir!

*May* The more I look on't, the more I like it

*Bell* Troth, 'tis of no great value, and considering the loss and finding of this ring made breach into your friendship, gentlemen, with this trifling purchase his love I can tell you he keeps a good table

*Green* What, my mistress' gift!

*Feath* Faith, you are a merry old gentleman, I'll give you my part in't

*Green* Troth, and mine, with your promise to conceal it from her husband

*May* Doth he know of it yet?

*Green* No, sir

*May* He shall never, then, I protest look you, this ring doth fit me passing well

*Feath* I am glad we have fitted you

*May* This walking is wholesome I was a cold even now, now I sweat for't

*Feath* Shall's walk into the garden, Luke?—Gentlemen, we'll down and hasten supper

*May* Look you, we must be better acquainted, that's all

*Green* Most willingly—[*Aside to FEATH*] Excellent! he's heat to the proof let's withdraw, and give him leave to rave a little

[*Exit GREYSHIELD and FEATHERSTONE*]

*May* Chamberlain, give us a clean towel!

[*Re enter Chamberlain with towel*]

*Bell* How now, man!

*May* I am foolish old Mayberry, and yet I can be wise Mayberry too I'll to London presently—Be gone, sir [*Exit Chamberlain*]

*Bell* How, how!

*May* Nay, nay, God's precious, you do mistake me, Master Bellamont I am not distempered, for to know a man's wife is a whore, is to be resolved of it, and to be resolved of it, is to make no question of it, and when a case is out of question,—what was I saying?

*Bell* Why, look you, what a distraction are you fallen into!

*May* If a man be divorced, do you see, divorced *forma juris*, whether may he have an action or no 'gainst those that make horns at him?

*Bell* O madness! that the frailty of a woman should make a wise man thus idle! Yet, I protest, to my understanding, this report seems as far from truth as you from patience

*May* Then am I a fool, yet I can be wise, an I list, too what says my wedding ring?

*Bell* Indeed, that breeds some suspicion for the rest, most gross and open, for two men both to love your wife, both to enjoy her bed, and to meet you as if by miracle, and, not knowing you, upon no occasion in the world, to thrust upon you a discourse of a quarrel, with circumstance so dishonest, that not any gentleman but of the country blushing would have published, ay, and to name you. Do you know them?

*May* Faith, now I remember, I have seen them walk muffled by my shop

*Bell* Like enough pray God they do not borrow money of us 'twixt Ware and London! Come, strive to blow over these clouds

*May* Not a cloud, you shall have clean moonshine They have good smooth looks, the fellows.

*Bell* As yet they will take up, I warrant you, where they may be trusted Will you be merry?

*May* Wondrous merry —let's have some sack to drown this cuckold, down with him!—wondrous merry One word and no more, I am but a foolish tradesman, and yet I'll be a wise tradesman. [Exeunt.]

## SCENE II \*

*Enter DOLL, led between LIVERPOOL and CHARTLEY, after them, PHILIP arrested, and Sergeants*

*Philip* Arrest me! at whose suit!—Tom Chartley, Dick Liverpool, stay, I'm arrested

*Chart, Liver, Doll* Arrested!

*First Serg* Gentlemen, break not the head of the peace it's to no purpose, for he's in the law's clutches, you see he's fanged

*Doll* Ud's life, do you stand with your naked weapons in your hand, and do nothing with 'em? Put one of 'em into my fingers, I'll tickle the pimple nosed valets

*Phil.* Hold, Doll—Thrust not a weapon upon a mad woman—Officers, step back into the tavern you might ha' ta'en me i' the street, and not i' the tavern entry, you cannibals

*Sec Serg* We did it for your credit, sir

*Chart* How much is the debt?—Drawer, some wine!

*Enter Drawer with wine*

*First Serg* Four score pound—Can you send for bail, sir? or what will you do? we cannot stay

*Doll* You cannot, you pasty footed scals! you will stay one day in hell

*Phil* Four score pounds draws deep—Farewell, Doll—Come, sergeants, I'll step to mine uncle not far off, he's by in Pudding lane, and he shall bail me—if not, Chartley, you shall find me playing at span counter†—and so, farewell send me some tobacco

*First Serg* Have an eye to his hands

*Sec Serg* Have an eye to his legs

[Exeunt PHILIP and Sergeants]

*Doll* I'm as melancholy now!

*Chart* Villanous, spiteful luck! I'll hold my life, some of these saucy drawers bet'ryed him

*Draw* We, sir! no, by gad, sir, we scorn to have a Judas in our company

*Lever* No, no, he was dogged in this is the end of all dicing

*Doll* This is the end of all whores, to fall into

the hands of knaves—Drawer, tie my shoe, prithee, the new knot, as thou seest this—Philip is a good honest gentleman I love him because he'll spend, but when I saw him on his father's hobby, and a brace of punks following him in a coach, I told him he would run out—Hast done, boy?

*Draw* Yes, forsooth by my troth, you have a dainty leg

*Doll* How now, Goodman rogue!

*Draw* Nay, sweet Mistress Doll

*Doll* Doll! you reprobate! out, you band for seven years by the custom of the city!

*Draw* Good Mistress Dorothy, the pox take me, if I touched your leg but to a good intent

*Doll* Prato you!—The rotten toothed rascal will for sixpence fetch any whore to his master's customers—and is every one that swears in a tasset gown lettuce for your lips? Ud's life, this is rare, that gentlemen and drawers must suck at one spiggot Do you laugh, you unseasonable puckerst!\* do you grin?

*Chart* Away, drawer!—Hold, prithee, good rogue, hold, my sweet Doll a pox o' this swaggering! [Exit Drawer]

*Doll* Pox o' your guts, your kidneys! now, hang ye, rook!—I'm as melancholy now as Fleet street in a long vacation

*Lever* Melancholy! come, we'll liv' some mulled sack

*Doll* When begins the term?

*Chart* Why, hast any suits to be tried at Westminster?

*Doll* My suits, you base ruffian, have been tried at Westminster already So soon as ever the term begins, I'll change my lodging, it stands out o' the way I'll be about Charing cross, for if there be any stirrings, there we shall have 'em, or if some Dutchman would come from the States—O, these Flemings pay soundly for what they take

*Lever* If thou'lt have a lodging westward, Doll, I'll hit thee

*Doll* At Tyburn, will you not? a lodging of your providing! to be called a lieutenant's or a captain's wench! O, I scorn to be one of your Low country commodities, I! Is this body made to be maintained with provant and dead pay?†

\* *puckerst* This word, used often by our old writers in the sense of an empty, insignificant fellow, meant originally a sort of fungus "all the sallots are turn'd to Jewes ears, mushrooms, and Puckerst" Heywood and Brum's *Lancashire Witches*, 1634, Sig. E 4

† *provant and dead pay* "Provant" is—proviender, military allowance for "dead pay," see note \*, p. 278

\* *Scene II* London An outer room in a tavern

† *span-counter* A pun is intended here *span-counter* being a common game among boys, *counter*, the prison, to which if he could procure no bail, Philip was to be consigned

no, the mercer must be paid, and satin gowne must be ta'en up

*Charl* And gallon pots must be tumbled down

*Doll* Stry, I have had a plot a-breeding in my brains—Aio all the quest houses broken up?<sup>2</sup>

*Lever* Yea, long since what then?

*Doll* What then? murry, then is the wind come about, and so † those poor wenches, that before Christmas fled westward with bag and baggage, come now sailing alongst the lee shore with a northerly wind, and we that had warrants to lie without the liberties come now dropping into the freedom by owl-light sneakingly

*Charl* But, Doll, what's the plot thou spakest of?

*Doll* Marry, this Gentlemen, and tobacco-stinkers, and such-like, are still buzzing where sweet-meats are, like flies, but they make any flesh stink that they blow upon I will leave those fellows, therefore, in the hands of their landresses Silver is the king's stamp, in God's stamp, and a woman is man's stamp, we are not current till we pass from one man to another

*Lever*, }  
*Charl* } Very good

*Doll* I will, therefore, take a fair house in the city, no matter though it be a tavern that has blown up his master, it shall be in trade still, for I know divers taverns in the town that have but a wall between them and a hot-house ‡. It shall then be given out that I'm a gentlewoman of such a birth, such a wealth, have had such a breeding, and so forth, and of such a carriage,

<sup>2</sup> Are all the quest houses broken up? About Christmas I believe, the aldermen and citizens of each ward in the city used to hold a quest to inquire concerning misdemeanours and misdoings, brothels &c. *Quest houses* were the houses where the quest was held and which were usually the chief watchhouses. Doll, in her next speech, alludes to the shifts made by the ladies when driven out of the city, and their private return when they no longer feared the quest

From a passage in one of Middleton's plays it appears that gaming was sometimes carried on there "Such a day I lost fifty pound in higger-mugger at dice, at the quest house" *Any thing for a quiet life*,—*Works*, iv 420, ed Dyce

*Quest houses* generally adjoined churches "But you may say it is like a farthing candle in a great church I answer, that light will not enlighten the by chapels of the church, nor the quest house, nor the belfry, neither doth the light move the church, though it enlightens it" *Philosophical Letters* by the Duchess of Newcastle, 1664, p 189

† so] The old ed "for"

‡ a hot-house] See note †, p 209

and such qualities, and so forth to set it off the better, old Jack Hornet shall take upon him to be my father

*Lever* Excellent! with a chain about his neck, and so forth

*Doll* For that Saint Martin's and we will talk \* I know we shall have gudgeons bite presently, if they do, boys, you shall live like knights fellows as occasion serves, you shall wear liveries and wait, but when gulls are my wind-fills, you shall be gentlemen and keep them company Seek out Jack Hornet incontinently

*Lever* We will—Come, Charitley—We'll play our parts, I warrant

*Doll* Do so

The world's a stage, from which strange shapes we borrow,

Today we are honest, and rank knaves to-morrow [Lever]

## SCENE III †

Enter MAYBERRY, BRITHWOT, and a Pricotie

*May* Where is your mistress, villain? when went she abroad?

*Pren* Abroad, sir? why, as soon as she was up, sir

*May* Up, sir, down, sir? so, sir—Master Bellamont, I will tell you a strange secret in nature, this boy is my wife's bawd

*Bell* O, fie, sir, fie! the boy, he does not look like a bawd, he has no double chin ‡

*Pren* No, sir, nor my breath does not stink, I smell not of garlick or aqua vita I use not to be drunk with sick and sugar, I swear not, "God damn me, if I know where the party is," when 'tis a lie and I do know I was never carted, but in harvest, never whipt, but at school, never had the grincomes, § never sold one maidenhead ten several times, first to an

\* with a chain about his neck. For that Saint Martin's and we will talk] So Brithwot

"By this hee travells to Saint Martin's lane

And to the shops he goes to buy a chaine"

*The Honest Ghost*, &c., 1638 p 167

† Scene III] The same A room in the house of Mayberry

‡ double chin] The characteristic of a bawd, according to many of our old dramatists

"The bawds will be so fat with what they eat, Their chins will hang like udders, by hister ave"

Middleton's *Chaste Maid in Cheapside*,—*Works*, iv 32 ed Dyce

§ grincomes] Or crincomes, a cant term for the venereal disease "Grincomes," says Taylor, the water poet, "Is an Utopian word, which is in English a P at Paris" *Works*, 1630, p 111

Englishman, then to a Welshman, then to a Dutchman, then to a pocky Frenchman I hope, sir, I am no bawd, then

*May* Thou art a baboon, and holdest me with tricks, whilst my wife grafts, grafts Away, trudge, run, search her out by land and by water

*Pren* Well, sir, the land I'll ferret, and, after that, I'll search her by water, for it may be she's gone to Brainford

*May* Inquire at one of mine aunts \*

*Bell* One of your aunts I are you mad?

*May* Yea, as many of the twelve companies are,—troubled, troubled [Exit Prentice]

*Bell* I'll chide you, go to, I'll chide you soundly

*May* O Master Bellamont!

*Bell* O Master Mayberry! before your servant to dance a Lancashire hornpipe! it shows worse to me than dancing does to a deaf man that sees not the fiddles 'foot, you talk like a player

*May* If a player talk like a madman, or a fool, or an ass, and knows not what he talks, then I'm one You are a poot, Master Bellamont, I will bestow a piece of plate upon you to bring my wife upon the stage would not her humour please gentlemen?

*Bell* I think it would Yours would make gentlemen as fat as fools I would give two pieces of plate to have you stand by me when I were to write a jealous man's part Jealous men are either knaves or coxcombs, be you neither you wear yellow hose without cause

*May* Without cause, when my mare bears double without cause!

*Bell* And without wit

*May* When two virginal-jacks skip up, as the key of my instrument goes down!

*Bell* They are two wicked chiders

*May* When my wife's ring does smoke for't!

*Bell* Your wife's ring may deceive you

*May* O Master Bellamont! had it not been my wife had made me a cuckold, it should never have grieved me

*Bell* You wrong her, upon my soul

*May* No she wrongs me upon her body

\* *aunts*] Few readers of old plays require to be told that *aunt* was a cant name for a bawd or prostitute

† *virginal-jacks*] A virginal was a kind of spinnet "in a virginal," says Bacon, "as soon as ever the jack falleth, and toucheth the string the sound ceaseth"

And Brithwait,

"For I ke to jacks mov'd in a virginal,  
I thought once rising was another fall"

*Honest Ghost*, 1658, p. 128

*Enter a Servingman*

*Bell* Now, blue bottle! \* what flutter you for, sea-pie?

*Serv* Not to catch fish, sir my young master, your son, Master Philip, is taken prisoner

*Bell* By the Dunkirks?†

*Serv* Worse, by catchpolls‡ he's encountered

*Bell* Shall I never see that prodigal come home?

*Serv* Yea, sir, if you'll fetch him out, you may kill a calf for him

*Bell* For how much hes he?

*Serv* The debt is four-score pound marry, he charged me to tell you it was four score and ten, so that he hes only for the odd ten pound

*Bell* His child's part§ shall now be paid this money shall be his last, and thus vexat on the last of mine—If you had such a son, Master Mayberry!

*May* To such a wife, 'twere an excellent couple

*Bell* [giving money to Serv] Release him, and release me of much sorrow I will buy a son no more go, redeem him [Exit Servingman]

*Re enter Prentice with MISTRESS MAYBERRY*

*Pren* Here's the party, sir

*May* Hence, and lock fast the doors now is my prize

*Pren* [aside] If she beat you not at your own weapon, would her buckler were cleft in two pieces! [Exit]

*Bell* I will not have you handle her too roughly.

*May* No, I will, like a justice of peace, grow to the point—Are not you a whore? never start, thou art a cloth worker, and hast turned me—

*Must May* How, sir! into what, sir, have I turn'd you?

*May* Into a civil suit, into a sober beast, a land rat, a cuckold thou art a common bed fellow, art not, art not?

\* *blue bottle*] Blue was the colour usually worn by servants of the time

† *Dunkirks*] i.e. privateers of Dunkirk

‡ *by catchpolls*] he's encountered] So Sir John Harrington, till at the last two catchpolls him encounter!

*Epygram* 90, Book II

§ *His child's part*] Compare Heywood,

"But putst them [monies] to increase, where in short time

They grow a child's part, or a daughter's portion"

*The Fair Maid of the Exchange*, 1637 Sig. D 9

And *The Famous History of Thomas Stakely* 1605, "Not so sick sir but I hope to have a child's part by your last will and testament." Sig. C 3

*Must May* Sir, this language  
To me is strange, I understand it not  
*May* O, you study the French now  
*Must May* Good sir, lend me patience  
*May* I made a sallad of that herb \* dost see  
these flesh-hooks? I could tear out those false  
eyes, those cat's eyes, that can see in the night,  
punk, I could

*Bell* Hear her answer for herself

*Must May* Good Master Bellamont,  
Let him not do me violence—Dear sir,  
Should any but yourself shoot out these names,  
I would put off all female modesty,  
To be reveng'd on him.

*May* Know'st thou this ring?  
There has been old running at the ring† since I  
went.

*Must May* Yes, sir, this ring is mine he was  
a villain  
That stole it from my hand, he was a villain  
That put it into yours

*May* They were no villains  
When they stood stoutly for me, took your part,  
And, 'stead of colours, fought under my sheets

*Must May* I know not what you mean

*May* They lie with thee  
I mean plain dealing

*Must May* With me ' if ever I had thought  
unclean,  
In detestation of your nuptial pillow,  
Let sulphur drop from heaven, and burn my body  
Dead to this earth! That slave, that damned Fury,  
Whose whips are in your tongue to torture me,  
Casting an eye unlawful on my cheek,  
Haunted your threshold daily, and threw forth  
All tempting baits which lust and credulous  
youth

Apply to our frail sex but those being weak  
The second siege he laid was in sweet words

*May* And then the breach was made

*Bell* Nay, nay, hear all

*Must May* At last he takes me sitting at your  
door,

Seizes my palm, and, by the charm of oaths  
Back to restore it straight, he won my hand  
To crown his finger with that hoop of gold  
I did demand it, but he, mad with rage  
And with desires unbridled, fled, and vow'd  
That ring should me undo and now I like

\* a sallad of that herb] *Patience* was the name of an herb you may recover it with a sallad of pursley and the herbe *patience*." A pleasant comestible called *Looke about you*, 1600 Sig C 3

† running at the ring] See note \*, p. 60

His spells have wrought on you. But I beseech  
you

To dare him to my face, and in mean time  
Deny me bed room, drive me from your board,  
Disgrace me in the habit of your slave,  
Lodge me in some discomfortable vault,  
Where neither sun nor moon may touch my  
sight,

Till of this slander I my soul acquite

*Bell* Guiltless, upon my soul!

*May* Troth, so think I

I now draw in your bow, as I before  
Suppos'd they drew in mine my stream of  
jealousy

Ebbs back again, and I, that like a horse  
Ran blind fold in a mill, all in one circle,  
Yet thought I had gone fore-right, now spy my  
error—

Villains, you have abus'd me, and I vow  
Sharp vengeance on your heads!—Drive in your  
tears

I take your word you're honest, which good  
men,

Very good men, will scarce do to their wives  
, will bring home these serpents, and allow them  
The heat of mine own bosom wife, I charge you,  
Set out your favours towards them in such  
colours

As if you had been their whore, I'll have it so  
I'll candy o'er my words, and sleek my brow,  
I'll treat 'em that they would not point at me,  
Nor mock my horns with this arm I'll embrace  
'em,

And with this—go to!

*Must May* O, we shall have murder!  
You kill my heart

*May* No, I will shed no blood,  
But I will be reveng'd they that do wrong  
Teach others way to right I'll fetch my blow  
Put and set off, and, as fencers use,  
Though at the foot I strike, the head I'll bruise

*Bell* I'll join with you let's walk—O, here's  
my son

*Enter PHILIP with servingmen*

Welcome ashore, sir from whence come you,  
pry?

*Phil* From the house of prayer and fasting,  
the Counter

*Bell* Art not thou ashamed to be seen come  
out of a prison?

*Phil* No, God's my judge, but I was ashamed  
to go into prison

*Bell* I am told, sir, that you spend your cre-  
dit and your coin upon a light woman.



*Phil.* I ha' seen light gold, sir, pass away amongst nurcers

*Bell.* And that you have laid thirty or forty pounds upon her back in taffeta gowns and silk petticoats

*Phil.* None but tailors will say so I ne'er laid any thing upon her back I confess I took up a petticoat and a raised fore put for her, but who has to do with that?

*May.* Mary, that has every body, Master Philip

*Bell.* Leave her company, or leave me, for she's a woman of an ill name

*Phil.* Her name is Dorothy, sir, I hope that's no ill name

*Bell.* What is she? what wilt thou do with her?

*May.* 'Sblood, sir, what does he with her?

*Bell.* Dost mean to marry her? of what birth is she? what are her comings in? what does she live upon?

*Phil.* Rents, sir, rents,† she lives upon her rents, and I can have her

*Bell.* You can?

*Phil.* Nay, father, if destiny dog me, I must have her You have often told me the nine Muses are all women, and you deal with them may not I the better be allowed one than you so many? Look you, sir, the northern man loves white-meats, the southerly man sallads, the Essex man a calf, the Kentish man a wag tail, the Lancashire man an egg pie, the Welshman leeks, and cheese, and your Londoners raw mutton, so, father, God b'w' you, I was born in London

*Bell.* Stay, look you, sir as he that lives upon sallads without mutton feeds like an ox (for he eats grass, you know), yet rises as hungry as an ass, and as he that makes a dinner of leeks will have lean cheeks so thou, foolish Londoner, if nothing but raw mutton can diet thee, look to live like a fool and a slave, and to die like a beggar and a knave—Come, Master Maybairry—Farewell, boy

*Phil.* Farewell, Father Snot†—Sir[s], if I live her, I'll spend more in mustard and vinegar in a year than both you in beef

*Bell.* )

*May.* ) More saucy knave thou | *Exeunt*

## ACT II

### SCENE I ‡

*Enter HORNET, DOLL, LIVERPOOL and CHARLEY like Servants*

*Hor.* Am I like a fiddler's base-viol, new set up, in a good case, boys? is it neat, is it terse? am I handsome, ha?

*Omnes.* Admirable, excellent?

*Doll.* An undersheriff cannot cover a knave more cunningly

*Liver.* 'Sfoot, if he should come before a church warden, he would make him pew-fellow with a lord's steward at least

*Hor.* If I had but a staff in my hand, fools would think I were one of Simon and Jude's gentlemen ushers, and that my apparel were

lured They say three tailors go to the making up of a man, but I'm sure I had four tailors and a half went to the making of me thus this suit, though it ha' been canvassed well, yet 'tis no law suit, for 'twas despatched sooner than a posset on a wedding night

*Doll.* Why, I tell thee, Jack Hornet, if the devil and all the brokers in Long-lane had rifled their wardrobe, they would ha' been damned before they had fitted thee thus

*Hor.* Punk, I shall be a simple father for you. How does my chain show, now I walk?

*Doll.* If thou wert hung in chains, thou couldst not shew better

*Charl.* But how sit our blue coats on our backs?

\* *May*] The old ed. '*Phil*'

† *Rents, sir, rents, &c.*] The reader who is curious in parallel passages may turn to Middleton's *Blurt, Master Constable*,—*Works*, i 263, ed Dyce

‡ *Scene I*] London A room in Doll's house (A tavern,—the Shipwreck Tavern,—it would seem she has previously said, p 253, "I will, therefore, take a fair house in the city, no matter though it be a tavern that has blown up his master," &c, and compare her words at the close of the present scene, "So will we four be drunk!" the *Shipwreck Tavern* "

\* *look to live*] *Qy* was a couplet intended here?

† *Farewell, Father Snot*] This elegant valediction (after which, in the old copy, is a short break) was, perhaps, a parody on, or a quotation from, some song in *The Wit of a Woman*, 1604, I find,

"My bush and my pot  
Cares not a groate  
For such a lob-coate,  
*Farewell, Sinner mot*"—*Sig G 3.*

*Doll* As they do upon bankrupt retainers' backs at Saint George's feast in London but at Westminster it makes 'em scorn the badge of their occupation, there the bagging velure canioned\* hobby-horses prance up and down as if some o' the tilters had ridden 'em

*Hoi* Nay, 'sfoot, if they be bankrupts, 'tis like some have ridden 'em, and thereupon the citizen's proverb rises, when he says, he trusts to a broken staff

*Doll* Hornet, now you play my father, take heed you be not out of your part, and shame your adopted daughter

*Hoi* I will look gravely, Doll,—do you see, boys?—like the foreman of a jury, and speak wisely, like a Latin schoolmaster, and be surly and dogged and proud, like the keeper of a prison

*Leer* You must be horribly when you talk of your lands

*Hoi* No shopkeeper shall outlie me, nay, no fence! When I hem, boys, you shall duck, when I cough and spit goblets, Doll,—

*Doll* The pox shall be in your lungs, Hornet

*Hoi* No, Doll, these with their high shoes shall tread me out

*Doll* All the lessons that I ha' pricked out for 'em is, when the weathercock of my body turns towards them, to stand bare

*Hoi* And not to be saucy as servingmen use

\* *velure canioned*] *Velure* is velvet

*Cannons* of breeches & *canons* on les appels and pource quilz sont amplement scabillables une canons d'artillerie,—because they are like cannons of artillery on canes or pots.—*Monsieur's Guide into the Tenques* p. 61 ed. 1617

*Stult* explains *canons* to be 'ornamental tubs or tigs at the ends of the ribbands and laces which were attached to the extremities of the breeches'—*Dress and Habits*, &c., vol. ii p. 263

*Canon hose* decorated at the knees with a quantity of ribbons, were fashionable in the time of Charles the Second

In a MS. copy of a comely called *The Humorous Poets* by the Duke of Newcastle, among the Hibernian MSS., 7367 the following song (not given in the printed copy of the play, 1677,) occurs at the beginning of the 4th act,

"I conjure thee, I conjure thee,  
By the Ribbands in thy Hat,  
By thy pretty laced Cravat  
By the Ribbands round thy Bum,  
Which is braced much like a Drum,  
By thy dangling Pantaloons,  
And thy ruffling Port Cannons,  
By thy frozeld Perriwige,  
Which does make thee look so bigg,  
By thy Sword of Silver gault,  
And the Ribband at thy Hilt,—  
Appear, appear"

*Chart* Come, come, we are no such creatures as you take us for

*Doll* If we have but good draughts in my peterboat, fresh salmon, you sweet villuns, shall be no more it with us

*Hoi* 'Sfoot, nothing moves my choler but that my chum is copper, but 'tis no matter, better men than old Jack Hornet have rode up Holborn with as bad a thing about their necks as this your right whistler\*, indeed, hangs himself in Saint Martin's† and not in Cheapside

*Doll* Perce! somebody rings —Run both, whilst he has the rope in's hand if it be a prize, halo him, if a man o' war, blow him up, or hang him out at the main yard's end

[*Exeunt* LIVERPOOL and CHARTIFF

*Hoi* But what ghosts—hold up, my fine girl—what ghosts haunt thy house?

*Doll* O, why, divers I have a clothier's factor or two, a grocer that would fain pepper me, a Welsh captain that lays hard siege, a Dutch merchant that would spend all that he's able to make in the Low Countries but to take measure of my Holland sheets when I lie in 'em—I lie in trumpling, 'tis my Flemish boy

*Re-enter* LIVERPOOL and CHARTIFF, with HANS VAN BELCH

*Hans* Dat is vor you, and vor you,—ten, twee, drie, vier, and vijf skilling drinks skellum upsie heese, nempt dats u drink gelt

*Leer* Till our crowns crack again, Master Hans Van Belch

*Hans* How is't met you, how is't, vro? vrolick?

*Doll* Ick vare well, God danke you nay, I'm an apt scholar, and can take

*Hans* Dat is good, dat is good Ick can not stay long, for Ick heb en ship come now upon de water O mine schonen vro, we sild dince lantara teera, and sing Ick bincks to you, Mynheer Van—Wat man is dat, vro?

*Hoi* Nay, pray, sir, on

*Hans* Wit honds foot is dat, Dorothy?

*Doll* 'Tis my father

*Hans* Gots sacrament, your vader! why sey ghen you niet so to me!—Mine heut, 'tis mine all great desire to call you mine vader ta, for Ick love dis schonen vro your dochterkin

*Hoi* Sir, you are welcome in the way of honesty

*Hans* Ick bedanck you Ick heb so ghe foundou vader

\* *whistler*] See note \*, p. 242

† *Saint Martin's*] See note \*, p. 203

*Hor* What's your name, I pray!

*Hans* Mun nom bin Hans Van Belch

*Hor* Hans Van Belch!

*Hans* Yau, yau, 'tis so, 'tis so, de drouken man is alstet remember me

*Hor* Do you play the merchant, son Belch?

*Hans* Yau, vader Ick heb de skip swim now upon de vater if you endouty, go up in de little skip dat go so, and be pulled up to Wapping Ick sail bear you on my back, and hang you about min neck into min groet skip

*Hor* He says, Doll, he would have thee to Wapping, and hang thee

*Doll* No, father, I understand him—But, Master Hans, I would not be seen hanging about any man's neck, to be counted his jewel, for my gold

*Hor* Is your father living, Master Hans?

*Hans* Yau, yau, min vader heb schonen husen in Ausburgh, groet mynheer is mine vader's broeder mine vader heb land, and bin full of fec, dat is, beasts, cattle.

*Chart* He's lousy, belike

*Hans* Min vader bin de groetst fooker in all Ausburgh

*Doll* The greatest what?

*Liver* Fooker, he says

*Doll* Out upon him!

*Hans* Yau, yau, fooker is en groet mynheer, he's en eldeman vane city Got's sacrament, wat is de clock? Iek met stey

*Hor* [*aside to Doll*] Call his watch before you, if you can [*A watch\**]

*Doll* Here's a pretty thing do these wheels spin up the hours? what's o'clock?

*Hans* Acht, yau, 'tis acht

*Doll* We can hear neither clock nor jack going, we dwell in such a place, that I fear I shall never find the way to church, because the bells hang so far such a watch as this would make me go down with the lamb and be up with the lark

*Hans* Seghen you so? dor it to

*Doll* O, fie, I do but jest, for, in truth, I could never abide a watch

*Hans* Got's sacrament, Ick niet heb it any more

[*Bell rings* *LEVERPOOL and CHARTIFF*]

*Doll* Another peal! Good father, launch out this Hollander

*Hor* Come, Master Belch, I will bring you to

the water-side, perhaps to Wapping, and there I'll leave you.

*Hans* Ick bedanck jon, vader

[*Exeunt HANS VAN BELCH and HORNET*]

*Doll* They say whores and bawds go by clocks, but what a Manasses is this to buy twelve hours so dearly, and then be begged out of 'em so easily! He'll be out at heels shortly sure, for he's out about the clocks already O foolish young man, how dost thou spend thy time!

[*Re enter LEVERPOOL.*]

*Liver* Your grocer

*Doll* Nay, 'sfoot, then I'll change my tune.

[*Enter ALLUM with CHARTIFF*]

I may curse\* such laden liced rascals!—Out of my sight!—A knife, a knife, I say!—O Master Allum, if you love a woman, draw out your knife, and undo me, undo me!

*All* Sweet Mistress Dorothy, what should you do with a knife? it's ill meddling with edge tools—What's the matter, masters? Knife! God bless us!

*Liver* [*aside*] 'Sfoot, what ticks at noddly† are these?

*Doll* O, I shall burst, if I cut not my lace, I'm so vexed! My father has not to count one way‡ about a matter of a thousand pound weight and one of his men, like a rogue as he is, is not another way for rents, I looked to have had him up yesterday, and up to day, and yet he shows not his head, sure, he's run away, or robbed and run thorough And here was a scrivener but even now, to put my father in mind of a bond that will be forfeit this night, if the money be not paid, Master Allum Such cross fortune!

*All* How much is the bond?

*Chart* [*aside*] O rue little villain!

*Doll* My father could take up, upon the bareness of his word, five hundred pound, and live too,—

*All* What is the debt?

*Doll* But he seems to be—and I seem to be—

*All* Prithce, sweet Mistress Dorothy, vex not How much is it?

*Doll* Alas, Master Allum, 'tis but poor fifty pound!

*All* If that be all, you shall upon your word take up so much with me another time I'll run as far in your books.

*Doll* Sir, I know not how to repay this kindness, but when my father—

\* *curse*] The old ed "cause"

\* *A watch*] So the old ed We are left to guess how Doll contrives to make Hans produce his watch

† *ticks at noddly*] *Liverpool* plays on the double meaning of the word *noddly*, which signifies both a game at cards (see note \*, p. 229,) and a fool.

‡ *way*] The old ed "was."

All Tush, tush, 'tis not worth the talking just fifty pound! when is it to be paid?

Doll Between one and two

Lover [aside] That's we three

All Let one of your men go along, and I'll send your fifty pound

Doll You so bind me, sir!—[To LIVERPOOL] Go, sirrah—Master Allum, I ha' some quincies brought from our house i'the country to preserve when shall we have any good sugar come over? The wus in Barbary make sugar at such an excessive rate! you pay sweetly now, I warrant, all, do you not?

All You shall have a whole chest of sugar, if you please

Doll Nay, by my faith, four or five loaves will be enough, and I'll pay you at my first child, Mister Allum

All Content, i'faith your man shall bring all under one I'll borrow a kiss of you at parting

Inter CAPTAIN JENKINS

Doll You shall, sir, I borrow more of you

[LIEUT. ALLUM and LIVERPOOL

Chart Save you, captain

Doll Welcome, good Captain Jenkins

Capt Jen What, is he a bubble surgeon that dressed your lips so?

Doll A barber! he's my taylor I bid him measure how high he would make the standing-collar of my new taffeta gown before, and he, as tailors will be saucy and hickenish, laid me over the lips

Capt Jen Ud's blood, I'll lay him 'cross upon his cockcomb next day

Doll You know 'tis not for a gentlewoman to stand with a knife for a small matter, and so I would not strive with him, only to be rid of him

Capt Jen If I take Master Pick louse ramping so high again, by this iron, which is none o' God's angel,\* I'll make him know how to kiss your blind cheeks sooner Mistress Dorothy Hornet, I would not have you be a hornet to lick at cowhards, but to sting such shreds of uschity will you sing "A tailor shall have me, my joy"?

Doll Captain, I'll be led by you in any thing A tailor, foh!

Capt Jen Of what stature or size have you a stomach to have your husband now?

Doll Of the meanest stature, captain, not a size longer than yourself nor shorter

\* which is none o' God's angel] Compare Dekker, "I mark, by this candle, which is none of God's Angels" *Satirromastix*, 1602, Sig C

Capt Jen By God, 'tis well said, all your best captain in the Low-Countries are as taller as I but why of my pitch, Mistress Doll?

Doll Because your smallest arrows fly farthest Ah, you little hard favoured villain, but sweet villun, I love thee because thou draw o' my side hang the rogue that will not fight for a woman!

Capt Jen Ud's blood, and hang him for worse than a rogue that will slash and cut for an oman, if she be a whore!

Doll Prithee, good Captain Jenkins teach me to speak some Welsh methinks a Welshman's tongue is the neatest tongue—

Capt Jen As my tongue in the uild, unless *Cia ma crecs*, that's mine

Doll How do you say, "I love you with all my heart"?

Capt Jen *Me cara whee en hellon*\*

Doll *Me cara whee en hell hound*

Capt Jen Hell hound! *O mon dieu!—Me cara whee en hellon*

Doll O, *Me cara whee en h ilon*

Capt Jen O, an you went to writing-school twenty score year in Wales, by Se-u, you cannot have better utterance for Welsh

Doll "Come tit me, come tat me, come throw a kiss at me—how is that?"

Capt Jen By gid, I know not what your tit mes and tat mes are, but *mee uatha* 's blood, I know what kisses be as well as I know a Welsh hook If you will go down with Shropshire carriers, you shall have Welsh enough in your pelles forty weeks

Doll Say, captun, that I should follow your colours into your country, how should I live there?

Capt Jen Fare! by Se-u, O, there is the most abominable scur,† and wider silver pots to drink in, and softer beds to lie upon and do our necessary pismires, and fencer houses, and parks, and holes for comes, and more money, besides toasted sesse and butter milk in North Wales, diggou, besides hups, and Welsh five, and goats, and cow heels, and metheglin ouh, it may be set in the kerneles Will you march thither?

\* *Qy Me gara chie yn nghalon?*

† abominable scur] The captun does not use abominable in a bad sense, quite the reverse so in Field's *A Woman is a Weathercock* 1612,

"Abraham Does sho so love me say you"

Pendant Yee, yee, out of all question the whore does love you abominable Sig F 4

Is it necessary to add that by "scur" he means cheer, and, a little after, by "kerneles" chronicles?

*Doll* Not with your Shropshire carriers, captain

*Capt Jen* Will you go with Captain Jenkin, and see his cousin Mudoc apau Jenkin there? and I'll run headlongs by and by, and batter away money for a new coach to jolt you in

*Doll* Bestow your coach upon me, and two young white mares, and you shall see how I'll ride

*Capt Jen* Will you? by all the locks that are worn on Saint Day's day, I will buy not only a coach with four wheels, but also a white mare and a stone-horse too because they shall traw you very lustily, as if the devil were in their noses

*As he is going, enter PHILIP*

How now! more tulois?

*Phil* How, sir? tulois?

*Doll* O good captain, 'tis my cousin

*Capt Jen* Is he?—I will cousin you then, sir, too and thy

*Phil* I hope, sir, then to cozen you too

*Capt Jen* By gad, I hope so—Farewell, Sidanen \* *[Exit]*

*Re enter FEVERPOOL at another door*

*Lever* Here's both money and sugar

*Doll* O sweet villain! set it up

*[Enter FEVERPOOL, and re enters presently]*

*Phil* Sfoot, what tame swaggerer was this I met, Doll?

*Doll* A captain, a captain But last scroop the Drunkards, honest Philip? Philipards are not more welcome did thy father pay the shot?

*Phil* He paid that shot, and then shot pistols into my pockets hark, wench,—

Clunk, clunk,

Makes the punk wanton and the bawd to wink *[Capers]*

*Chant* O rare music!

*Lever* Heavenly consort, better than old Moon's!†

*Phil* But why, why, Doll, go these two like berries in blue, ha?

\* *Sidanen* The old copy "*Sidanen* — '*Sidanen*, a f d m (sidu) that is silken or made of silk It is the name of an old tune, also an epithet for a fine woman and has been applied particularly to Queen Elizabeth Owen's *Dictionary of the Welsh Language*

In reference to the latter part of the preceding quotation from Owen, I have to observe, that there was licensed to Richard Jones, the 13th of August, 1773, *A Ballad of Brithaks Sidanen*, applied by a courtier to the praise of the Queen, which is printed (from a MS) in the *British Bibliographer*, vol i p 338, and entitled *A Dulce to the tune of Wylke Sydänen, made to the Queen's may* † *Bluz by Lndlov Lloyd*

† *Heavenly consort, better than old Moon's* "Sirrah wag this rogue was son and heir to Antony Nowe Now, and Blind Moore and hee must needs be a scurvy

*Doll* There's a moral in that—Flay off your skins, you precious cannibals—O, that the Welsh captain were here again, and a drum with him! I could march now, ran, tin, tan, tara, ran, tan, tan—Sarah Philip, has thy father any plate in's house?

*Phil* Enough to set up a goldsmith's shop

*Doll* Canst not borrow some of it? We shall have guests to-morrow or next day, and I would serve the hungry ragamuffins in plate, though 'twere none of mine own

*Phil* I shall hardly borrow it of him, but I could get one of mine runts to beat the bush for me, and she might get the bird

*Doll* Why, prithee, let me be one of thine aunt,\* and do it for me, then as I'm virtuous and a gentlewoman, I'll restore.

*Phil* Say no more, 'tis done

*Doll* What manner of man is thy father? 'sfoot, I'd fain see the witty monkey, because thou sayest he's a poet I'll tell thee what I'll do Liverpool or Chantley shall, like my gentleman usher, go to him, and say such a lady sends for him about a sonnet or an epitaph for her child that died at nurse, or for some device about a mask or so if he comes, you shall stand in a corner, and see in what state I'll bear myself He does not know me nor my lodging!

*Phil* No, no

*Doll* Is't a match, sirs? shall's be merry with him and his Muse?

*Phil, Lever, Chant* Agreed, any scaffold to execute knavery upon

*Doll* I'll send, then, my vaunt courier presently in the morn tune march after the captain, scoundrels—Come, hold me up

Look, how Sabrina sunk i the river Severn, So will we four be drunk i the Shipwreck Tavern *[Exeunt]*

## SCENE II †

*Enter BELMONT, MAYBERRY, and MISTRESS MAYBERRY*

*May* Come, wife, our two gallants will be here presently I have promised them the best of entertainment, with protestation never to reveal

ministration that hath two fillers to his fathers' Wilkins's *Miseries of Inforced Marriage*, Sig A 2, 1607

Anthony Now-Now figures in Chettle's *Kind Harts Dream*, 1592

When the present play was written, and long after, a set of musicians playing or singing together was called a *consort* the term *concert* is comparatively modern

\* *aunt* See note \*, p 254

† *Scene II*] The same A room in the house of Mayberry

to thee their slander I will have thee bear thyself as if thou madest a fast upon Simon and Jude's day to country gentlewomen that came to see the pageant bid them extremely welcome, though thou wish their throats cut, 'tis in fashion

*Must May* O God! I shall never endure them

*Bell* Endure them! you are a fool Make it your case, as it may be many women's of the freedom, that you had a friend in private whom your husband should lay to his bosom, and he in requital should lay his wife to his bosom, what tricks of the toe, salutations by winks, discourse by bitings of the lip, amorous glances, sweet stolen kisses, when your husband's back's turned, would pass between them! Bear yourself to Greenshield as if you did love him for affecting you so entirely, not taking any notice of his journey they'll put more tricks upon you - You told me, Greenshield means to bring his sister to your house, to have her bond here

*May* Right She's some cracked demiculverin that hath miscarried in service no matter though it be some charge to me for a time, I care not

*Must May* Lord, was there ever such a husband!

*May* Why, wouldst thou have me suffer their tongues to run at large in ordinaries and cockpits? Though the knives do lie, I tell you, Master Bell, he that comes from stein looks and skin outides, and gilt rapiers also, will be put up and go for current

*Bell* Right, sir, 'tis a small spark gives fire to a beautiful woman's discredit

*May* I will therefore use them like informing knaves in this kind, make up their mouths with silver, and after be revenged upon them I was in doubt I should have grown fit of late as it were not for law suits and fear of our wives, we rich men should grow out of all compass - They come.

*Enter GREENSHIELD and FEATHERSTONE*

My worthy friends, welcome look, my wife's colour rises already

*Green* You have not made her acquainted with the discovery?

*May* O, by no means Ye see, gentlemen, the affection of an old man I would fain make all whole again - Wife, give entertainment to our new acquaintance your lips, wife, any woman may lend her lips without her husband's privy, 'tis allowable

*Must May* You are very welcome I think it

be near dinner time, gentlemen I'll wait \* the maid to cover, and return presently [*Exit*]

*Bell* [*aside to May*] God's precious, why doth she leave them?

*May* [*aside to Bell*] O, I know her stomach she is but retired into another chamber, to ease her heart with crying a little It hath ever been her humour she hath done it five or six times in a day, when courtiers have been here, if any thing hath been out of order, and yet every return, laughed and been as merry - And how is it, gentlemen? you are well acquainted with this room, are you not?

*Green* I had a delicate banquet once on that table

*May* In good time but you are better acquainted with my bed chamber

*Bell* Were the cloth of gold cushions set forth at your entertainment?

*Feath* Yes, sir

*May* And the cloth of tissue valance?

*Feath* They are very rich ones

*May* [*aside*] God refuse me, they are lying rascals! I have no such furniture

*Green* I protest it was the strangest, and yet withal the happiest fortune, that we should meet you two at Wine, that ever redeemed such dissolute actions I would not wrong you again for a million of London

*May* No! Do you want my money? or if you be in debt (I run a hundred pound of the subsidy), command me

*Feath* Alas, good gentleman! Did you ever read of the like pitience in any of your meretricious hours?

*Bell* You see what a sweet fire in a velvet cap can do your citizens' wives are like partridges, the hens are better than the cocks

*Feath* I believe it, in truth sir, you did observe how the gentlewoman could not contain herself when she saw us enter?

*Bell* Right

*Feath* For thus much I must speak in allowance of her modesty, when I had her most private, she would blush extremely

*Bell* Ay, I warrant you, and ask you if you would have such a great sin lie upon your conscience as to lie with another man's wife?

*Feath* In truth, she would

*Bell* And tell you there were maids enough in London, if a man were so viciously given, whose portions would help them to husbands, though gentlemen gave the first onset?

\* wait, I demand † dissolute The old ed "decolate"

*Feath* You are a merry old gentleman, in faith, so much like to this was her language

*Bell* And yet clip\* you with as voluntary a bosom as if she had fallen in love with you at some Inns o' court revels, and invited you by letter to her lodging!

*Feath* Your knowledge, sir, is perfect without any information

*May* I'll go see what my wife is doing, gentlemen when my wife enters, show her this ring, and twill quit all suspicion [Exit]

*Feath* [aside to *Green*] Dost hear, Luke Green shield I will thy wife be here presently!

*Green* † [aside to *Feath*] I left my boy to wait upon her. By this light, I think God provides, for if this citizen had not, out of his overplus of kindness, proffered her her diet and lodging under the name of my sister, I could not have told what shift to have made, for the greatest part of my money is revolted we'll make more use of him. The whoreson rich unkeeper of Doncaster, her father, showed himself a rank ostler, to send her up at this time o' year, and by the carrier too, 'twas but a jade's trick of him

*Feath* [aside to *Green*] But have you instructed her to call you brother?

*Green* [aside to *Feath*] Yes, and she'll do it. I left her at Bosoms Inn ‡ she'll be here presently

Re-enter MARYBERRY

*May* Master Greenshield, your sister is come, my wife is entertaining her by the mass, I have been upon her hips already

Re-enter MISTRESS MARYBERRY with KATE

Lady, you are welcome—Look you, Master Greenshield, because your sister is newly come out of the fresh air, and that to be pent up in a narrow lodging here 'till the city may offend her health, she shall lodge at a garden house of mine in Moorfields, where if it please you and my worthy friend here to bear her company, your several lodgings and joint commons, to the poor ability of a citizen, shall be provided

*Feath* O God, sir!

*May* Nay, no compliment, your loves com-

mand it. Shall's to dinner, gentlemen?—Come, Master Bellamont—I'll be the gentleman usher to this fair lady\*

[LEAVES MARYBERRY and BELLAMONT]

*Green* Here is your ring, mistress a thousand times, —† and would have willingly lost my best of maintenance, that I might have found you half so tractable

*Master May* Sir, I am still myself. I know not by what means you have grown upon my husband he is much deceived in you, I take it. Will you go in to dinner?—[Aside] O God, that I might have my will of him! an it were not for my husband, I'd scratch out his eyes presently

[LEAVES GREENSHIELD and MISTRESS MARYBERRY]

*Feath* Welcome to London, bony Mistress Kate thy husband little dreams of the familiarity that hath passed between thee and I, Kate

*Kate* No matter, if he did. He ran away from me, like a base slave as he was, out of Yorkshire, and pretended he would go the Island voyage ‡ since I ne'er heard of him till within this fortnight. Can the world condemn me for entertaining a friend, that am used so like an infidel?

*Feath* I think not but if your husband knew of this, he'd be divorced

*Kate* He were an ass, then. No wise men should deal by their wives as the sale of ordnance passeth in England if it break the first discharge, the workman is at the loss of it, if the second, the merchant and the workman jointly, if the third, the merchant so in our case, if a woman prove false the first year, turn her upon her father's neck if the second, turn her home to her father, but allow her a portion, but if she hold pine metal two year and fly to several pieces in the third, repay the ruin of her honesty at your charges for the best piece of ordnance may be cracked in the casting, and for women to have cracks and flaws, alas, they are born to them. Now, I have held out four year—Doth my husband do any things about London? doth he swagger?

*Feath* O, as tame as a fly in Fleet street, when there are nobody to part them

\* clip | i e embrace

† *Green*] The old ed. "May"

‡ *Bosoms Inn*] "Antiquities in this Lane [St Lawrence Lane] I find none other than that, among many fur Houses, there is one large Inn for receipt of Travellers, called *Blossoms Lane*, but corruptly *Bosoms Lane*, and hath to sign St Lawrence the Deacon, in a border of Blossoms or Flowers." Stow's *Survey of London*, &c B m p 40, ed 1720

\* I'll be the gentleman usher to this fair lady] In the first edition of this work I transcribed these words to Greenshield,—wrongly, I now believe

† ———] This break is found in the old ed., occasioned by some defect in the MS

‡ the *Island Voyage*] Undertaken against Hispaniola, in 1585 the fleet, commanded by Sir Francis Drake, consisted of twenty one ships, carrying above two thousand volunteers they took possession of St. Domingo

*Kate* I ever thought so We have notable valiant fellows about Doncaster, they'll give thee and the stab both in an instant

*Feath.* You like such kind of manhood best, Kate

*Kate* Yes, in troth, for I think any woman that loves her friend had rather have him stand by it than lie by it But, I pray thee, tell me why must I be quartered at this citizens' garden-house say you?

*Feath.* The discourse of that will set thy blood on fire to be revenged on thy husband's forehead piece

*Re-enter MISTRESS MAYBERRY and WILLAMONT*

*Mist May* Will you go in to dinner, sir?

*Kate* Will you lead the way, forsooth?

*Mist May* No, sweet, forsooth, we'll follow you [*Re-enter KATE and FEATHERSTONE*] O Master Willamont, as ever you took pity upon the simplicity of a poor abused gentlewoman, will you tell me one thing?

*Will* Any thing, sweet Mistress Mayberry

*Mist May* Ay, but will you do it faithfully?

*Will* As I respect your acquaintance, I shall do it

*Mist May* Tell me, then, I beseech you, do not you think this mine is some mighty punk whom my husband hath fallen in love with, and

means to keep under my nose at his garden-house?\*

*Will* No, upon my life, is she not

*Mist May* O, I cannot believe it I know by her eyes she is not honest Why should my husband proffer them such kindness that have abused him and me so intolerable? and will not suffer me to speak—there's the hell on't—not suffer me to speak?

*Will* Fie, fie! he doth that like a usurer that will use a man with all kindness, that he may be careless of paying his money upon his day, and afterwards take the extremity of the forfeiture Your jealousy is idle say this were true, it lies in the bosom of a sweet wife to draw her husband from any loose imperfection, from wenching, from jealousy, from covetousness, from crabbedness (which is the old man's common disease), by her politic yielding She may do it from crabbedness, for example, I have known as tough blades as any are in England broke upon a feather bed Come to dinner

*Mist May* I'll be ruled by you, sir, for you are very like mine uncle

*Will* Suspicion works more mischief, grows more strong, To sever chaste beds, than apparent wrong†

[*Re-enter*

## ACT III

### SCENE I\*

*Enter DOLL, CHAMBER, LEVERFOOT, and PHILIP*

*Phil* Come, my little punk, with thy two compositors to this unlawful punting house, thy pounders† my old poetical dad will be here presently Take up thy state in this chair, and bear thyself as if thou wert talking to thy poetical uncle after the receipt of a purgation look scornfully upon him, sometimes be merry, and stand upon thy pantofles‡ like a new elected sewerager

*Doll* And by and by melancholic, like a tilter that hath broke his staves foul before his mistress

*Phil* Right, for he takes thee to be a woman of a great count [*Knocking within*] Hark! upon my life, he's come [*Hides himself*]

\* *Scene I*] London A room in Doll's house (see note †, p. 256)

† *thy pounders* my old poetical dad, &c.] The old ed has *thy pounders* a my old poetical dad, &c. I am doubtful about the right reading

‡ *pantofles*] i.e. slippers

*Doll* See who knocks [*Exit LEVERFOOT*] Thou shalt see me make a fool of a poet, that hath made five hundred fools

*Re-enter LEVERFOOT*

*Lever* Please your new ladyship, he's come

*Doll* Is he? I should for the more state let him walk some two hours in an outer-room if I did owe him money, 'twere not much out of fashion But come, enter him—stay, when we are in private conference, send in my tutor

*Enter WILLAMONT, brought in by LEVERFOOT*

*Lever* Look you, my lady's asleep she'll wake presently

\* *at his garden house*] Garden houses were used for such purposes so in the opening of *Barry's Ram Alley*, 1611,

"what makes he heere,

In the skirts of Holborne, so neere the field,

And at a garden house? a has some punke,

Upon my life

† *wrong*] The old ed "*wronge*"



*Bell* I come not to teach a stalling, sir, God b' wi' you!

*Leier* Nay, in truth, sir, if my lady should but dream you had been here,—

*Doll* Who's that keeps such a prating?

*Leier* 'Tis I, madam

*Doll* I'll have you preferred to be a crier, you have an excellent throat for t—Pox o the poet, is he not come yet?

*Leier* He's here, madam

*Doll* Ciy you meicy I ha' cursed my monkey for shrewd turns a hundred times, and yet I love it never the worse, I protest

*Bell* 'Tis not in fashion, dear lady, to call the breaking out of a gentlowoman's lips scabs, but the heat of the liver

*Doll* So, sir —if you have a sweet breath, and do not smell of sweaty linen, you may draw nearer, nearer

*Bell* I am no friend to garlic, madam

*Doll* You write the sweeter verse a great deal, sir I have heard much good of your wit, master poet, you do many devices for citizen's wives I care not greatly, because I have a city-laundress already, if I get a city poet too I have such a device for you, and this it is—

*Enter Tailor*

O, welcome, tailor —Do but wait till I despatch my tailor, and I'll discover my device to you

*Bell* I'll take my leave of your ladyship

*Doll* No, I pray thee, stay I must have you sweat for my device, master poet

*Phil* [*aside*] He sweats already, believe it

*Doll* A cup of wine, there!—What fashion will make a woman have the best body, tailor?

*Tailor* A short Dutch waist with a round Catherine wheel farthingale, a close sleeve with a cartoose\* collar and a piccadil†

*Doll* And what merit will make a woman have a fine wit, master poet?

*Bell* Fowl, madam, is the most light, delicate, and witty feeding

*Doll* Fowl, sayest thou? I know them that feed of it every meal, and yet are as airy fools as any are in a kingdom, of my credit—Hast thou done, tailor? [*Exit Tailor*] Now to discover my device, sir I'll drink to you, sir

*Phil* [*aside*] God's precious, we ne'er thought

of her device before, pray God it be any thing tolerable

*Doll* I'll have you make twelve posies for a dozen of cheese trenchers.\*

*Phil* [*aside*] O horrible!

*Bell* In Welsh, madam?

*Doll* Why in Welsh, sir?

*Bell* Because you will have them served in with your cheese, lady

*Doll* I will bestow them, indeed, upon a Welsh captain, one that loves cheese better than venison, for if you should but get three or four Cheshire cheeses, and set them a-running down Highgate hill, he would make more haste after them than after the best kennel of hounds in England What think you of my device?

*Bell* Forso God, a very strange device and a cunning one

*Phil* [*aside*] Now he begins to cye the goblet

*Bell* You should be akin to the Bellamonts, you gave the same name, madam

*Doll* I aith, I paid sweetly for the cup, as it may be you and some other gentlemen have done for their mms

*Bell* Ha! the same weight, the same fashion! I had three nest of them† given me by a noble man at the christening of my son Philip

*Phil* [*Discovering himself*] Your son is come to full age, sir, and hath ta'en possession of the gift of his godfather

*Bell* Ha! thou wilt not kill me?

*Phil* No, sir, I'll kill no poet, lest his ghost write satires against me

\* *twelve posies for a dozen of cheese trenchers* [the *cheese trenchers* at the time this play was written used frequently to have posies inscribed on them In Dekker and Middleton's *Honest Whore*, Part I. George quotes six lines "is one of our *cheese trenchers* says very learnedly Middleton's *Works*, in 1632 Dyke Compare too Middleton's *Do It, or Die*, like *Women's* 'L Gold Twelve trenchers upon every one a month' January, February March April—

*Pep* Ay, and their posies under em

*L Gold* Pray, what says May? she's the spring lady

*Pep* [*reads*]

*Now gallant May, in her array,*

*Doth make the field pleasant and gay,* ' &c

*Act v 40*

† *three nest of them* So in the opening of Marston's *Dutch Courtesan*, 1605, "cogging Cockedney is runne away with a nest of goblets" and so in Armin's *Two Maides of Moreclack*, 1609,

"Place your plate, and pile your vitrall bowles  
Nest upon nest" *Act II 2*

Mr Crossley, of Manchester, observes to me that the term *nest of goblets* is still in use of in the West Riding of Yorkshire, a near relative of his possesses one of these nests,—a huge goblet containing many smaller ones of gradually diminishing sizes, which fit into each other and fill it up

\* *cartoone* Qy "*cartouch*"?

† *piccadil* Is described as an upright collar with stiffened platts here it seems to mean a sort of edging to the collar

*Bell* What's she? a good commonwealth's woman, she was born—

*Phil* For her country, and has borne her country

*Bell* Heart of virtue, what make I here?

*Phil* This was the party you railed on. I keep no worse company than yourself, father. You were wont to say, venery is like usury, that it may be allowed though it be not lawful.

*Bell* Wherefore come I hither?

*Doll* To make a device for cheese trenchers.

*Phil* I'll tell you why I sent for you, for no thing but to show you that your gravity may be drawn in, while hans may fall into the company of diabs, as well as red beards into the society of knaves. Would not this woman deceive a whole camp in the Low Countries, and make one commander believe she only kept her cabin for him, and yet quarter twenty more in't?

*Doll* Prithce, poet, what dost thou think of me?

*Bell* I think thou art a most admirable, brave, beautiful whore.

*Doll* Nay, sir, I was told you would rail. But what do you think of my device, sir? nay, but you are not to depart yet, master poet. Wilt sup with me? I'll cashier all my young burnicks and we'll talk over a piece of mutton and a partridge wisely.

*Bell* Sup with thee, that art a common under taker! thou that dost promise nothing but witchet eyes, bombast\* calves, and false pen wigs!

*Doll* Prithce, comb thy beard with a comb of black lead, it may be I shall affect thee.

*Bell* O thy unlucky star! I must take my leave of your worship, I cannot fit your device at this instant. I must needs borrow a nest of goblets of you [*Taking them*].—O villany! I would some honest butcher would beg all the queens and knives in the city, and carry them into some other country they'd sell better than calves and calves. What a virtuous city would this be, then! marry, I think there would be a few people left in't. Uds foot, gulled with cheese trenchers, and yoked in entertainment with a tailor! good, good. [*Exit*]

*Phil* How dost, Doll?

*Doll* Scurvy, very scurvy.

*Lever* Where shall's sup, wench?

*Doll* I'll sup in my bed. Get you home to your lodging, and come when I send for you. O filthy rogue that I am!

\* *bombast*] i.e. *bombasted*,—stuffed

*Phil* How, how, Mistress Dorothy?

*Doll* Saint Antony's fire light in your Spanish slops! uds life, I'll make you know a difference between my mirth and melancholy, you panderly rogue.

*Omnes* We observe your ladyship.

*Phil* The punk's in her humour, pax\*.

*Doll* I'll humour you, an you pox me.

[*Enter* CHARITIE, LEVERPOOL, and PHILIP

Ud's life, have I lien with a Spaniard of late, that I have learnt to mingle such water with my Malaga? O, there's some scurvy thing or other bicedhug! How many several loves of players, of vaulters, of lieutenants, have I entertained, besides a runner o' the ropes, and now to let blood when the sign is at the heart! Should I send him a letter with some jewel in't, he would requite it as lawyers do, that return a woodcock-pie to their clients, when they send them a bason and a ewer†. I will instantly go and make myself drunk till I have lost my memory. Love! a scoffing poet! [*Exit*]

## SCENE II §

[*Enter* LEATHERG and SQUIREL

*Leap* Now, Squirrel, wilt thou make us acquainted with the jest thou promised to tell us of?

*Squ* I will discover it, not as a Derbyshire woman discovers her great teeth, in laughter, but softly, as a gentleman courts a wench behind in an ivy, and thus it is. Young Greenshield, thy master,|| with Greenshields's sister, lie in my master's garden house here in Moorfields.

*Leap* Right. What of this?

\* *pox*] For *pox* it was perhaps an affected mode of pronouncing the word. So Heywood and Brome in *The late Lancashire Bachelors*, 1634, *Pax*, I think not on't. Sig. E. 3. Brome in the *Jovial Crew* 1652, *Pax* o' your fine thing,"—Sig. L. and Middleton in *Your Five Gallants*, 'Pax on't, we spoil ourselves for want of these things at university.'—*Works*, ii. 33, ed. Dyce.

† Should I send him a letter, &c. a bason and a ewer] I once imagined that 'a woodcock pie' meant *here long bills*. But I now think it is a mere allusion. Woodcocks were reckoned foolish birds when this play was written, *basons* and *ewers* of silver used frequently to be given as presents. "One of Lord Tinnons men? a gift, I warrant. Why, this hits right, I dreamt of a silver bason and ewer to night." Shakespeare's *Timon of Athens* act iii. sc. 1.

‡ [*Love*] The old ed. "*love*"

§ *Scene II*] The lobby in Mayberry's garden house, Moorfields.

|| *thy master*] i.e. Featherstone.

*Squir* Murry, sir, if the gentlewoman be not his wife, he commits incest, for I'm sure he lies with her every night

*Leap* All this I know, but to the rest

*Squir* I will tell thee the most politic trick of a woman that e'er made a man's face look withered and pale, like the trees in Cuckolds Haven\* in a great snow, and this it is. My mistress makes her husband believe that she walks in her sleep o' nights, and to confirm this belief in him, sundry times she hath risen out of her bed, unlocked all the doors, gone from chamber to chamber, opened her chests, toused among her linen, and when he hath waked and missed her,

\* *the tree in Cuckold's Haven*] As perhaps this work may be read by some who are unacquainted with the neighbourhood of London and have never sailed down the Thames to eat white bait at Greenwich, it may be necessary to inform them that a little below Rotherhithe is a spot close on the river, called Cuckold's Point which is distinguished by a tall pole with a pair of horns on the top. Tradition says that near this place there lived, in the reign of King John a miller who had a handsome wife, that his guests had an intrigue with the landlady and gave the husband, as a compensation all the land on that side, which he could see from his house looking down the Thames — which land, however he was to possess only on the condition of walking on that day (the 15th of October) annually to the farthest bounds of his estate with a pair of buck's horns on his head, and that the miller, having cleared his eyesight, saw as far as Charlton, and enjoyed the land on the above mentioned terms (In several books which condescend to notice this story we are told that the miller lived at Charlton and saw as far as Cuckold's Point but the version of it which I have given is what the witsmen on the Thames even now repeat.) Hounslow is still held at Charlton, on the 18th of October, in commemoration of the event.

In *A Discovery by Sea*, &c. by Tylor the water poet (Works, folio, p. 21, 1630,) are the following lines —

"And passing further, I at first observ'd  
That Cuckold's Haven was but badly serv'd,  
For there old Time had such confusion wrought,  
That of that ancient place remained nought  
No monumentall memorable Horne,  
Or Tree, or Post, which hath those trophies borne,  
Was left whereby posterity may know  
Where their forefathers crests did grow, or show "

"Why then, for shame this worthy port maintain,  
Let's have our Tree and Horne set up again,  
That passengers may shew obedience to it,  
In putting off their hats, and homage doe it "

"But holla Muse, no longer be offend'd  
Th' worthily repair'd and bravely mended  
For which great meritorious worke, my pen  
Shall give the glory unto Greenwich men  
It was their onely cost, they were the return  
Without the helpe of other benefactors,  
For which my pen their praises here adorns,  
As they have beautifi'd the Hav'n with Horne "

The custom here alluded to, of doing homage to the pole horns, is not yet obsolete among the vulgar

coming to question why she conjured thus at midnight, he hath found her fast asleep marry, it was cat's sleep, for you shall hear what prey she watch'd for

*Leap* Good forth

*Squir* I overheard her last night talking with thy master, and she promised him that as soon as her husband was asleep, she would walk according to her custom, and come to his chamber marry, she would do it so privately, so secretly, I mean, that nobody should hear of it

*Leap* Is't possible?

*Squir* Take but that corner and stand close, and thine eyes shall witness it.

*Leap* O intolerable wit! what hold can any man take of a woman's honesty?

*Squir* Hold! no more hold than of a bull mounted with soap, and baited with a shoal of fiddlers in Staffordshire — Stand close, I hear her coming

*Enter KATE*

*Kate* What a filthy knife was the shoemaker that made my slippers! what a creaking they keep! O Lord, if there be any power that can make a woman's husband sleep soundly at a pinch, as I have often read in foolish poetry that there is, now, now, as it be thy will, let him dream some fine dream or other, that he's made a knight of a nobleman or somewhat, whilst I go and take but two kisses, but two kisses, from sweet Featherstone!

*Squir* 'Sfoot, he may well dream he's made a knight, for I'll be hanged if she do not dub him

*Enter GREENSHIRT*

*Green* Was there ever any walking spirit like to my wife? what person should there be in nature for this? I will question some physician. Not here neither! Ud's life, I would laugh if she were in Master Featherstone's chamber. She would fight him — Master Featherstone, Master Featherstone!

*Feath [within]* Hyl how now! who calls?

*Green* Did you leave your door open last night?

*Feath [within]* I know not, I think my boy did

*Green* God's light, she's there, then — Will you know the jest? my wife hath her old tricks — I'll hold my life, my wife's in your chamber 1150 out of your bed, and see as you can feel her

*Squir [aside to Leap]* He will feel her, I warrant you

*Green* Have you her, sir?

*Feath [within]* Not yet, sir — she's here, sir

*Green* So I said even now to myself, before God, la. — Take her up in your arms, and bring

her luther softly for fear of waking her—I never knew the like of this, before God, la

*Enter FEATHERSTONE with KATE in his arms*

*Alas, poor Kate!*—Look, before God, she's asleep with her eyes open pretty little rogue! I'll wake her, and make her ashamed of it

*Feath* O, you'll make her sicker, then

*Green* I warrant you—Would all women thought no more hurt than thou dost now, sweet villain!—Kate, Kate!

*Kate* I longed for the merrythought of a pleasant

*Green* She talks in her sleep

*Kate* And the foul gutted tripe wife had got it and eat half of it, and my colour went and came, and my stomach wobbled till I was ready to swoon, but a midwife perceived it, and marked which way my eyes went, and helped me to it but, Lord, how I puked it! 'twas the sweetest me it, methought

*Squir* [aside] O politic mistress!

*Green* Why, Kate, Kate!

*Kate* Ha, ha, ha! ay, beshlow your heart—Lord where am I?

*Green* I pray thee, be not frightened

*Kate* O, I am sick, I am sick, I am sick! O, how my flesh trembles! O, some of the ugliest wretches!

*Green* Hold down her stomach, good Master Featherstone, while I fetch some [Exit

*Feath* Well dissembled, Kate

*Kate* Pish, I am like some of your ladies that can be sick when they have no stomach to lie with their husbands

*Feath* What mischievous fortune is this! We'll have a journey to Wale, Kate, to redeem this misfortune

*Kate* Well, cheaters do not win always that woman that will entertain a friend must as well provide a closet or backdoor for him as a feather bed

*Feath* By my troth, I pity thy husband

*Kate* Pity him! no man dares call him cuckold, for he wears satin pity him! he that will pull down a man's sign and set up horns, there's law for him

*Feath* Be sick again, your husband comes

*Re-enter GREENSHIELD with a broken skin*

*Green* I have the worst luck, I think I get more bumps and shrewd turns i'the dark—How does she, Master Featherstone?

\* the mother] i o hysterical passion

*Feath* Very ill, sir, she's troubled with the mother extremely I held down her belly even now, and I might feel it rise

*Kate* O, lay me in my bed, I beseech you!

*Green* I will find a remedy for this walking, if all the doctors in town can sell it a thousand pound to a penny she spoil not her face, or break her neck, or catch a cold that she may ne'er claw off again—How dost, wench?

*Kate* A little recovered Alas, I have so troubled that gentleman!

*Feath* None i'the world, Kate may I do you any farther service?

*Kate* An I were where I would be in your bed,—pray, pardon me, was't you, Master Featherstone?—hem, I should be well then

*Squir* [aside to Leap] Muk how she wrings him by the fingers

*Kate* Good night—Pray you, give the gentleman thanks for patience

*Green* Good night, sir

*Feath* You have a shrewd blow, you were best have it searched

*Green* A scratch, a scratch

[Exit GREENSHIELD and KATE]

*Feath* Let me see, what excuse should I frame, to get this wench forth o'town with me? I'll persuade her husband to take physic, and presently have a letter framed from his father in law, to be delivered that morning, for his wife to come and receive some small parcel of money in Enfield Chase, at a keeper's that is her uncle then, sir, he, not being in case to travel, will entreat me to accompany his wife well ho at Ware all night, and the next morning to London I'll go strike a tunder, and frame a letter presently [Exit

*Squir* And I'll take the pains to discover all this to my master, old Mayberry There hath gone a report a good while my master hath used them kindly, because they have been over familiar with his wife, but I see which way Featherstone looks Sfoot, there's need a gentleman of them all shall gull a citizen, and thine to go scot free Though your commons shrink for this, be but secret, and my master shall entertain thee, make thee, instead of handling false dice, finger nothing but gold and silver, wag an old servingman turns to a young beggar, whereas a young prentice may turn to an old alderman Wilt be secret?

*Leap* O God, sir, as secret as rushes\* in an old lady's chamber [Exit

\* rushes] See note †, p 21

## ACT IV

## SCENE I \*

*Enter BELLAMONT in his nightcap, with leaves in his hand, his serving-man after him, with lights, standish, and a paper*

*Bell* Sirrah, I'll speak with none

*Serv* Not a player?

*Bell* No, though a sharer brawl.

I'll speak with none, although it be the month  
Of the big company, I'll speak with none away!  
[*Exit serving-man*]

Why should not I be an excellent statesman? I  
can in the writing of a tragedy make Cæsar speak  
better than ever his ambition could, when I  
write of Pompey, I have Pompey's soul within  
me, and when I personate a worthy poet, I am  
then truly myself, a poor unpreferred scholar

*Re-enter serving-man hastily*

*Serv* Here's a swaggering fellow, sir, that  
speaks not like a man of God's making;† he says  
he must speak with you, and will speak with  
you

*Bell* Not of God's making! what is he? a  
cuckold?

*Serv* He's a gentleman, sir, by his clothes

*Bell* Enter him and his clothes [*Exit serving-  
man*] clothes sometimes are better gentlemen  
than their masters

*Enter CAPTAIN JENKINS with serving-man*  
Is this he?—Seck you me, sir?

[*Exit serving-man*]

*Capt Jen* I seek, sir, God bless you, for a  
gentleman that talks besides to himself when he's  
alone, as if he were in Bedlam, and he's a poet

*Bell* So, sir, it may be you seek me, for I'm  
sometimes out o' my wits

*Capt Jen* You are a poet, sir, are you?

*Bell* I'm haunted with a fury, sir

*Capt Jen* Pray, master poet, shoot off this  
little pot gun, and I will conjure your fury 'tis  
well lay'd you, sir My desires are to have some

innable and amorous sonnet or madrigal composed  
by your fury, see you

*Bell* Are you a lover, sir, of the nine Muses?

*Capt Jen* Ow, by gad, out o' cry \*

*Bell* You're, then, a scholar, sir?

*Capt Jen* I ha' picked up my cromes in Sesus  
College in Oxford, one day a gad while ago

*Bell* You're welcome, you're very welcome  
I'll borrow your judgment look you, sir, I'm  
writing a tragedy, the tragedy of *Young Astyanax*

*Capt Jen* Styriax' tragedy! is he living can  
you tell? was not Styriax a Monmouth man?

*Bell* O, no, sir, you mistake, he was a Trojan,  
great Hector's son

*Capt Jen* Hector was grammar to Cadwallader  
when she was great with child, God ud, e me,  
there was one young Styriax of Monmouthshire  
was a madder Greek as any is in all England

*Bell* This was not he, assure ye Look you,  
sir, I will have this tragedy presented in the  
French court by French gillants

*Capt Jen* By God, your Frenchmen will do a  
tragedy, enterlude poggly well

*Bell* It shall be, sir, at the marriages of the  
Duke of Orleans, and Chatillon the Admiral of  
France, the stage—

*Capt Jen* Ud's blood, does Orleans marry  
with the Admiral of France, now?

*Bell* O, sir, no, they are two several marriages  
As I was saying, the stage hang all with black  
velvet, and, while 'tis acted, myself will stand  
behind the Duke of Byron, or some other chief  
union or so, who shall, ay, they shall take some  
occasion, about the music of the fourth act, to  
step to the French king, and say, *Sire, voila, il  
est votre tres humble serviteur, le plus sage et divin  
esprit, Monsieur Bellamont*, all in French thus,  
pointing it me, or, *You is the learned old English  
gentleman, Master Bellamont, a very worthy man  
to be one of your privy chamber or port laureat*

*Capt Jen* But are you sure Duke Pepper noon  
will give you such good urds behind your back  
to your face?

\* 'Scene I] London A room in the house of Bellamont

† that speaks not like a man of God's making]

\* *Prim* Doth this man serve God?

*Byron* Why ask you?

*Prim* He speaks not like a man of God's making"

Shakespeare's *Love's Labour's Lost*, act v sc 2

† lay] Qy?

\* out o' cry] i.e. out of measure Malone (note on *As you like it*, act iii sc 2) thinks it alludes to the custom of giving notice by a crier of things to be sold I rather believe it is derived from the circumstance of a person being so far distant as to be unable to hear another person crying after him Out of all ho and out of all whooping, seem to have the same meaning

*Bell* O, ay, ay, ay, man, he's the only counter that I know there. But what do you think that I may come to by this?

*Capt Jen* God udgo me, all France may hap die in your debt for this.

*Bell* I am now writing the description of his death.

*Capt Jen* Did he die in his bed?

*Bell* You shall hear. [*Reads*

*"Suspicion is the minion of great hearts"*—

No, I will not begin there. Imagine a great man were to be executed about the seventh hour in a gloomy morning.

*Capt Jen* As it might be Samson or so, or great Goliath that was killed by my countryman?

*Bell* Right, sir, thus I express it in *Young Asynanax*, [*Reads*

*"Now the wild people, greedy of their griefs,  
Longing to see that which their thoughts  
abhor'd,*

*Presented day, and rode on their own roofs,"*—

*Capt Jen* Could the little horse that ambled on the top of Paul's\* carry all the people? Also how could they ride on the roofs?

*Bell* O, sir, 'tis a figure in poetry mark how 'tis followed, [*Reads*

*"rode on their own roofs,*

*Making all neighbouring houses tiled with men"*

*"Tiled with men,"*—is not good?

*Capt Jen* By Jesu, an it were tiled all with naked men, 'twere better.

*Bell* You shall hear no more, pick your ears, they are foul, sir. What say you, sir, pray?

*Capt Jen* A captain, sir, and a follower of god Mars.

*Bell* Mus, Bacchus, and I love Apollo a captain! then I pardon you, sir, and captain, what would you press me for?

*Capt Jen* For a witty ditty to a gentleman that I am fallen in withal, over head and ears in affections and natural desires.

*Bell* An acrostico were good upon her name, methinks.

*Capt Jen* Cross sticks! I would not be too cross master poet, yet, if it be best to bring her name in question, her name is Mistress Dorothy Hornet.

*Bell* [*aside*] The very consumption that wastes

my son, and the ay me that hung lately upon me!—Do you love this Mistress Dorothy?

*Capt Jen* Love her! there is no captain's wife in England can have more love put upon her, and yet, I'm sure, captains' wives have their pellices full of good men's loves.

*Bell* And does she love you? has there passed any great matter between you?

*Capt Jen* As great a matter is a whole coach and a horse and his wife are gone to and fro between us.

*Bell* Is she—I faith, captain, so valiant and tell truth—is she honest?

*Capt Jen* Honest! God udge me, she's as honest as a punk that cannot abide fouleation and lechery.

*Bell* Look you, captain, I'll show you why I ask. I hope you think my wenching days are past, yet, sir, here's a letter that her fither brought me from her, and enforced me to take, this very day.

*Capt Jen* 'Tis for some love song to send to me, I hold my life.

*Re-enter Servingman, and whispers BELLAMON.*

*Bell* This falls out put—My man tells me the party is at my door. Shall she come in, captain?

*Capt Jen* O, ay, ay, put her in, put her in, I pray now. [*Exit Servingman*]

*Bell* The letter says here that she's exceeding sick, and entreats me to visit her. Captain, lie you in ambush behind the hangings, and perhaps you shall hear the piece of a comedy she comes, she comes, make yourself away.

*Capt Jen* [*aside*] Does the poet play Toikin, and cast my Lucresias water too in huggers muggers? if he do, *Styanax* tragedy was never so horrible bloody minded as his comedy shall be. *Taw a son,\** Captain Jenkins.

[*Hides himself*]

*Enter Doll.*

*Doll* Now, master poet, I sent for you.

*Bell* And I came once at your ladyship's call.

*Doll* My ladyship and your lordship be both in one manner. You have conjured up a sweet spirit in me, have you not, rhymist?

*Bell* Why, Medea, what spirit? Would I were a young man for thy sake!†

*Doll* So would I, for then thou couldst do me no hurt, now thou dost.

\* *the little horse that ambled on the top of Paul's* I think a famous horse called Morocco (with which learned animal the commentators on our old poets have made their readers so familiar), is said, among other feats, to have mounted to the top of St Paul's church (See note\*, p 17)

\* *Taw a son* I o hold you tongue

† *Would I were a young man for thy sake* So Shallow in Shakespeare's *Merry Wives of Windsor* act 1 sc 1, 'Would I were young for your sake, Mistress Anne!'

*Bell* If I were a younker, it would be no immodesty in me to be seen in thy company, but to have snow in the lap of June, vile, vile! Yet, come, garlic has a white head and a green stalk,\* then why should not I? Let's be merry what says the devil to all the world? for I'm sure thou art carnally possessed with him

*Doll* Thou hast a filthy foot, a very filthy carrier's foot.

*Bell* A filthy shoe, but a fine foot I stand not upon my foot, I

*Capt Jen* [aside] What stands he upon, then, with a pox, God bless us!

*Doll* A leg and a calf! I have had better of a butcher forty times for carrying a body,—not worth begging by a barber surgeon

*Bell* Very good, you draw me and quarter me fates keep me from hanging!

*Doll* And which most turns up a woman's stomach, thou art an old hoary man, thou hast gone over the bridge of many years, and now art ready to drop into a grave what do I see, then, in that withered face of thine?

\* garlic has a white head and a green stalk] So in *The Honest Lawyer*, 1616, "I'm like a leech, though I have a gray head I have a greene," &c Sig G 2 And so in various old plays and poems, Chaucer's *Reeve's Prologue*, &c This piece of wit may be traced to Boccaccio, *E quagli che contro alla uita et al pailando v'uno mostra mal cho conosciu che perche la porta abbia el capo bianco che la coda sia verde* Decamerone,—Introduction to *Leornata quarta*

Having quoted *The Honest Lawyer*, I cannot refrain from pointing out the resemblance between a passage in it, and one in *The W. d. n.*, a joint production of Jonson, Fletcher and W. H. Leston,

"Grave The stone, the stone, I am pitifully grieved with the stone

*Valentine* Sir, the disease is somewhat dangerous

I must awhile withdraw to study sir  
Now am I puzzled blind what medicine  
Should I devise to do? It must be violent  
Give him some aqua fortis that would speed him  
Let's see Me thinks, a little gun powder  
Should have some strange relation to this fit  
I have seen gun powder oft drive out stones  
From forts and castle walls! &c

*The Honest Lawyer* Written by S. S. 1616 Sig F 2

"Occulto I warrant you your name's spread, sir, for an empirick

There's an old mason troubled with the stone  
Has sent to you this marning for your counsell,  
He would have ease fain

*Latrocinio* Let me see, he send him a whole musket-charge of gunpowder

*Occulto* Gun powder! what sir, to break the stone?

*Latrocinio* I, by my faith, sir

It is the likeliest thing I know to do't  
I'm sure it breaks stone walls and castles down  
I see no reason but't should break the stone

*The Widow* (first printed in 1652), act iv sc 2, p. 42

*Bell* Wrinkles, gravity

*Doll* Wretchedness, grief old fellow, thou hast bewitched me, I can neither eat nor sleep for thee, nor lie quietly in my bed for thee

*Capt Jen* [aside] Ud's blood, I did never see a white flea before I will cling you

*Doll* I was born, sure, in the dog days, I'm so unlucky I, in whom neither a flaxen hair, yellow beard, French doublet, nor Spanish hose, youth nor personage, rich face nor money, could ever breed a true love to any, ever to any man, in now besotted, dote, am mad, for the carcass of a man, and, as if I were a bawd, no ring pleases me but a Death's head \*

*Capt Jen* [aside] Sew, are men so easy vary?

*Bell* Mad for me! why, if the worms of lust were wiggling within me as it does in others, dost think I'd crawl upon thee? would I low after thee, that art a common call bawd?

*Doll* I confess it

*Capt Jen* [aside] Do you? are you a town cow, and confess you bear calves?

*Doll* I confess I have been an inn for any guest

*Capt Jen* [aside] A poga o' your stable room! is you inn a bawdy house, now?

*Doll* I confess, (for I ha' been taught to hide nothing from my surgeon, and thou art he,) I confess that old stinking surgeon like thyself, whom I call father, that Horner, never sweat for me, I'm none of his making

*Capt Jen* [aside] You lie, he makes you a punk,—Horner minor

*Doll* He's but a cheater, and I the false die he plays withal I pour all my poison out before thee, because hereafter I will be clean Shun me not, loathe me not, mock me not Plagues confound thee! I hate thee to the pit of hell,

\* as if I were a bawd, no ring pleases me but a Death's head] The bawds of those days, probably from an affectation of piety, used to wear rings with Death's heads on them, as several passages from old writers might be adduced to show But the wearing of such rings was not confined to those motherly gentlewomen "he old Countesse spying on the finger of Signior Cosimo a Ring with a Death's head engraven circled with the Verse *Gressus ad vitam*, demanded whether hee would the Signet for profit or pleasure Signior Cosimo speaking in truth as his conscience wild him told her that it was a favour which a Gentlewoman had bestowed upon him, and that onely hee wore it for her sake" *Greene's Farewell to Follie*, Sig B 2, ed 1617—Underwood the player bequeathed "to his daughter Elizabeth two seal rings of gold, one with a death's head" See his will in Malone's *Hist Acc of the English Stage*, p 216, ed Boswell

yet if thou goest thither, I'll follow thee run, ay,\* do what thou canst, I'll run and ride over the world after thee

*Capt Jen [aside] Cockatrice!—[Comes out]* You, Mistress Salamanders, that fear no burning, let my mare and my mare's horse, and my coach, come running home again, and run to an hospital and your surgeons, and to knaves and panders, and to the tivel and his taine too

*Doll* Friend, art thou raised to torment me?

*Bell* She loves you, captain, honestly

*Capt Jen* I'll have any man, woman, or child, by his ears, that says a common drab can love a gentleman honestly—I will sell my coach for a cat to have you to punk's hall, Pridewell—I charge you in Apollo's name, whom you belong to, see her forthcoming, till I come and tuggle her by and by—'Shlood, I was never cozened with a more rascal piece of mutton, since I came out of the Lower Countries

[*Exit*]

*Bell* My doors are open for thee be gone, woman

*Doll* This goat's pizzle of thine—

*Bell* Away! I love no such implements in my house

*Doll* Dost not? am I but an implement? By all the maidenheads that are lost in London in a year (and that's a great oath), for this trick other manner of women than myself shall come to this house only to laugh at thee, and if thou wouldst labour thy heart out, thou shalt not do with it +

[*Exit*]

*Bell* Is this my poetical fury?

*Re enter Servingman*

How now, sir?

*Serv* Master Mayberry and his wife, sir, i'the next room

*Bell* What are they doing, sir?

*Serv* Nothing, sir, that I see, but only would speak with you

*Bell* Enter 'em [*Exit Servingman*] This house will be too hot for me if this wench cast me into these sweats, I must shift myself for pure necessity. Haunted with sprites in my old days!

*Enter MAYBERRY booted, and MISTRESS MATHFERRY*

*May* A comedy! a Canterbury tale smells not

\* ay] The old ed "ayle"

† thou shalt not do withal] i.e. thou shalt not be able to help it. "It is my infirmity and I cannot do withal, to die for't." Chapman's *May Day*, 1611, Sig. A. 4. "Beare witness, my masters, if hee dye of a surfeit, I can not do withal, it is his owne seeking, not mine." Nash's *Have with you to Saffron walden*, Sig. G. 4, ed. 1596

half so sweet as the comedy I have for thee, old poet thou shalt write upou't, poet

*Bell* Nay, I will write upon t, if t be a comedy, for I have been at a most villanous female tragely come, the plot, the plot

*May* Let your man give you the boots presently the plot lies in Ware, my white\* poet—Wife, thou and I this night will have mad sport in Ware, mark me well, wife, in Ware

*Mist May* At your pleasure, sir

*May* Nay, it shall be at your pleasure, wife—Look you, sir, look you Featherstone's boy, like an honest crack halter, laid open all to one of my prentices, for boys, you know, like women, love to be doing

*Bell* Very good to the plot

*May* Featherstone, like a crafty mutton-monger, persuades Greenshield to be run through the body

*Bell* Strango! through the body!

*May* Ay, man, to take physick he does so, he's put to his purgation. Then, sir, what does mio Featherstone but counterfeits a letter from an inn-keeper of Doncaster, to fetch Greenshield (who's needy, you know) to a keeper's lodge in Enfield chase, a certain uncle, where Greenshield should receive money due to him in behalf of his wife?

*Bell* His wife? is Greenshield married? I have heard him swear he was a bachelor

*Mist May* So have I, a hundred times

*May* The knave has more wiles than the Turk, he has a wife almost in every shire in England this parcel gentlewoman is that inn-keeper's daughter of Doncaster

*Bell* Hath she the entertainment of her forefathers? will she keep all comers company?

*May* She helps to pass away stale capons, sour wine, and musty provender. But to the purpose this train was laid by the baggage herself, and Featherstone, who it seems makes her husband a unicorn, and to give fire to't, Greenshield, like an arant wittol, entreats his friend to ride before his wife and fetch the money, because, taking bitter pills, he should prove but a loose fellow if he went, and so durst not go

\* white] Was employed formerly as an epithet to express fondness. "white boy," "white son" and "white girl," occur frequently, in our old writers. I do not remember to have found it in any author after the time of poor mid Lee, who uses it in a strange passage of the Dedication of his *Rival Queens* to the Earl of Mulgrave (though Mayberry a little after calls Ballamant "my little hoary poet," we are not to conclude that "white" in the present instance means hoary.)



*Bell* And so the poor stag is to be hunted in Enfield Chase

*May* No, sir, master poet, there you miss the plot. Featherstone and my Lady Greenshield are rid to batter away their light commodities in Ware, Enfield Chase is too cold for 'em

*Bell* In Ware?

*May* In dirty Ware—I forget myself—Wife, on with your riding suit, and cry “Northward ho!” as the boy at Paul’s says \* let my prentice get up before thee, and man thee to Ware lodge in the inn I told thee spun, cut, and away!

*Must* *May* Well, sir [Exit

*Bell* Stay, stay, what’s the bottom of this riddle? why send you her away?

*May* For a thing, my little hearty poet Look thee I smelt out my noble stinker Greenshield in his chamber, and as though my heart strings had been cracked, I wept and sighed, and thumped and thumped, and rived and randed and railed, and told him how my wife was now grown as common as bribery,† and that she had hired her tailor to ride with her to Ware, to meet a gentleman of the court

*Bell* Good, and how took he this drench down?

*May* Like eggs and muscadine, at a gulp Ho cries out presently, “Did not I tell you, old man, that she’d win any ‡ game when she came to bearing?” § He runs upon her, wills me to take her in the act, to put her to her white sheet, to be divorced, and, for all his guts are not fully scoured by his potheecary, he’s pulling on his boots, and will ride along with us Let’s muster as many as we can

*Bell* It will be excellent sport to see him and his own wife meet in Ware, will’t not? Ay, ay, we’ll have a whole regiment of horse with us

*May* I stand upon thorns||

Till I shake him by the horns—

\* cry “Northward ho!” as the boy at Paul’s says; I presume Paul’s Wharf is meant “Paul’s Wharf, or St Bends Paul’s Wharf a noted Stairs for Watermen”

Stow’s Survey of London, &c B iii p 229 ed 1720 and III

Take water at Paul’s wharf and overtake you” Middleton’s *Chaste Maid in Cheapside*,—Works, iv 76, ed Dyce

† bribery] The old ed “bubery” (which, supposing it to mean “finery fit to please a babe,” cannot be right)

‡ any] The old ed “my”

§ bearing] Was a term at the games of Irish and backgammon

“O, the trial is when she comes to bearing”

Middleton and Dekker’s *Roaring Girl*,—Middleton’s Works, ii 629, ed Dyce

“Bear as fast as you can when you come to bearing, have a care,” &c The Compleat Gamester pp 155 6, ed 1674 || I stand, &c] Qy Is this a quotation?

Come, boots, boy! we must gallop all the way, for the sin, you know, is done with turning up the white of an eye will you join your forces!

*Bell* Like a Hollander against a Dunkirk \*

*May* March, then—This curse is on all lechers thrown,

They give horns, and at last horns are their own

[Exeunt

## SCENE II †

Enter CAPTAIN JENKINS and ALLUM

*Capt Jen* Set the best of your little diminutive legs before, and ride post, I pray

*Allum* Is it possible that Mistress Doll should be so bad?

*Capt Jen* Possible! ‘sblood, tis more easy for an oman to be naught than for a soldier to beg, and that’s horrible easy, you know

*Allum* Ay, but to cony catch us all so grossly!

*Capt Jen* Your Norfolk tumblers are but zanies to cony catching punks.

*Allum* She gelded my purse of fifty pounds in ready money

*Capt Jen* I will geld all the horses in five hundred shires but I will ride over her and her cheaters and her Hornets She made a stark ass of my coach horse and there is a putter box whom she spread thick upon her white bread, and eat him up, I think she has sent the poor fellow to Gelderland but I will march privately in and out, and pack again, upon all the Low Countries in Christendom, as Holland and Zealand and Netherland, and Cleveland too, and I will be drunk and cast ‡ with Master Hans Van Belch but I will smell him out

*Allum* Do so, and we’ll draw all our arrows of revenge up to the head but we’ll hit her for her villany

*Capt Jen* I will trow as petter and as urso weapons as arrows up to the head, lug you, it shall be warrants to give her the whip dcedle

*Allum* But now she knows she’s discovered, she’ll take her bells § and fly out of our reach

*Capt Jen* Fly with her pells! ounds, I know a parish that sal tag down all the pells and sell ‘em to Captain Jenkins, to do him good, and if pell[s] will fly, we’ll fly too, unless the pell ropes hang us Will you amble up and down to Master Justice by my side, to have this rascal Hornet in

\* a Dunkirk] See note †, p 254

† Scene II] The same A street

‡ cast] i.e. vomit

§ take her bells, &c] i.e. like a falcon

corum, and so to make her hold her whore's pence!

*Allum* I'll amble or trot with you, captain. You told me she threatened her champions should cut for her if so, we may have the peace of her.

*Capt Jen* O mon dieu! *Duw gwyn!*\* Follow your leader. Jenkins shall cut and slice as worse as they come, I scorn to have any peace of her or of my man,† but open wars. [Exit

## SCENE III ‡

Enter BELLAMONT, MAYBERRY, GREEN-SHIPPED PHILIP, LEVERFOOT, and CHARTIFY, all boats.

*Bell* What, will these young gentlemen too help us to catch this fresh salmon, ha? Philip, are they thy friends?

*Phil* Yes, sir.

*Bell* We are beholdng to you, gentlemen, that you'll fill our consort. I ha's seen your faces methinks before, and I cannot inform myself where.

*Lever,* )  
*Chart,* ) May be so, sir.

*Bell* Shall's to horse? here's a tickler || heigh, to horse!

*May* Come, switch and spurs! let's mount our chevals merry, quoth a!

*Bell* Gentlemen, shall I shoot a fool's bolt out among you all, because we'll be sure to be merry?

*Omnes* What isn't?

*Bell* For mirth on the highway will make us rid ground¶ faster than if thieves were at our tails. What say ye to this? let's all practise jests one against another, and he that has the best jest thrown upon him, and is most galled, between our riding forth and coming in, shall bear the charge of the whole journey.

*Omnes* Content, I faith.

*Bell* We shall fit one o'you with a coxcomb at Ware, I believe.

*May* Peace!

\* *Duw gwyn*] I e. white God. the old copy "*u dguin*" [oman] The old ed. "*onam*."

† *Scene III*] Near Bedlam, to which they presently "cross over."

‡ *ha*] The old ed. "*ho*."

|| a tickler] He means his switch.

¶ *rid ground*] I e. got over ground. the expression is now I believe, obsolete, and I was rather surprised to find it used so recently as in a letter from Richardson, the novelist, to Lady Bradshagh, "a regular even pace, standing away ground, rather than seeming to rid it." *Correspondence*, vol. iv. 291.

*Green* Is't a bargain!

*Omnes* And hands clapt upon it.

*Bell* Stay, yonder's the Dolphyn without Bishopsgate, where our horses are at rack and manger, and we are going past it. Come, cross over — and what place is this?

*May* Bedlam, isn't not?

*Bell* Where the madmen are. I never was amongst them as you love me, gentlemen, let's see what Greeks are within.

*Green* We shall stay too long.

*Bell* Not a whit. Ware will stay for our coming, I warrant you. Come, a spurt and away! let's be mad once in our days. This is the door. [Knocks

Enter FULLMOON.

*May* Save you, sir! may we see some o' your mad folks? do you keep 'em?

*Full* Yes.

*Bell* Pray, bestow your name, sir, upon us.

*Full* My name is Fullmoon.

*Bell* You well deserve this office, good Master Fullmoon, and what madcaps have you in your house?

*Full* Divers.

Enter a MUSICIAN.

*May* God's so, see, see! what's he walks yonder? is he mad?

*Full* That's a musician, yes, he's besides himself.

*Bell* A musician! how fell he mad, for God's sake?

*Full* For love of an Italian dwarf.

*Bell* Has he been in Italy, then?

*Full* Yes, and speaks, they say, all manner of languages.

Enter a BAWD.

*Omnes* God's so, look, look! what's she?

*Bell* The dancing bear, a pretty well-favoured little woman.

*Full* They say, but I know not, that she was a bawd, and was fringed out of her wits by fire.

*Bell* May we talk with 'em, Master Fullmoon?

*Full* Yes, an you will. I must look about, for I have unruly tenants. [Exit

*Bell* What have you in this paper, honest friend?

*Green* Is this he has all manner of languages, yet speaks none?

*Bawd* How do you, Sir Andrew? will you send for some aqua vitae for me? I have had no drink never since the last great rain that fell.

\* *Musician*] The old ed., by a misprint, "*Phusion*."

*Bell* No! that's a lie.

*Bawd* Nay, by gad, then, you lie, for all you're Sir Andrew I was a dapper rogue in Portingal voyage,\* not an inch broad at the heel, and yet thus high I scorned, I can tell you, to be drunk with rain water then, sir, in those golden and silver days, I had sweet bits then, Sir Andrew How do you, good brother Timothy?

*Bell* You have been in much trouble since that voyage?

*Bawd* Never in Bridewell, I protest, as I'm a virgin, for I could never abide that Bridewell, I protest I was once sick, and I took my water in a basket, and carried it to a doctor's.

*Philip* In a basket!

*Bawd* Yes, sir you arrant fool, there was a uninal in it

*Philip* I cry you mercy

*Bawd* The doctor told me I was with child How many lords, knights, gentlemen, citizens, and others, promised me to be godfathers to that child! 'twas not Gods will the prentices made a riot upon my glass windows, the Shrove Tuesday following,† and I miscarried.

*Omnes* O, do not weep!

*Bawd* I ha' cause to weep I trust gentle women their diet sometimes a fortnight, lend gentlemen holland shirts, and they sweat 'em out at tennis, and no restitution, and no restitution But I'll take a new order I will have but six stewed prunes‡ in a dish, and some of Mother Wall's cakes,§ for my best customers are tailors

\* *Portingal voyage*] The *Portugal voyage* was the expedition in 1589, consisting of one hundred and eighty vessels, and twenty one thousand men commanded by Sir Francis Drake and Sir John Norris it is generally said to have been undertaken for the purpose of seating Automoon the throne of Portugal; but the brave volunteers who composed it were most probably excited to the enterprise by the wish of revenging themselves on Spain, and by the hopes of gain and glory

† *the prentices made a riot upon my glass windows, the Shrove Tuesday following*] Shrove Tuesday was a holiday for apprentices, during which they used to be exceedingly riotous, and to attempt to demolish houses of bad fame

‡ *It was the day of all dayes in the yeare, Th it unto Bacchus hath his dedication When mad braynd prentices, that no men feare, O rathrou the dens of bawdie recreation*

*Pasquils Palinode*, 1634, Sig D

§ *stewed prunes*] A favourite dainty in brothels, as the commentators on Shakespeare have abundantly shown  
¶ *Mother Wall's cakes*] I learn where it is dame readded from the following passage of Haughton's *English men for my money*, 1616, "I have the scent of London stone as full in my nose, as Abchurch lane of Mother Wall's pasties" Sig G

*Omnes* Tailors' ha, ha!

*Bawd* Ay, tailors give me your London prentice, your country gentlemen are grown too politic

*Bell* But what say you to such young gentlemen as these are?

*Bawd* Foh! they, as soon as they come to their lands, get up to London, and, like squibs that run upon lines,\* they keep a spitting of fire and cracking till they ha' spent all, and when my squib is out, what says his punk? foh, he stinks!

[Sings]

*Mithought, this other night I saw a pretty sight,*

*Which pleased me much,—*

*A comely country maul, not squeamish nor afraid*

*To let gentlemen touch*

*I sold her maidenhead once, and I sold her maidenhead twice,*

*And I sold it last to an alderman of York*

*And then I had sold it thrice*

*Mus* † You sing scurvily

*Bawd* Marry, muff,‡ sing thou better, for I'll go sleep my old sleeps [Exit]

*Bell* What are you a doing, my friend?

*Mus* Pricking, pricking

*Bell* What do you mean by pricking?

*Mus* A gentleman like quality

*Bell* This fellow is somewhat prouder and sullener than the other

*May* O, so be most of your musicians

*Mus* Are my teeth rotten?

*Omnes* No, sir

*Mus* Then I am no comfit maker nor vintner I do not get wenches in my drink—Are you a musician?

*Bell* Yes

*Mus* We'll be sworn brothers, then, look you, sweet rogne

*Green* Gods so, now I think upon't, a jest is crept into my head steal away, if you love me

\* *Like squibs that run upon lines, &c*] So Muston, in his *Parantaster, or the Faune*, 1608,

"Page There be squibs, sir which squibs running upon lines, like some of our gawdie gallants sir, keeps a smother sir, with flashing and flashing and in the end, sir, they doe, sir—"

*Nymphodora* What, sir?

*Page* Stink sir" Sig B

In *A Rich Cabinet, with Variety of Inventions, &c* 1651 by J White, are instructions "How to make your fireworks to run upon a line backward and forward" Sig 12

† *Musician*] Before the Bawd's song in the old ed is a stage-direction, 'Enter the Musition' but it does not appear that he had quitted the scene

‡ *Marry, muff*] A not uncommon expression in our old writers (equivalent, I believe, to—Stuff nonsense) So Middleton, "Wearied, sir! marry, muff" *Blurt, Master Constable*,—*Works*, i 258, ed Dyce

[*Exeunt GREENSHIELD, MAYBERRY, PHILIP, LEVERPOOL, and CHARTLEY. Musician sings.\**]

*Mus* Was ever any merchant's band set better? I set it. Walk, I'm a-cold this white satin is too thin unless it be cut, for then the sun enters. Can you speak Italian too? *sapele Italiano?*

*Bell* Un poco

*Mus* 'Sblood, if it be in you, I'll poke it out of you *un poco!* Come, march he here with me but till the fall of the leaf, and if you have but *poco Italiano* in you, I'll fill you full of more *poco* march

*Bell* Come on

[*Exeunt.*]

*Re enter GREENSHIELD, MAYBERRY, PHILIP, LEVERPOOL, CHARTLEY, and FULLMOON*

*Green* Good Master Mayberry, Philip, if you be kind gentlemen, uphold the jest your whole voyage is paid for

*May* Follow it, then

*Full* The old gentleman, say you? why, he talked even now as well in his wits as I do myself, and looked as wisely

*Green* No matter how he talks, but his perception's perished

*Full* Where is he, pray?

*Philip* Marry, with the musician, and is madder by this time

*Chart* He's an excellent musician himself, you must note that

*May* And having met one fit for his own tooth, you see he skips from us

*Green* The troth is, Master Fullmoon, divers trains have been laid to bring him hither without gaping of people, and never any took effect till now

*Full* How fell he mad?

*Green* For a woman Look you, sir, here's a crown, to provide his supper He's a gentleman of a very good house you shall be paid well if you convert him To-morrow morning bedding and a gown shall be sent in, and wood and coal

*Full* Nay, sir, he must ha' no fire

*Green* No? why, look what straw you buy for him shall return you a whole harvest

*Omnes* Let his straw be fresh and sweet, we beseech you, sir

*Green* Get a couple of your sturdiest fellows, and bind him, I pray, whilst we slip out of his sight.

*Full* I'll hamper him, I warrant, gentlemen

[*Exeunt.*]

*Omnes* Excellent!

\* *Musician sings*] See note †, p. 45

*May* But how will my noble poet take it at my hands, to betray him thus?

*Omnes* Foh, 'tis but a jest. He comes.

*Re-enter the Musician and BELLAMONT*

*Bell* *Perdonate mi, si io domando del vostro nome*—O, whither shrunk you? I have had such a mad dialogue here

*Omnes* We ha' been with the other mad folks

*May* And what says he and his prick song?

*Bell* We were up to the ears in Italian, 'faith

*Omnes* In Italian! O good Master Bellamont, let's hear him

*Re enter FULLMOON with two Kelpers they lay hold on BELLAMONT, while MAYBERRY, GREENSHIELD, PHILIP, LEVERPOOL and CHARTLEY reel away*

*Bell* How now! 'sdeath, what do you mean? are you mad?

*Full* Away, sirrah!—Bind him, hold fast—You want a wench, sirrah, do you?

*Bell* What wench? will you take mine arms from me, being no heralds? let go, you dogs

*Full* Bind him—Be quiet come, come, dogs! 'ie, and a gentleman!

*Bell* Master Mayberry, Philip, Master Mayberry, and's foot!

*Full* I'll bring you a wench are you mad for a wench?

*Bell* I hold my life, my comrades have put this fool's cap upon thy head, to gull thee\* I smell it now whr, do you lie, Fullmoon! let me loose, for I'm not mad, I'm not mad, by Jesu

*Full* Ask the gentlemen that

*Bell* By the Lord, I'm as well in my wits as any man in the house, and this is a trick put upon thee by these gallants in pure knavery

*Full* I'll try that, answer me to this question—loose his arms a little—look you, sir, three geese nine pence, every goose three pence, what's that a goose, roundly, roundly, one with another?

*Bell* 'Sfoot, do you bring your geese for me to cut up? [*Strikes him soundly, and licks him*]

*Re enter MAYBERRY, GREENSHIELD, PHILIP, LEVERPOOL, and CHARTLEY*

*Omnes* Hold, hold!—Bind him, Master Fullmoon

*Full* Bind him you he has paid me all I'll have none of his bonds, not I, unless I could recover them better

*Green* Have I given it you, master poet? did the lime bush take?

*May* It was his warrant sent thee to Bedlam,

\* *thee*] Old ed "me" (compare Bellamont's next speech.)

old Jack Bellamont and, Master Full 't the moon, our warrant discharges him—Post, woe all ride upon thee to Ware, and back again, I fear, to thy cost

*Bell* If you do, I must beat you—Thank you, Master Greenshield, I will not die in your debt—Farewell, you mad rascals—To horse, come—'Tis well done, 'twas well done—You may laugh, you shall laugh, gentlemen—If the gudgeon had been swallowed by one of you, it had been vile.

but, by gad, 'tis nothing, for your best poets, indeed, are mad for the most part.—Farewell, Goodman Fullmoon

*Full* Pray, gentlemen, if you come by, call in  
[Exit]

*Bell* Yes, yes, when they are mad—Hors yourselves now, if you be men

*May* He gallop must that after women rides  
[Get our wives out of town, they take long strides  
[Exit]

## ACT V

## SCENE I \*

*Enter MAYNARD and BELLAMONT*

*May* But why have you brought us to the wrong inn, and withal possessed Greenshield that my wife is not in town? when my project was, that I would have brought him up into the chamber where young Featherstone and his wife lay, and so all his artillery should have recoiled into his own bosom

*Bell* O, it will fill out far better—you shall see my revenge will have a more neat and unexpected conveyance—He hath been all up and down the town to inquire for a Londoner's wife—none such is to be found, for I have mewed your wife up already—Marry, he hears of a Yorkshire gentlewoman at next inn, and that's all the commodity Ware affords at this instant—Now, sir, he very politely imagines that your wife is rode to Puckeridge, five mile further, for, saith he, in such a town, where hosts will be familiar, and tapsters saucy, and chamberlains worse than thieves' intelligencers, they'll never put foot out of stirrup, either at Puckeridge or Wale's Mill, saith he, you shall find them, and because our horses are weary, he's gone to take up post horse—My counsel is only this,—when he comes in, feign yourself very melancholy, swear you will ride no further, and this is your part of the comedy—the sequel of the jest shall come like money borrowed of a courtier, and paid within the day, a thing strange and unexpected

*May* Enough, I hit

*Bell* He comes

*Enter GREENSHIELD*

*Green.* Come, gallants, the post horse is ready, 'tis but a quarter of an hour's riding, we'll ferret them and firk them, in faith

\* Scene I.] Ware. A room in an inn.

*Bell* Are they grown politic? when do you see honesty covet corners, or a gentleman that is no thief lie in the run of a carrier?

*May* Nothing hath undone my wife but too much riding

*Bell* She was a pretty piece of a poet indeed, and in her discourse would, as many of your goldsmiths' wives do, draw her simile from precious stones so wittily, as "redder than your ruby," "linder than your diamond," and so from stone to stone in less time than a man can draw on a strut boot, as if she had been in excellent lipdary

*Green* Come, will you to horse, sir?

*May* No, let her go to the devil, an she will I'll not stir a foot further

*Green* God's precious, is't come to this?—Persuade him, as you are a gentleman there will be ballads made of him, and the burden thereof will be,—

"If you had rode out five mile farward,  
He had found the fatal house of Brentford northward  
O hant, hant, hant O none o"

*Bell* You are merry, sir

*Green* Like your citizen, I never think of my debts when I am a horseback

*Bell* You imagine you are riding from your creditors

*Green* Good, in faith—Will you to horse?

*May* I'll ride no further  
[Exit]

*Green* Then I'll discharge the postmaster—Was't not a pretty wit of mine, master poet to have had him rode into Puckeridge with a horn before him? ha, was't not?

*Bell* Good sooth, excellent—I was dull in

\* If you had, &c.] Qy "If he had," &c. or else in the next line "You had found," &c. Compare what Kate sings in p. 279

apprehending it But, come, since we must stay, we'll be merry—Chamberlain, call in the music, bid the tapsters and maids come up and dance!—What! we'll make a night of it

*Enter CHAMBERLAIN, Fiddlers, Trumpeters, and Mutes*  
Thank you, masters, I have an excellent jest to make old Mayberry merry 'sfoot, we'll have him merry

*Green* Let's make him drunk, then a simple catching wit!

*Bill* Go thy ways I know a nobleman would take such a delight in thee

*Green* Why, so he would in his fool

*Bill* Before God, but he would make a difference, he would keep you in satin But as I was saying, we'll have him merry His wife is gone to Puckeridge 'tis a wench makes him melancholy, 'tis a wench must make him merry we must help him to a wench When your citizen comes into his inn, dropping wet and cold,\* either the hostess or one of her maids warms his bed, pulls on his night cap, cuts his combs, puts out the candle, bids him commend aught, if he want aught, and so after, master citizen sleeps as quietly as if he lay in his own Low Country of Holland, in his own linen, I mean, sir We must have a wench for him

*Green* But where's this wench to be found? I'll turn all the moveable petticoats of the house

*Bill* At the next inn there lodged to night—

*Green* God's precious, a Yorkshire gentlewoman I hit, I'll avenge for her presently we'll have him merry

*Bill* Procure some chamberlain to pander for you

*Green* No, I'll be pander myself, because we'll be merry

*Bill* Will you, will you?

*Green* But how! be a pander! as I am a gentleman, that were horrible I'll thrust myself into the outside of a falconer in town here, and now I think on't, there are a company of country players, that are come to town here, shall furnish me with ban and beard If I do not bring her!—We'll be wondrous merry

*Bill* About it look you, sir, though she be a far aloof, and let her body out of distance, so her mind be coming, 'tis no matter

*Green* Get old Mayberry merry That any man should take to heart thus the downfal

\* dropping-wet and cold] The old ed. 'wet and cold dropping'

† citizen] The old ed. "clowner"

of a woman! I think when he comes home, poor snail, he'll not dare to peep forth of doors lest his horns usher him

[*Exit*

*Bill* Go thy ways There be more in England wear large ears and horns than stags and asses Excellent! he rides post with a halter about his neck

*Re-enter MAYBERRY*

*May* How now! will't take?

*Bill* Beyond expectation I have persuaded him the only way to make you merry is to help you to a wench, and the fool is gone to pander his own wife hither

*May* Why, he'll know her

*Bill* She hath been naked ever since she came into the inn for fear of discovery

*May* Then she'll know him

*Bill* For that his own unfortunate wit helped in a lazy invention, for he hath disguised himself like a falconer in town here, hoping in that promising shape to do more good upon her than in the outside of a gentleman

*May* Young Featherstone will know him

*Bill* He's gone into the town, and will not return this half hour

*May* Excellent, if she would come

*Bill* Nay, upon my life, she'll come When she enters, remember some of your young blood, talk as some of your gallant commoners will, dice, and drink freely, do not call for sack, lest it betray the coldness of your manhood, but fetch a caper now and then, to make the gold clink in your pockets,—ay, so

*May* Ha, old post, let's once stand to it for the credit of Milk street! Is my wife acquainted with this?

*Bill* She's perfect, and will come out upon her cue, I warrant you

*May* Good wench, in faith—Fetch some more sack here

*Bill* God's precious, do not call for sack by any means

*May* Why, then, give us a whole lordship for life in Rhemish, with the reversion in sign

*Bill* Excellent!

*May* It were not amiss, if we were dancing

*Bill* Out upon't! I shall never do it

*Re-enter GREENSHIELD disguised, with KATE masked*

*Green* Out of mine nostrils, tapster! thou smell'st, like Guildhall two days after Simon and Jude, of drunk most horribly.—Off with thy mask, sweet sinner of the north these masks

are foils to good faces, and to bad ones they are like new satin outsides to lousy linings.

*Kate* O, by no means, sir Your merchant will not open a whole piece to his best customer he that buys a woman must take her as she falls I'll unmask my hand, here's the sample

*Green* Go to, then, old poet I have tri'en her up already as a pumice bound for the straits she knows her burden yonder

*Bell* Truly, you are welcome You is the old gentleman, and observe him, he's not one of your fat city chuffs, whose great belly argues that the felicity of his life consists in cypon, sack, and sincere honesty, but a lean, spine, bountiful gull wit, one that hath an old wife and a young performance, whose reward is not the rate of a captun newly come out of the Low Countries, or a Yorkshire attorney in good contentious practice, some angel—no, the proportion of your wealthy citizen to his wench is her chamber, her diet, her physic, her apparel her painting, her monkey, her pander, her every thing You'll say, your young gentleman is your only service, that lies before you like a cult's head, with his brains some half and from him But, I assure you, they must not only have variety of foolery, but also of wenches whereas your conscientious grey beard of Farrington within will keep himself to the rims of one cast waiting woman an age, and perhaps, when he's past all other good works, to wipe out false weights and twenty i' the hundred, marry her

*Green* O, well bowled, Tom!\* we have precedents for t

*Kate* But I have a husband, sir

*Bell* You have? If he knave thy husband be rich, make him poor, that he may borrow money of this merchant, and be lod up in the Counter or Ludgate so it shall be conscience in you [r] old gentleman, when he hath seized all thy goods, to take thee home† and maintain thee

*Green* O, well bowled, Tom!\* we have precedents for t

*Kate* Well, if you be not a nobleman, you are some great valiant gentlen an by your breath‡ and the fashion of your beard, and do but this to make the citizen merry, because you owe him some money

*Bell* O, you are a wag

*May* You are very welcome

*Green* He is ta'en, excellent, excellent! there's one will make him merry Is it any imputation to help one's friend to a wench?

*Bell* No more than at my lord's entreaty to help my lady to a pretty waiting woman If he had given you a gelding, or the reversion of some monopoly, or a new suit of satin, to have done this, happily\* your satin would have smelt of the pander but what's done freely, comes, like a present to an old lady, without any reward, and what is done without any reward, comes, like wounds to a soldier, very honourably notwithstanding

*May* This is my breeding, gentlewoman and whither travel you?

*Kate* To London, sir, as the old tale goes, to seek my fortune

*May* Shall I be your fortune, lady?

*Kate* O, pardon me, sir, I'll have some young landed hen to be my fortune, for they favour she fools more than citizens

*May* Are you married?

*Kate* Yes, but my husband is in captivity in the Low-Countries, is his colonel's bawd, and his captun's jester He sent me word over that he will thrive, for though his apparel be a the Lombard, he keeps his conscience in the minister book

*May* He may do his country good service lady

*Kate* Ay, as many of your customs do, that fight, as the geese saved the Capitol, only with prattling Well, well, if I were in some noble man's hands now, may be he would not take a thousand pounds for me

*May* No!

*Kate* No, sir, and yet may be at your end would give me a brace of hundred pounds to marry me to his bawd or the solicitor of his law suits.—Whoso this, I beseech you!

*Enter MISTRESS MAYBERRY, her maid, and the Hostess*

*Host* I pray you, forsooth, be patient

*Bell* Passion of my heart, Mistress Mayberry!  
(*Leant Chamberlain, Tiddlers, Tipters, and Maids*)

*Green* [*aside*] Now will she put some notable trick upon her cuckoldly husband

*May* Why, how now, wife! what means this, ha?

*Must May* Well, I am very well O my unfortunate parents, would you had buried me quick, when you lunked me to this misery!

*May* O wife, be patient! I have more cause to rail, wife

\* *Tom*] After this word, the old ed. has "( )"

† *her home*] The old ed. 'the home'

‡ *breath*] The old ed. "beath"

\* *happily*] i o haply

*Must May* You have! prove it, prove it! Where's the courtier you should have ta'en in my bosom? I'll spit my gall in's face that can tax me of any dishonour! Have I lost the pleasure of mine eyes, the sweets of my youth, the wishes of my blood, and the portion of my friends, to be thus dishonoured, to be reputed vile in London, whilst my husband prepares common diseases for me at Ware? O God, O God!

*Bell* [aside] Pretty well dissonbled

*Host* As I am true hostess, you are to blame, sir—What are you, mistress? I'll know what you are afore you depart, mistress. Dost thou leave thy chamber in an honest inn, to come and mingle my customers?—An you had sent for me up, and kissed me, and used me like an hostess, 'twould never have grieved me, but to do it to a stranger!

*Kate* I'll leave you, sir

*May* Stay—[*To Must May*] Why, how now, sweet gentlewoman! cannot I come forth to breathe myself, but I must be haunted?—[*Aside to her*] Rail upon old Bellamont, that let me discover them—You remember Featherstone, Greenshield?

*Must May* I remember them! Ay, they are two as cogging, dishonourable, damned, forsworn, beggarly gentlemen as are in all London, and there's a reverend old gentleman, too, your purder, in my conscience

*Lull* Lull, I will not, as the old gods were wont swear by the infernal Styx, but by all the muddled wine in the cellar beneath, and the smoke of tobacco that hath fumed over the vessels, I did not procure your husband this banqueting dish of sickness! Look you, behold the parenthesis

[*Lulls off GREENSHIELDS, raises hair and beard*]

*Host* Nay, I'll see your face too

[*Pulls off KATE'S mask*]

*Kate* My dear unkind husband, I protest to thee I have played this knavish part only to be witty

*Green* That I might be presently turned into a matter more solid than horn,—into marble!

*Bell* Your husband, gentlewoman! why, he never was a soldier

*Kate* Ay, but a lady got him pricked for a captain. I warrant you, he will answer to the name of captain, though he be none, like a lady that will not think scorn to answer to the name of her first husband, though he were a soap-boiler

*Green* Hang off, thou devil, away!

*Kate* [sings]

"No, no, you fled me t'other day  
When I was with child you ran away  
But since I have caught out now—"

*Green* A pox of your wit and your singing!

*Bell* Nay, look you, sir, she must sing, because we'll be merry

"What though? you rode not me wile forwar!  
You have found that out! have at brandish northward,  
O home, home, home!"

*Green* God! refuse me! gentlemen, you may laugh and be merry, but I am a cuckold, and I think you know of it—Who lay it the second with you to-night, wild duck?

*Kate* Nobody with me, as I shall be saved, but Master Featherstone came to meet me as far as Royston

*Green* Featherstone!

*May* See, the hawk that first stooped my pleasant, is killed by the sparrow that first sprang all of our side, wife

*Bell* 'Twas a pretty wit of you, sir, to have had him rode into Puckridge with a horn before him, ha, wasn't not?

*Green* Good

*Bell* Oh, where a citizen keeps his house, you know, 'tis not as a gentleman keeps his chamber, for debt, but, as you said even now very wisely, lest his horns should usher him

*Green* Very good—Featherstone!—he comes

[*Enter FEATHERSTONE*]

*Feath* Luke Greenshield, Master Mayberry, o'd post, Moll, and Kate, most happily encountered and a life, how come you hither? By my life, the man looks pale

*Green* You are a villain, and I'll make't good upon you. I am no servingman to feed upon your reversion

*Feath* Go to the ordinary, then

*Bell* This is his ordinary, sir, and in this she is like a London ordinary,—her best getting comes by the box

*Green* You are a damned villain

*Feath* O, by no means

*Green* No? Ud's life, I'll go instantly take a pause, be apprehended, and hanged for't, better than be a cuckold

*Feath* Best first make your confession, sirrah

\* *mistress*] Here, and in the next line the old ed "mistress"

\* *What though, &c.*] See p. 278

† *God requem me*] See note b, p. 7



*Green* 'Tis this, thou hast not used me like a gentleman

*Feath* A gentleman! thou a gentleman! thou art a tailor

*Bill* 'Ware peaching!

*Feath* No, sirrah, if you will confess aught, tell how thou hast wrong'd that virtuous gentle woman how thou layest at her two year together, to make her dishonest, how thou wouldst send me thither with letters, how duly thou wouldst watch the citizens' wives' vocation, which is twice a day, namely the Exchange time, twelve at noon, and six at night, and where she refused thy importunity and vowed to tell her husband, thou wouldst fall down upon thy knees, and entreat her for the love of heaven if not to ease thy violent affection, it least to conceal it,—to which her pity and simple virtue consented, how thou tookest her wedding ring from her, met those two gentlemen at Wine, feigned a quarrel and the rest is apparent. This only remains—what wrong the poor gentle woman hath since received by our intolerable lie, I am most heartily sorry for and to thy bosom will maintain all I have said to be honest

*May* Victory, wife! thou art quit by proclamation

*Bill* Sir, you are an honest man. I have known an ancient thief for peaching made an officer—give me your hand, sir

*Kate* O filthy, abominable husband, did you all this?

*May* Certainly he is no captain, he blushes

*Met May* Speak, sir, did you ever know me answer your wishes?

*Green* You are honest, very virtuously honest

*Met May* I will, then no longer be a loose woman. I have at my husband's pleasure taken upon me this habit of jealousy. I'm sorry for your virtue glories not in the squall, but in the victory

*Bill* How say you by that goodly sentence? Look you, sir, you gallants visit citizens' houses, as the Spaniard first sailed to the Indies you pretend buying of wares or selling of lands, but the end proves 'tis nothing but for discovery and conquest of their wives for better maintenance. Why, look you, was he aware of those broken patients\* when you met him at Wine and possessed him of the downfall of his wife? You are a cuckold, you have pandered your own wife to this gentleman, better men have done it, honest

Tom,\* we have precedents for't. Hie you to London. What is more catholic i'the city than for husbands daily for to forgive the nightly sins of their bedfellows? If you like not that course, but do† intend to be rid of her, hie her to a tavern,‡ where you may swallow down some fifty wineacres, sons and hens to old tenements and common gardens, like so many raw yolks with misericorde to bedward

*Kate* O filthy knave, dost compare a woman of my carriage to a horse!

*Bill* And no disparagement, for a woman to have a high forehead, a quick ear, a full eye, a wide nostril, a sleek skin, a straight back, a round hip, and so forth, is most comely

*Kate* But is a great belly comely in a horse, sir!

*Bill* No, lady

*Kate* And what think you of it in a woman, I pray you!

*Bill* Certainly I am put down at my own weapon. I therefore recant the saying. No, there is a new trade come up for cast gentle women, of penning making. Let your wife set up i'the Strand, and yet I doubt whether she may or no, for they say the women have got it to be a corporation. If you can, you may make good use of it, for you shall have as good a coming in by hand (though it be but a falling commodity), and by other foolish things, as my betwixt Saint Clements and Chancery

*Feath* Now you have run yourself out of breath, hie me. I protest the gentlewoman is honest and since I have wrong'd her reputation in meeting her thus privately, I'll maintain her.—Wilt thou hang at my purse, Kate, like a pin of Dutch buttons,§ to open when 'tis full, and close when 'tis empty?

*Kate* I'll be divorced, by this Chimney element and because thou thinkest thou art a

\* *In i' Secundo* p. 27

† *but do intend* [The old ed. "but to intend"]

‡ *reference at a tavern* [Our old writers used not in the sense of *rough* so i' *quorum*].—Why, then, thus it should be well to sink up a drumme, set up a teat, call people together, put crowns a piece, let's ride for her. *The Blue Boy of Almonday* 1705. Sig. B. 1. And thus she, in his teeth into the tongue of 1617. A plume rising to be a kind of game, where he that in casting doth throw most on the dice takes up all that is laid down. Dr. Nott therefore is quite wrong when in a note on his reprint of Decker's *Gull's Horn-book* p. 16, he says that "my riding" means "any cheating or pandering."

§ *Barbary buttons* [Moorish buttons, I believe, of gold or silver figured work]

\* *patients* [Qy "patients" but the whole passage is otherwise corrupted.]

cuckold, lest I should make thee an infidel in causing thee to believe an untruth, I'll make thee a cuckold

*Bell* Excellent wench!

*Feath* Come, let's go, sweet, the nag I ride upon bears double we'll to London

*May* Do not bite your thumbs, sir.

*Kate* Bite his thumb! [*Sings*]

"I'll make him do a thing worse than this  
Come love me whereas I lay"

*Feath* What, Kate?

*Kate* [*sings*]

"He shall father a child is none of his,  
O, the clean contrary way"

*Feath* O lusty Kate!

[*Enter FEATHERSTONE and KATE*]

*May* Methought he said even now you were a tailor

*Laver* You shall hear more of that hereafter. He made Ware and him stink ere he goes: if I be a tailor, the rogue's naked weapon shall not fright me, I'll beat him and my wife both out o' the town with a tailor's yard. [*Exit*]

*May* O what Sir Tristram!—Room there!

*Enter PHILIP FEATHERSTONE, a CHAMBERLAIN*

*Phil* News, father, most strange news out of the Low Countries: your good lady and mistress, that set you to work upon a dozen of cheese trenchers, is now lighted at the next inn, and the old venerable gentlewoman's \* father with her

*Bell* Let the gates of our inn be locked up closer than a nobleman's gates at dinner time

*Omnes* Why, sir, why?

*Bell* If she enter here, the house will be infected: the plague is not half so dangerous as a she-hornet—Philip, this is your shuffling o' the ends, to turn up her for the bottom end at Ware

*Philip* No, as I am virtuous, sir, ask the two gentlemen

*Laver* No, in truth, sir. She told us, that, in quining at London for you or your son, you had chucked out her wily to Ware

*Bell* I would Ware might choke em both—Master Mayberry, my horse and I will take our leaves of you: I'll to Bedlam: gun rather than stay her

*May* Shall a woman make thee fly thy country? Stay, stand to her, though she were greater than Pope Joan. What are thy brauns conjuring for, my poetical bay leaf eater?

\* *gentlewoman's* The old ed "*Gentlewoman*."

*Bell* For 'a spite o' the buttry, that shall make us all drunk with mirth, if I can raise it. Stay, the chicken is not fully hatched—Wit,\* I beseech thee! so, come!—Will you be secret, gentlemen, and assisting?

*Omnes* With brown bills, if you think good

*Bell* What will you say if by some trick we put this little hornet into Featherstone's bosom, and marry 'em together?

*Omnes* Fuh! 'tis impossible

*Bell* Most possible. I'll to my trencher-woman, let me alone for dealing with her. Featherstone, gentlemen, shall be your patient.

*Omnes* How, how?

*Bell* Thus. I will close with this country pedler, Mistress Dorothy, that travels up and down to exchange pins for conyskins, very lovingly, she shall eat of nothing but sweatments in my company, good words, whose taste when she likes, as I know she will, then will I play upon her with this artillery,—that a very proper man and a great liar, naming Featherstone, spied her from a window, when she lighted at her inn, is extremely fallen in love with her, vows to make her his wife, if it stand to her good liking, even in Ware, but being, as most of your young gentlemen are, somewhat bashful, and ashamed to venture upon a woman,—

*May* City and suburbs can justify it, so, sir

*Bell* He sends me, being an old friend, to undermine for him. I'll so whet the wench's stomach, and make her so hungry, that she shall have an appetite to him, for it not Green-lashed shall have a hand in it too, and, to be revenged of his partner, will, I know, strike with any weapon

*Laver* But is Featherstone of any means' else you undo him and her

*May* He has lived between Fulham and London: he would have made it over to me—For your charge, poet, give you the assent upon her, and send but Featherstone to me, I'll hang him by the gills

*Bell* He's not yet horsed, sure—Philip go thy ways, give fire to him, and send him further with a powder presently

*Phil* He's blown up already [*Exit*]

*Bell* Gentlemen, you'll stick to the device, and look to your plot?

*Omnes* Most poetically away to your quarter

*Bell* I march. I will cast my rider, gallants. I hope you see who shall pay for our voyage

[*Exit*]

\* *Wit* The old ed "*hit*"

*May* That must be that comes here.

*Re-enter PHILIP and FEATHERSTONE*

*Master Featherstone*, O *Master Featherstone*, you may now make your fortunes weigh ten stone of feathers more than ever they did! leap but into the saddle now that stands empty for you, you are made for ever!

*Lever* [aside] An ass, I'll be sworn

*Feather* How, for God's sake, how?

*May* I would you had what I could wish you I love you, and because you shall be sure to know where my love dwells, look you, sir, it hangs out at this sign you shall pray for Ware when Ware is dead and rotten. Look you, sir, there is as pretty a little pinnace stuck out hereby, and come in lately she's my kinswoman, my father's youngest sister, a maid, her portion three thousand, her hopes, if her grannam die without issue, better

*Feath* Very good, sir

*May* Her guardian goes about to marry her to a stone cutter, and rather than she'll be subject to such a fellow, she'll die a martyr will you have all out? she's run away, is here at an inn in the town. What parts soever you have played with me, I see good parts in you, and if you now will catch Time's hair that's put into your hand, you shall clap her up presently

*Feath* Is she young, and a pretty wench?

*Lever* Few citizens' wives are like her

*Phil* Young! why, I warrant sixteen hath scarce gone over her

*Leath* Soft, where is she? If I like her personage as well as I like that which you say belongs to her personage, I'll stand thrumming of caps no longer, but board your pinnace whilst 'tis hot

*May* Away, then, with these gentlemen, with a French gallop, and to her! Philip here shall run for a priest, and despatch you

*Feath* Will you, gallants, go along? We may be married in a chamber for fear of hue and cry after her, and some of the company shall keep the door

*May* Assure your soul she will be followed away, therefore [Exit FEATHERSTONE, PHILIP, LEVERPOOL, and CHARLIFY] He's in the Curtian gulf,\* and swallowed, horse and man. He will have somebody keep the door for him! she'll look to that. I am younger than I was two nights ago for this physic—How now!

\* He's in the Curtian gulf] Every schoolboy knows the story of M. Curtius

*Enter CAPTAIN JENKINS, ALLUM, HANS VAN BELCH, and others, booted*

*Capt Jen* God bless you! is there not an arrant scurvy trab in your company, that is a sentlowoman born, sir, and can tawg Welsh, and Dutch, and any tongue in your head!

*May* How so? Drabs in my company! do I look like a drab driver?

*Capt Jen* The trib will drive you, if she put you before her, into a pench hole\*

*Allum* Is not a gentleman here, one Master Bellamont, sir, of your company?

*May* Yes, yes come you from London? he'll be here presently

*Capt Jen* Will he? tawson, this oman hunts at his tail, like your little goats in Wales follow their mother. We have warrants here from master justice of this shire, to show no pity nor mercy to her! her name is Doll

*May* Why, sir, what has she committed? I think such a creature is in the town

*Capt Jen* What has she committed! ounds, she has committed more than manslaughter, for she has committed herself, God bless us, to everlasting prison. Lug you, sir, she is a punk she shifts her lovers (as captains and Welsh gentlemen and such) as she does her trenchers, when she has well fed upon't, and that there is left nothing but pure bones, she calls for a clean one, and scrapes away the first

*Re-enter BELLAMONT with HORNET, DOLL between them, FEATHERSTONE, GREENSHIELD, KATE, PHILIP LEVERPOOL, and CHARLIFY*

*May* Gods so, Master Featherstone, what will you do? here's three come from London to fetch away the gentlewoman with a warrant

*Feather* All the warrants in Europe shall not fetch her now she's mine sure enough.—What have you to say to her? she's my wife

*Capt Jen* Ow! 'sblood, do you come so far to fish, and catch frogs? your wife is a tilt bont, any man or oman may go in her for money she's a cony catcher—Where is my moveable goods called a coach, and my two wild peasts? pogs on you would they had tawn you to the gallows!

*Allum* I must borrow fifty pound of you, mistress bride

*Hans* Yaw, vro, and you make me de gheck, de groet fool you heb mine gelt too, war is it?

\* pench hole] He means bench hole. So in Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*, act iv. sc. 7, "We'll beat 'em into bench holes", whose Malone observes that bench hole means "the hole in a bench ad levandum alium."

*Doll* Out, you base scums! come you to disgrace me in my wedding-shoes?

*Feath.* Is this your three-thousand pound ward? ye told me, sir, she was your kinswoman

*May* Right, one of mine aunts \*

*Bell.* Who pays for the northern voyage now, ands?

*Green.* Why do you not ride before my wife to London now? The woodcock's i'the spunge

*Kate.* O, forgive me, dear husband! I will never love a man that is worse than hanged, as he is

*May* Now a man may have a course in your park?

*Feath.* Ho may, sir

*Doll* Never, I protest I will be as true to thee as Ware and Wade's Mill are one to another

\* aunts] See note \*, p. 254

*Feath.* Well, it's but my fate Gentlemen, this is my opinion, it's better to shoot in a bow that has been shot in before, and will never start, than to draw a fair new one, that for every arrow will be warping—Come, wench, we are joined, and all the dogs in France shall not part us—I have some lands those I'll turn into money, to pay you, and you, and any—I'll pay all that I can for thee, for I'm sure thou hast paid me

*Omnes* God give you joy!

*May* Come, let's be merry—[*To Greenshield*] Lie you with your own wife, to be sure she shall not walk in her sleep—A noise of musicians,\* chamberlain!

This night let's banquet freely come we'll dare Our wives to combat i'the great bed in Ware

[*Exeunt*]

\* A noise of musicians] See note §, p. 222



**A CURE FOR A CUCKOLD.**

*A Cure for a Cuckold. A pleasant Comedy, As it hath been several times Acted with great Applause. Written by John Webster and William Rowley. Placere Cupio. London Printed by Tho. Johnson, and are to be sold by Francis Kirkman, at his Shop at the signe of Johns Flechers Head, over against the Angel Inne, on the Back side of St. Clements, without Temple Bar. 1681. 4to.*

We have no other authority than that of Kirkman for attributing this play to Webster and Rowley. I believe, however, that it is rightly assigned. A great portion of it, which the authors meant for blank verse, Kirkman has printed as prose. In some passages the integrity of the text is very questionable.

William Rowley, Webster's coadjutor in this drama, flourished in the reign of James the First. Mrs. mentions among the best writers of comedy, "Master Rowley, once a rare Schollar of learned Pembroke Hall in Cambridge," (*Palkins Tawia, His Treasury, Being the Second Part of His Commonwealth*, 1598, fol. 283,) but he doubtless alludes to another dramatist of the same name, Samuel Rowley. It appears that William was an actor, as well as an author, and he is said to have been more excellent in comedy than in tragedy. "There was one Will Rowley was Head of the Princes Company of Comedians in 1610 to 1616." See the Office Books of the Id. Stanhope, Treasurer of the Chamber in those years, In Dr Rich Rawlinson's Possession. MS. note by Orlin on Langhorne's *Acc of Eng Dram Poets*, in the Brit Museum. "William Rowley, the author actor, was married to Isabel Tooley at Cripplegate Church, in 1637." —Collier's *Memoirs of the Principal Actors in the Plays of Shakespeare*, p. 233.

Of his plays there remain four of which he was the sole author,—(the best of them, *A new Wonder a Woman* never text was revived with alterations at Covent Garden Theatre, in 1824,)—and twelve which he composed in conjunction with other writers, Dyer, Wilkins, Middleton, Fletcher, Massinger, Ford, Heywood, Dekker, and Webster. His name is associated with Shakespeare's on the title-page of *The Birth of Merlin*, but certainly the bard of Avon at least had no hand in that wretched drama.

## THE STATIONER TO THE JUDICIOUS READER.

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GENTLEMEN,

It was not long since I was only a bookreader, and not a bookseller, which quality (my former employment somewhat failing, and I being unwilling to be idle,) I have now lately taken on me. It hath been my fancy and delight, e'er since I knew any thing, to converse with books, and the pleasure I have taken in those of this nature, viz plays, hath been so extraordinary, that it hath been much to my cost, for I have been, as we term it, a gatherer of plays for some years, and I am confident I have more of several sorts than any man in England, bookseller or other. I can at any time show seven hundred in number, which is within a small matter all that were ever printed. Many of these I have several times over, and intend, as I sell, to purchase more, all, or any of which, I shall be ready either to sell or lend to you upon reasonable considerations.

In order to the encreasing of my store, I have now this term printed and published three, viz this called *A Cure for a Cuckold*, and another called *The Thracian Wonder*, and the third called *Gammer Gurton's Needle*. Two of these three were never printed, the third, viz, *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, hath been formerly printed, but it is almost an hundred years since. As for this play, I need not speak any thing in its commendation, the authors' names, Webster and Rowley, are (to knowing men) sufficient to declare its worth: several persons remember the acting of it, and say that it then pleased generally well, and let me tell you, in my judgment it is an excellent old play. The expedient of curing a cuckold, after the manner set down in this play, hath been tried to my knowledge, and therefore I may say *probation est*. I should I doubt, be too tedious, or else I would say somewhat in defence of this, and in commendation of plays in general, but I question not but you have read what abler pens than mine have writ in their vindication. Gentlemen, I hope you will so encourage me in my beginnings, that I may be induced to proceed to do you service, and that I may frequently have occasion, in this nature, to subscribe myself

Your servant,

FRANCIS KIRKMAN



## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ



WOODROFF a justice of the peace father to Annabel  
 FRANKFORD a merchant brother in law to Woodroff  
 LESINGHAM a gentleman in love with Clara  
 BONVILLE a gentleman, the bridegroom and husband to Annabel  
 RAYMOND }  
 FUSTAGE } all into invited to the wedding  
 LIONEL }  
 GROVER }  
 LOCKWOOD a young gentleman in love with \*  
 COMPTON a seaman  
 PERRINOT }  
 DODGE, } two attorneys  
 A Counsellor  
 Two Clerks  
 Two Boys  
 A Sailor  
  
 LUCY wife to Frankford, and sister to Woodroff  
 ANNABEL, the bride and wife to Bonvil  
 CLARA Lesingham's mistress  
 URSULA wife to Compass  
 Nurse  
 A Waitingwoman

---

\* *a young gentleman as I call him*] I must observe, that it is Kirkman who so characterises Rochfield. I give the Dram. Per. from the old ed.

# A CURE FOR A CUCKOLD.

## ACT I

### SCENE I \*

*Enter LESBINGHAM and CLARE*

*Less* This is a place of feasting and of joy,  
And, as in triumphs and ovations, here  
Nothing save state and pleasure

*Clare* 'Tis confess'd

*Less* A day of mirth and solemn jubilee,——

*Clare* For such is can be merry

*Less* A happy nuptial,  
Since I like you of fortunes suitable,  
Equality in birth, purity in years,  
And in affliction no way different,  
Are thus divinely coupled

*Clare* 'Tis a marriage

*Less* True, lady, and a noble precedent  
Methinks for us to follow Why should these  
Ontastings in our loves, that have not yet  
Outgone us in our time? If we thus lose  
Our best and not to be recovered hours  
Unprofitably spent, we shall be held  
Much truant in love's school

*Clare* That's a study  
In which I never shall ambition have  
To become graduate

*Less* Lady, you are sad  
This jovial meeting puts me in a spirit  
To be made such We two are guests invited,  
And meet by purpose, not by accident  
Where's, then, a place more opportunely fit,  
In which we may solicit our own loves,  
Than before this example?

*Clare* In a word,

I purpose not to marry

*Less* By your favour,  
For as I ever to this present hour  
Have studied your observance, so from henceforth

I now will study plainness —I have lov'd you  
Beyond myself, and spent it for your sake  
Many a fair hour which might have been employ'd  
To pleasure or to profit, have neglected  
Duty to them from whom my being came,  
My parents, but my hopeful studies most  
I have stol'n time from all my choice delights  
And robb'd myself, thinking to enrich you  
Matches I have had offer'd, some have told me  
As fair, as rich,—I never thought 'e n so  
And lost all these in hope to find out you  
Resolve me, then, for Christian charity,  
Think you in answer of that frozen nature  
Is a sufficient satisfaction for  
So many more than needful services?

*Clare* I have said, sir

*Less* Whence might this distaste arise?  
Be at least so kind to perfect me in that  
Is it of some dislike lately conceiv'd  
Of this my person, which perhaps may grow  
From calumny and scandal? if not that,  
Some late received melancholy in you?  
If neither, your perverse and peevish will,—  
To which I most imply it?

*Clare* Be it what it can or may be, thus it is,  
And with this answer pray rest satisfied  
In all these travels, windings, and indentings,  
Paths, and by paths, which in my life I have sought out,  
There's but one only road, and that alone,  
To my fruition which whose finds out,  
'Tis like he may enjoy me, but that failing,  
I ever am mine own

*Less* O, name it, sweet!  
I am already in a labyrinth,  
Until you guide me out

*Clare* I'll to my chamber  
May you be pleas'd unto your mis spent time

\* Scene I ] The garden belonging to Woodroff's house

To add but some few minutes, by my maid  
You shall hear further from me

*Less* I'll attend you [Exit CLARE

What more can I desire than be resolv'd  
Of such a long suspense? Here's now the period  
Of much expectation

*Enter* RAYMOND, EUSTACE, LIONEL, and GROVER

*Ray* What, you alone retir'd to privacy  
Of such a goodly confluence, all prepar'd  
To grace the present nuptials?

*Less* I have heard some say,  
Men are ne'er less alone than when alone,  
Such power hath meditation

*Eust* O these choice beauties  
That are thus duly assembled! but of all  
Fair Mistress Clare, the bride excepted still,  
She bears away the prize

*Lion* And worthily,  
For, setting off her present melancholy,  
She is without tarnation \*

*Gior* I conceive  
The cause of her so sudden discontent

*Ray* 'Tis fir out of my way

*Grov* I'll speak it, then

In all estates, professions, or degrees,  
In arts or sciences, there is a kind  
Of emulation, likewise so in this  
There's a maid this day married, a choice beauty  
Now, Mistress Clare, a virgin of like age  
And fortunes correspondent, apprehending  
Time lost in her that's in another gain'd,  
May upon this—for who knows women's  
thoughts?—

Grow into this deep sadness

*Ray* Like enough

*Less* You are pleasant, gentlemen, or else  
perhaps,

Though I know many have pursu'd her love——

*Grov* And you amongst the rest, with pardon,  
sir,

Yet she might cast some more peculiar eye

On some that not respects her

*Less* That's my fear,

Which you now make your sport

*Enter* Waitingwoman.

*Wait* A letter, sir

*Less* From whom?

*Wait* My mistress [Gives letter

*Less* [aside] She has kept her promise,  
And I will read it, though I in the same  
Know my own death included

\* without taxation] i. e. irreproachable

*Wait.* Fare you well, sir

[Exit

*Less* [reads] "Prove all thy friends, find out the  
best and nearest,

Kill for my sake that friend that loves thee dearest"

Her servant, nay, her hand and character,

All meeting in my ruin!—Read again

"Prove all thy friends, find out the best and  
nearest,

Kill for my sake that friend that loves thee dearest"

And what might that one be? 'tis a strange  
difficulty,

And it will ask much counsel.

[Exit

*Ray* Lessingham

Hath left us on the sudden

*Eust* Sure, the occasion

Was of that letter sent him

*Lion* It may be

It was some challenge

*Gior* Challenge! never dream it

Are such things sent by women?

*Ray* 'Twere in herself

To conceive but such a thought

*Lion* Tush, all the difficulty

Begot this day must be at night decided

Between the bride and bridegroom—Here both  
come

*Enter* WOODROFF, ANNAH, BONNY, FRANK, and NINE

*Wood* What did you call the gentleman we met  
But now in some distraction?

*Bon.* Lessingham,

A most approv'd and noble friend of mine,

And one of our prime guests

*Wood* He seem'd to me

Somewhat in mind distemper'd What concern

Those private humours our so public mirth,

In such a time of revels? Mistress Clare,

I miss her too why, gallants, have you suffer'd  
her

Thus to be lost amongst you?

*Anna* Dinner done,

Unknown to any, she retir'd herself

*Wood* Sick of the maid perhaps, because she  
sees

You, mistress bride, her school and playfellow,

So suddenly turn'd wife

*Frank* 'Twas shrewdly guess'd

*Wood* Go find her out—Fie, gentlemen, within

The music plays unto the silent walls,

And no man there to grace it when I was young,

At such a meeting I have so bestir'd me

Till I have made the pale green sickness girls

Blush like the ruby, and drop pearls apace

Down from their ivory foreheads, in those days  
I have cut capers thus high Nay, in, gentlemen,  
And single out the ladies.

*Ray* Well advis'd —

Nay, mistress bride, you shall along with us,  
For without you all's nothing

*Anna* Willingly,  
With master bridegroom's leave.

*Hon* O my best joy,  
This day I am your servant

*Wood* True, this day,  
She has, her whole life after,—so it should be,  
Only this day a groom to do her service,  
For which, the full remainder of his age,  
He may write master I have done it yet,  
And so, I hope, still shall do — Sister Luce,  
May I presume my brother Franckford can  
say as much and truly?

*Luce* Sir, he may,  
I freely give him leave

*Wood* Observe that, brother,  
She freely gives you leave but who gives leave,  
The master or the servant?

*Franck* You are pleasant,  
And it becomes you well, but this day most,  
That having but one daughter, have bestow'd her  
To your great hope and comfort

*Wood* I have one  
Would you could say so, sister! but your  
barrenness

Has given your husband freedom, if he please,  
To seek his pasture elsewhere

*Luce* Well, well, brother,  
Though you may taunt me, that have never yet  
Been bless'd with issue, spare my husband, pray,  
For he may have a by blow or an heir  
That you never heard of

*Franck* O, fie, wife! make not  
My fault too public

*Luce* Yet himself keep within compass

*Franck* If you love me, sweet,—

*Luce* Nay, I have done

*Wood* But if  
He have not, wench, I would he had the hurt  
I wish you both Prithee thine ear a little

*Nurse* [to FRANKFORD] Your boy grows up,  
and 'tis a chopping lad,  
A man even in the cradle

*Franck* Softly, nurse

*Nurse* One of the forward'st infants! how it  
will crow,  
And chirrup like a sparrow! I fear shortly  
It will breed teeth you must provide him  
therefore

A coral with a whistle and a chain

*Franck* He shall have any thing

*Nurse* He's now quite out of blankets

*Franck* There's a piece, [Gives money]  
Provide him what he wants only, good nurse,  
Prithee, at this time be silent.

*Nurse* A charm to bind  
Any nurse's tongue that's living.

*Wood* Come, we are miss'd  
Among the younger fry gravity oft-times  
Becomes the sports of youth, especially  
At such solemnities, and it were sin  
Not in our age to show what we have bin

[Exeunt]

## SCENE II \*

*Enter* FRANKFORD, *said*, with a letter in his hand

*Less Amicitia nihil dedit Natura magis nec  
varius*

So saith my author † If, then, powerful Nature,  
In all her bounties shower'd upon mankind,  
Found none more rare and precious than this one  
We call Friendship, O, to what a monster  
Would this trans shape me,—to be made that he  
To violate such goodness! To kill my,  
Had been a sad injunction, but a friend!  
Nay, of all friends the most approv'd! a task  
Hell, till this day, could never parallel  
And yet this woman has a power of me  
Beyond all virtue,—virtue! almost grace  
What might her hidden purpose be in this,  
Unless she apprehend some fantasy,  
That no such thing has being, and as kindred,  
And claims to crowns, are worn out of the world,  
So the name friend? 't may be 'twas her conceit  
I have tried those that have professed much  
For coin, nay, sometimes, slighter courtesies,  
Yet found 'em cold enough so, perhaps, she,  
Which makes her thus opinion'd. If in the  
former,

And therefore better days, 'twas held so rare,  
Who knows but in these last and wiser times  
It may be now with Justice banish'd th' earth?  
I'm full of thoughts, and this my troubled breast  
Distemper'd with a thousand fantasies.  
Something I must resolve I'll first make proof  
If such a thing there be, which having found,  
'Twixt love and friendship 'twill be a brave fight,  
To prove in man which claims the greatest right.

\* Scene II] A room in the same house

† So saith my author] A passage somewhat resembling  
this occurs in Cicero

Enter RAYMOND, EUSTACE, LIONET, and GROVER

*Ray* Whitt, Master Lessingham!  
You that were wont to be compos'd of mirth,  
All spirit and fire, alacrity itself,  
Like the luster of a late bright shining sun,  
Now wrapt in clouds and darkness!

*Lion* Prithce be merry,  
Thy dulness sads the half part of the house,  
And darks that spirit which thou wast wont to  
quicken,

And half spent to give life to

*Less* Gentlemen,  
Such as live ease for sport, I shall wish even  
To make of it the present banquet,  
While it exists; content is still short breath'd  
When it was mine. I did so, if now yours,  
I pray make you best use on't

*Lion* Riddles and parables  
Come, come, some crochets come into thy pate,  
And I will know the cause on't

*Grov* So wilt I

Or, I protest, ne'er leave thee

*Less* 'Tis a business\*

Proper to myself, one that concerns  
No second person

*Grov* How's that? not a friend?

*Less* Why is there any such?

*Grov* Do you question that? what do you take  
me for?

*Eust* Ay, sir, or me? His many months ago  
Since we betwixt us interchang'd that name,  
And of my part ne'er broken

*Lion* Truth not mine

*Ray* If you make question of a friend, I pray  
Number not me the last in your account,  
That would be crown'd in your opinion first

*Less* You all speak nobly, but amongst you all  
Can such a one be found?

*Ray* Not one amongst us  
But would be proud to wear the character  
Of noble friendship in the name of which,  
And of all us here present, I entreat,  
Expose to us the grief that troubles you

*Less* I shall, and briefly. If ever gentleman  
Sunk beneath scandal, or his reputation,  
Never to be recover'd, suffer'd, and  
For want of one whom I may call a friend,  
Then mine is now in danger

*Ray* I'll redeem't,  
Though with my life's dear hazard.

*Eust* I pray, sir,  
Be to us open breasted

\* 'Tis a business, &c.] The old ed gives this speech to  
Eustace

*Less* Then 'tis thus

There is to be perform'd a monomachy,  
Combat, or duel,—time, place, and weapon,  
Agreed betwixt us. Had it touch'd myself  
And myself only, I had then been happy,  
But I by composition am engag'd  
To bring with me my second, and he too,  
Not as the law of combat is, to stand  
Aloof and see far play, bring off his friend,  
But to engage his person both must fight,  
And either of them dangerous

*Lust* Of all things

I do not like this fighting

*Less* Now, gentlemen,  
Of this so great a courtesy I am  
At this instant merely\* destitute

*Ray* The time?

*Less* By eight o'clock to-morrow

*Ray* How unhappily

Things may fall out! I am just at that hour,  
Upon some late conceived discontents,  
To atone† me to my father, otherwise  
Of all the rest you had commanded me  
Your second and your servant

*Lion* Pray, the place?

*Less* Calus sands!‡

*Lion* It once was fidul to a friend of mine  
And a new kinsman, for which I vow'd then,  
And deeply too, never to see that ground  
But if it had been elsewhere, one of them  
Had before mine been worms'-meat

*Grov* What's the weapon?

*Less* Single sword

*Grov* Of all that you could name,  
A thing I never practis'd had it been  
Rapier, or that ind' pould, where men use  
Rather slight than force, I had been then your  
man

Being young, I stand the snows of my aim,  
Since then to me 'twas never serviceable

*Eust* In troth, sir, had it been a money matter,  
I could have stood your friend, but as for fighting,  
I was ever out at that

*Less* Well, farewell, gentlemen

[*Lieut* RAYMOND, LUSTACE, LIONET, and GROVER

But where's the friend in all this? Tush, she's  
wise,

\* merely] i.e. utterly

† atone] i.e. reconcile

‡ Calus sands] As duelling was punishable by the  
English law, it was customary for gallants, who had  
affairs of honour to settle, to betake themselves to Calus-  
sands.

§ mine] The old ed. "mine"

And knows there's no such thing beneath the moon  
I now applaud her judgment

*Enter BONVILE.*

*Bon.* Why, how now, friend? This discontent,  
which now

Is so unseason'd, makes me question what  
I m'at durst doubt before, your love to me  
Doth it proceed from envy of my bliss,  
Which this day crowns me with? or have you

been  
A secret rival in my happiness,  
And grieve to see me owner of those joys  
Which you could wish your own?

*Less.* Banish such thoughts,  
Or you shall wrong the truest faithful friendship  
Which e'er could boast of. O, mine honour, sir,  
'Tis that which makes me wear this brow of

sorrow  
Were that free from the power of chimney, —  
But pardon me, that being now a chimney,  
Which is so near to man, if put we cannot  
With pleasant looks

*Bon.* Do but speak the burden,  
And I protest to take it off from you,  
And lay it on myself

*Less.* 'Twere a request,  
Impudence without blushing could not ask,  
It bears with it such injury

*Bon.* Yet must I know it

*Less.* Receive it, then -- but I entreat you, sir,  
Not to imagine that I apprehend  
A thought to further my intent by you,  
From you 'tis least suspected -- 'twas my fortune  
To entertain a quarrel with a gentleman,  
The held betwixt us challeng'd, place and time  
And these to be perform'd not without seconds  
I have relied on in my seeming friends,  
But cannot bless my memory with one  
Dares venture in my quarrel

*Bon.* Is this all?

*Less.* It is enough to make all temperance  
Convert to fury. Sir, my reputation,  
The life and soul of honour, is at stake,  
In danger to be lost, the word of coward  
Still printed in the name of Lessingham

*Bon.* Not while there is a Bonvile. May I live  
poor,  
And die despis'd, not having one sad friend  
To wait upon my hearse, if I survive  
The ruin of that honour? Sir, the time?

*Less.* Above all spare me [that], for that once  
known,

You'll cancel this your promise, and un-ay  
Your friendly profit, neither can I blame you  
If you confirm'd it with a thousand oaths,  
The heavens would look with mercy, not with  
justice,

On your offence, should you infringe 'em all  
Soon after sun rise, upon Calais sands,  
To-morrow we should meet -- now to defer  
Time one half hour. I should but forfeit all  
But, sir, of all men living, thus, this,  
Concerns you least, for shall I be the man  
To rob you of this night's society,  
And make your bride a widow, her soft bed  
No witness of those joys this night expects?

*Bon.* I still prefer my friend before my pleasure,  
Which is not lost for ever, but adjourn'd  
For more mature employment

*Less.* Will you go, then?

*Bon.* I am resolv'd I will

*Less.* And instantly?

*Bon.* With all the speed convenient I will make

*Less.* You do not weigh those inconveniences  
This action meets with -- your departure hence  
Will breed a strange distraction in your friends,  
Distrust of love in your fair virtuous bride,  
Whose eyes perhaps may never more be bless'd  
With your dear sight, since you may meet a grave,  
And that not 'mongst your noble ancestors,  
But amongst strangers, almost enemies

*Bon.* This were enough to shake a weak resolve,  
It moves not me. Take horse -- is secretly  
As you will may my groom shall make mine ready  
With all speed possible, unknown to my

*Less.* But, sir, the bride

*Enter ANNA.*

*Anna.* Did you not see the key that's to unlock  
My chamber? and my jewels? now in troth,  
I am afraid 'tis lost

*Bon.* No, sweet, I h't, --  
I found it lie at random in your chamber,  
And knowing you would miss it, laid it by  
'Tis safe, I warrant you

*Anna.* Then my jewels past  
But till you gave it back, my neck and arms  
Are still your prisoners

*Bon.* But you shall find  
They have a gentle groler

*Anna.* So I hope  
Within you're much unqu'd of

*Bon.* Sweet, I follow [Exit ANNA & BELL] Dover

*Less.* Yes, that's the place

*Bon* If you be there before me, here I bide  
I shall not fail to meet you [Exit]

*Less* Was ever known  
A man so miserably blest as I?  
I have no sooner found the greatest good  
Man in this pilgrimage of life can meet,

But I must make the womb where 'twas con-  
ceiv'd

The tomb to bury it, and the first hour it lives  
The last it must breathe Yet there is a fate  
That sways and governs above woman's hate

[Exit]

## ACT II

## SCENE I \*

*Enter ROCHFIELD*

*Rock* A younger brother 'tis a poor calling,  
Though not unlawful, very hard to live on  
The elder fool inherits all the lands,  
And we that follow legacies of wit,  
And get em when we can too Why should law,  
If we be lawful and legitimate,  
Leave us without an equal dividend?  
Or why compels it not our fathers else  
To cease from getting, when they want to give?  
No, sure, our mothers will ne'er agree to that,  
They love to groan, although the gallows echo  
And grow together for us from the first  
We travel forth, toether our journey send  
I must forward To beg is out of my way,  
And borrowing is out of date The old road,  
The old high way, 't must be, and I am in't  
The place will serve for a young beginner,  
For this is the first day I set open shop  
Success, then, sweet Lavinia I have heard  
That thieves adore thee for a deity  
I would not purchase by thee but to eat  
And 'tis too churlish to deny me meat—  
Soft! here may be a booty

*Enter ANNA and a Servant*

*Anna* Horsa'd, says't thou?

*Serv* Yes mistress, with Lessingham

*Anna* Alack I know not what to doubt or fear!  
I know not well whether to be well or ill,  
But, sure, it is no custom for the groom  
To leave his bride upon the nuptial day  
I am so young and ignorant a scholar—  
Yes, and it proves so, I talk away perhaps  
That might be yet recover'd Prithce, run  
The fore path may advantage thee to meet 'em,  
Or the ferry, which is not two miles before,  
May trouble 'em until thou com'st in ken,  
And if thou dost, prithce, enforce thy voice!

\* Scene I ] A highway, near Woodroff's house

To overtake thine eyes, cry out, and cravo  
For me but one word 'fore his departure,  
I will not stay him, say, beyond his pleasure,  
Nor rudely ask the cause, if he be willing  
To keep it from me Charge him by all the love—  
But I stay thee too long run, run

*Serv* If I had wings, I would spread 'em now,\*  
mistress [Exit]

*Anna* I'll make the best speed after that I can,  
Yet I 'm not well acquainted with the path  
My fears, I fen me, will misguide me too. [Exit]

*Rock* There's good movables,  
I perceive, whatever the ready com be  
Whoever owns her, she's mine now, the next  
ground

His is most pregnant hollow for the purpose

[Exit]

## SCENE II †

*Enter Servant, who runs over, and exit then enter ANNA and,  
after her, ROCHFIELD*

*Anna* I'm at a doubt already where I am

*Rock* I'll help you, mistress well overtaken

*Anna* Defend me, goodness!—What are you?

*Rock* A man

*Anna* An honest man, I hope

*Rock* In some degrees hot, not altogether cold,

So far as rank poison, yet dangerous,

As I may be dress'd I am an honest thief

*Anna* Honest and thief hold small affinity,

I never heard they were akin before

Pry heaven I find it now!

*Rock* I tell you my name

*Anna* Then, honest thief, since you have taught  
me so,

For I'll inquire no other, use me honestly

*Rock* Thus, then, I'll use you First, then, ‡  
to prove me honest,

\* I would spread 'em now! Qy "I now would spread 'em!"

† Scene II ] Another part of the same

‡ then] Repeated, it would seem, by mistake.

I will not violate your chastity  
(That's no part yet of my profession),  
Be you wife or virgin

*Anna* I am both, sir

*Rock* This, then, it seems should be your  
wedding-day,

And these the hours of interim to keep you  
In that double state come, then, I'll be brief,  
For I'll not hinder your desired hymen  
You have about you some superfluous toys,  
Which my lank hungry pockets would contain\*  
With much more profit and more privacy,  
You have an idle chain which keeps your neck  
A prisoner, a manacle, I take it,  
About your wrist too If these prove emblems  
Of the conjoined hump to halter mine,  
The Fates take then pleasure! these are set  
down

To be your ransom, and there the thief is prov'd

*Anna* I will confess both, and the last forget  
You shall be only honest in this deed  
Pray you, take it, I entreat you to it,  
And then you steal 'em not

*Rock* You may deliver 'em

*Anna* Indeed, I cannot If you observe, sir,  
They are both lock'd about me, and the key  
I have not happily † you are furnish'd  
With some instrument that may unloose 'em

*Rock* No, in troth, lady, I am but a freshman,  
I never read further than this book you see,  
And this very day is my beginning too  
These picking laws I am to study yet

*Anna* O, do not show me that, sir, 'tis too  
frightful

Good, hurt me not, for I do yield 'em freely  
Use but your hands, perhaps then strength will  
serve

To tear 'em from me without much detriment  
Somewhat I will endure

*Rock* Well, sweet lady,  
You're the best patient for a young physician,  
That I think e'er was practis'd on I'll use you  
As gently as I can, as I'm an honest thief  
No! will't not do? Do I hurt you, lady?

*Anna* Not much, sir

*Rock* I'd be loth at all I cannot do't

*Anna* Nay, then, you shall not, sir You a thief,  
[*She draws her sword*]

And guard yourself no better? no further read?  
Yet out in your own book? a bad clerk, are you  
not?

\* contain] The old ed "contrive"  
† happily] i.e. happily

*Rock* Ay, by Saint Nicholas \*—lady, sweet  
lady,—

*Anna* Sir, I have now a masculine vigour,  
And will redeem myself with purchase † too  
What money have you?

*Rock* Not a cross, ‡ by this foolish hand of  
mine

*Anna* No money? 'twere pity, then, to take  
this from thee,

I know thou'lt use me ne'er the worse for this,  
Take it again, I know not how to use it  
A frown had taken't from me, which thou hadst  
not

And now hear and believe me,—on my knees  
I make the protestation, forbear  
To take what violence and danger must  
Dissolve, if I forgo 'em now I do assure  
You would not strike my head off for my chain,  
Nor my hand for this how to deliver 'em  
Otherwise, I know not Accompany  
Me back unto my house, 'tis not far off  
By all the vows which this day I have tied  
Unto my wedded husband, the honour  
Yet equal with my cradle purity,  
(If you will tax me,) to the hoped joys,  
The blessings of the bed, posterity,  
Or what aught else by woman may be pledg'd,  
I will deliver you in ready coin  
The full and dear'st esteem § of what you crave

*Rock* If ready money is the prize I look for  
It walks without suspicion any where,  
When chains and jewels may be stay'd and call'd  
Before the constable but—

*Anna* But can you doubt?  
You saw I gave you my advantage up  
Did you e'er think a woman to be true?

*Rock* Thought's free I have heard of some  
few, lady,  
Very few indeed

*Anna* Will you add one more to your belief?

*Rock* They were fewer than the articles of my  
belief

Therefore I have room for you, and will believe  
you

Stay, you'll ransom your jewels with ready coin,  
So may you do, and then discover me

*Anna* Shall I reiterate the vows I made  
To this injunction, or new ones can?

*Rock* Neither, I'll trust you if you do destroy

\* a bad clerk, are you not? Ay by Saint Nicholas] A cant  
name for thieves was St Nicholas clerks

† purchase] i.e. booty

‡ a cross] See note †, p. 196

§ esteem] i.e. value



A thief that never yet did robbery,  
Then farewell I, and mercy fall upon me!  
I knew one once fifteen years courtier old,  
And he was buried ere he took a bribe  
It may be my case in the worse way  
Come, you know your path back

*Anna* Yes, I shall guide you.

*Roch* Your arm I'll lead with greater dread  
than will,  
Nor do you fear, though in thief's handling still  
(*Exeunt*)

## SCENE III \*

*Enter Two Boys, one with a Child in his arms*

*First Boy* I say 'twas fun play

*Sec Boy* To smutch upstrokes! I say you should  
not say so, if the child were out of mine arms

*First Boy* Ay, then thou'dst lay about like a  
man but the child will not be out of thine arms  
this five years, and then thou hast a prettiness  
to serve to a boy afterwards

*Sec Boy* So, son you know you have the  
advantage of me

*First Boy* I'm sure you have the odds of me,  
you are two to one — But, soft, Jack! who comes  
here? if a point will make us friends, we'll not  
fall out.

*Sec Boy* O, the pity! 'tis gaffer Compass  
they said he was dead three years ago

*First Boy* Did not he dance the hobby horse  
in Hackney-moor once?

*Sec Boy* Yes, yes, at Green goose fair, as honest  
and as poor a man

*Enter COMPASS*

*Comp* Blackwall, sweet Blackwall, do I see thy  
white cheeks again? I have brought some brine  
from sea for thee, tears that might be tied in a  
true love knot, for they're fresh salt indeed O  
beautiful Blackwall! If Ursc, my wife, be living  
to this day, though she die to-morrow, sweet Fites!

*Sec Boy* Alas, let's put him out of his dumps,  
for pity sake — Welcome home, gaffer Compass

*First Boy* Welcome home, gaffer

*Comp* My pretty youths, I thank you — Honest  
Jack, what a little man art thou grown since I  
saw thee! Thou hast got a child since, methinks.

*Sec Boy* I am fain to keep it, you see, who  
ever got it, gaffer it may be another man's case  
as well as mine

*Comp* Sayest true, Jack and whose pretty  
knave is it?

*Sec Boy* One that I mean to make a younger  
brother, if he live to't, gaffer! But I can tell you  
news you have a brave boy of your own wife's,  
O, 'tis a shot to this pig!

*Comp* Have I, Jack? I'll owe thee a dozen of  
points\* for this news

*Sec Boy* O, 'tis a chopping boy! it cannot  
choose, you know, gaffer, it was so long a breeding

*Comp* How long, Jack?

*Sec Boy* You know 'tis four year ago since you  
went to sea, and your child is but a quarter old  
yet

*Comp* What plaguy boys are bred now-a-days!

*First Boy* Pray, gaffer, how long may a child  
be breeding before 'tis born?

*Comp* That is as things are and prove, child,  
the soil has a great hand in't too, the honour,  
and the climate these things you'll understand  
when you go to sea In some parts of London  
hard by you shall have a bride married to day,  
and brought to bed within a month after, some  
times within three weeks, a fortnight

*First Boy* O horrible!

*Comp* True, as I tell you, Jids In another  
place you shall have a couple of diones, do what  
they can, shift lodgings, beds, bedfellows, yet not  
a child in ten years

*Sec Boy* O pitiful!

*Comp* Now it varies again by that time you  
come at Wapping, Ratcliff, Lamchouse, and here  
with us at Blackwall, our children come un-  
certainly, as the wind serves Sometimes here  
we are supposed to be away three or four years  
together 'tis nothing so, we are at home and  
gone again, when nobody knows on't If you'll  
believe me, I have been at Surat, as this day, I  
have taken the long boat, (a fair gale with me,)  
been here a bed with my wife by twelve o'clock  
at night, up and gone again in the morning, and  
no man the wiser, if you'll believe me

*Sec Boy* Yes, yes, gaffer, I have thought so  
many times, — that you or somebody else have been  
at home I lie at next wall, and I have heard a  
noise in your chamber all night long

*Comp* Right why, that was I, yet thou never  
sawest me

*Sec Boy* No, indeed, gaffer

*Comp* No, I warrant thee, I was a thousand  
leagues off ere thou wert up But, Jack, I have

\* points] i.e. the tagged laces which fastened the  
breeches to the doublet.

been loth to ask all this while, for discomfoting myself, how does my wife? is sho living?

*Sec Boy* O, never better, gaffer, never so lusty and truly she wears better clothes than sho was wont in your days, especially on holidiys,—fur gowns, brave petticoats, and fine smocks, they say that have scen 'em, and some of the neighbours report that they were taken up at London

*Comp* Like enough they must be paid for, Jack

*Sec Boy* And good reason, gaffer

*Comp* Well, Jack, thou shalt have the honour on't go tell my wife the joyful tidings of my return

*Sec Boy* That I will, for she heard you were dead long ago

[*Exit*]

*First Boy* Nay, sir, I'll be as forward as you, by your leave

[*Exit*]

*Comp* Well, wife, if I be one of the lively, I think thee The horners are a great company, there may be an idler in amongst us one day 'tis but changing our copy, and then we are no more to be called by our old brother hood

*Enter Urse*

*Urse* O my sweet Compass, ut thou come again?

*Comp* O Urse, give me leave to shed ' the fountains\* of love will have then course though I cannot sing at first sight, yet I can cry before I see I am new come into the world, and children cry before they laugh a fair while

*Urse* And so thou ut, sweet Compass, new born indeed,

For rumour laid thee out for dead long since I never thought to see this face again I heard thou wert div'd to the bottom of the sea, And taken up a lodging in the sands, Never to come to Blackwall again

*Comp* I was going, indeed, wife, but I turned back I heard an ill report of my neighbour — shruks and sword fishes, and the like, whose companies I did not like Come kiss my tears, now, sweet Urse sorrow begins to ebb

*Urse* A thousand times welcome home, sweet Compass

*Comp* An ocean of thanks, and that will hold 'em And, Urse, how goes all at home? or can not all go yet? I ask still? will t never be full see at our wharf?

*Urse* Alas, husband

*Comp* A lass or a lad, wench? I should be glad

of both I did look for a pair of Compasses, before this day

*Urse* And you from home?

*Comp* I from home? why, though I be from home, and other of our neighbours from home, it is not fit all should be from home, so the town might be left desolate, and our neighbours of Bow might come further from the Itacus,\* and inhabit here

*Urse* I'm glad you're merry, sweet husband

*Comp* Munny? nay, I'll be merrier yet why should I be sorry? I hope my boy's well, is he not? I looked for another by this time

*Urse* What boy, husband?

*Comp* What boy? why, the boy I got when I came home in the cock boat one night about a year ago you have not forgotten't, I hope I think I left behind for a boy, and a boy I must be answered I'm sure I was not drunk, it could be no girl

*Urse* Nay, then, I do perceive my fault is known

Den man, your pardon!

*Comp* Pardon? why, thou hast not made away my boy, hast thou? I'll hang thee, if there were ne'er a whore in London more, if thou hast hurt but his little toe

*Urse* Your long absence, with rumour of your death,—

After long bitterness I was surpris'd

*Comp* Surprised? I cannot blame thee Blackwall, if it were double black walled, can't hold out always, no more than Limehouse, or Shadwell, or the strongest suburbs about London, and when it comes to that, woe be to the city too!

*Urse* Pursu'd by gifts and promises, I yielded Consider, husband, I am a woman, Neither the first nor last of such offenders 'Tis true I have a child

*Comp* Ha you? and what shall I have, then, I pray? Will not you labour for me, as I shall do for you? Because I was out o' the way when 'twas gotten, shall I lose my share? There's better law amongst the players yet, for a fellow shall have his share, though he do not play that day If you look for any part of my four years' wages, I will have half the boy

*Urse* If you can forgive me, I shall be joy'd at it

*Comp* Forgive thee? for what? for doing me a pleasure? And what is he that would seem to father my child?

\* *fountains*] The old ed "fountain"

\* *Itacus*] Seems to be a misprint.

*Urse* A man, sir, whom in better courtesies  
We have been beholding to, the merchant  
Master Franckford

*Comp* I'll acknowledge no other courtesies  
for this I am beholding to him, and I would  
requite it, if his wife were young enough. Though  
he be one of our merchants at sea, he shall give  
me leave to be owner at home And where's my  
boy? shall I see him?

*Urse* He's nurs'd at Bednal Green \* 'tis now  
too late,

To-morrow I'll bring you to it, if you please

*Comp* I would thou couldst bring me another  
by to-morrow Come, well eat, and to bed, and  
if a fair gale come, we'll hoist sheets, and set  
forwards

Let fainting fools lie sick upon their scorns,  
I'll teach a cuckold how to hide his horns

[*Exeunt*]

#### SCENE IV †

*Enter* WOODROFF, FRANCKFORD, RAYMOND, ELSTACE,  
GROVER, LIONEL, CLARE, and LUCI

*Wood* This wants a precedent, that a bride-  
groom

Should so discreet and decently observe  
His forms, postures, all customary rites  
Belonging to the table, and then hide himself  
From his expected wages in the bed

*Franck* Let this be forgotten too, that it  
remain ‡ not

A first example

*Ray* Keep it amongst us,  
Lest it beget too much unfruitful sorrow  
Most likely 'tis, that love to Lessingham  
Hath fasten'd on him, we all denied

*Eust* 'Tis more certain than likely I know  
'tis so

*Grov* Conceal, then, the event may be well  
enough.

*Wood* The bride, my daughter, she is hidden  
too,

This last hour she hath not been seen with us

*Ray* Perhaps they are together

*Eust* And then we make too strict an inqui-  
sition

Under correction of fair modesty,  
Should they be stol'n away to bed together,  
What would you say to that?

\* *Bednal Green*] i.e. Bethnal Green

† *Scene IV*] A room in the house of Woodroff.

‡ *remain*] The old ed. "remains"

*Wood* I would say, speed 'em well,  
And if no worse news comes, I'll never weep  
for't

*Enter Nurse*

How now! hast thou any tidings?

*Nurse* Yes, forsooth, I have tidings

*Wood* Of any one that's lost?

*Nurse* Of one that's found again, forsooth

*Wood* O, he was lost, it accurs, then

*Franck* This tidings comes to me, I guess, sir

*Nurse* Yes, truly, does it, sir

*Ray* Ay, have old lads work for young nurses?

*Eust* Yes, when they groan towards their se-  
cond infancy

*Clare* [*aside*] I fear myself most guilty for the  
absence

Of the bridegroom What our wills will do  
With over rash and headlong peevishness  
To bring our calm discretions to repentance!  
Lessingham's mistaken, quite out o' the way  
Of my purpose too

*Franck* Return'd!

*Nurse* And all discover'd

*Franck* A fool rid him further off! Let him not  
Come near the child

*Nurse* Nor see't, if it be your charge

*Franck* It is, and strictly

*Nurse* To-morrow morning, as I hear, he pur-  
poseth

To come to Bednal Green, his wife with him

*Franck* He shall be met there yet if he fore-  
etall

My coming, keep the child enso

*Nurse* If he be

Tho' earlier up, he shall arrive at the proverb \*

[*Exit*]

*Wood* So, so,  
There's some good luck yet, the bride's in sight  
again

*Enter* ANNABEL and ROCHFILD

*Anna* Father, and gentlemen all, beseech you  
Entreat this gentleman with all courtesy  
He is a loving kinsman of my Bonvile's,  
That kindly came to gratulate our wedding,  
But as the day falls out, you see alone  
I personate both groom and bride, only  
Your help to make this welcome better

*Wood* Most dearly

\* *the proverb*] "Early up and never the nearer"

*Ray's Proverbs*, p. 101, ed. 1768

"You say true, Master Subtle, I have been early up,  
but, as God helps me, I was never the nearer"

*Field's Amends for Ladies*, sig. F 3, ed. 1639

*Ray* To all, assure you, sir  
*Wood* But where's the bridegroom, girl?  
 We are all at a nonplus, here, at a stand,  
 Quite out, the music ceas'd, and dancing sur-  
 bated.\*

Not a light heel amongst us, my cousin *Claro* too  
 As cloudy here as on a washing day

*Clare* It is because you will not dance with me,  
 I should then shake it off

*Anna* 'Tis I have cause  
 To be the sad one now, if any be  
 But I have question'd with my meditations,  
 And they have render'd well and comfortably  
 To the worst fear I found Suppose this day  
 He had long since appointed to his foe  
 To meet, and fetch a reputation from him,  
 Which is the dearest jewel unto man  
 Say he do fight, I know his goodness such,  
 That all those powers that love it are his guard,  
 And ill cannot betide him

*Wood* Prithes, peace,  
 Thou'lt make us all cowards to hear a woman  
 Instruct so valiantly — Come, the music!  
 I'll dance myself rather than thus put down  
 What! I am rife† a little yet

*Anna* Only this gentleman  
 Pray you be free in welcome to I tell you  
 I was in a fever when first I saw him

*Roch* [aside] Ha! she'll tell

*Anna* I had quite lost my way in  
 My first amazement, but he so fairly came  
 To my recovery, in his kind conduct  
 Gave me such loving comforts to my fears,  
 'Twas he instructed me in what I spake,  
 And in my better than I have told you yet.  
 You shall hear more anon

*Roch* [aside] So, she will out with't

*Anna* I must, I see, supply both places still —  
 Come, when I have seen you back to your pleasure,  
 I will return to you, sir we must discourse  
 More of my Bonville yet

*Omnes* A noble bride, faith

*Clare* You have your wishes, and you may be  
 merry  
 Mine have over gone me

[*Exeunt all except ROCHFELD*]

*Roch* It is the trembling trade to be a thief!  
 Had need have all the world bound to the peace,  
 Besides the bushes and the vances of houses  
 Every thing that moves, he goes in fear of's life on,  
 A fur gown'd cat, an meet her in the night,

\* *the dancing surbated*] Equivalent to—the dancers fati-  
 gued To *surbate* is to batter or weary with treading  
 † *rife*] Seems to be used here in the sense of—active

She stares with a constable's eye upon him,  
 And every dog a watchman, a black cow,  
 And a calf with a white face after her,  
 Shows like a surly justice and his clerk;  
 And if the baby go but to the bag,  
 'Tis ink and paper for a mittimus  
 Sure, I shall never thrive on't, and it may be  
 I shall need take no care,—I may be now  
 At my journey's end, or but the goal's distance,  
 And so to the t'other place I trust a woman  
 With a secret worth a hanging, is that well?  
 I could find in my heart to run away yet  
 And that were base too, to run from a woman  
 I can lay claim to nothing but her vows,  
 And they shall strengthen me

*Re enter ANNABEL*

*Anna* See, sir, my promise  
 [*Giving money*] There's twenty pieces, the full  
 value, I vow,  
 Of what they cost

*Roch* Lady, do not trap me  
 Take a sumpter horse, and then spur gall me  
 Till I break my wind If the constable  
 Be at the door, let his fur staff appear  
 Perhaps I may corrupt him with this gold

*Anna* Nay, then, if you mistrust me,—Father,  
 gentlemen,  
 Master Raymond, Eustaco!

*Re enter WOODROFF, FRANKFORD, RAYMOND, EUSTACE,  
 GLOVER, LIONEL, CLARE, and LUCE, with a bailor*

*Wood* How now! what's the matter, gill?

*Anna* For shame, will you bid your kinsman  
 welcome?

No one but I will lay a hand on him  
 Leave him alone, and all a-revelling!

*Wood* O, is that it?—Welcome, welcome  
 heartily!—

I thought the bridegroom had been return'd—But  
 I have news, Annabel, this fellow brought it—

Welcome, sir! why, you tremble methinks, sir

*Anna* Some agony of anger 'tis, believe it,  
 His entertainment is so cold and feeble

*Ray* Pray, be cheer'd, sir

*Roch* I'm wondrous well, sir, 'twas the gentle  
 man's mistake

*Wood* 'Twas my hand shook belike, then, you  
 must pardon

Age, I was stiffer once But as I was saying,  
 I should by promise see the sea to morrow  
 ('Tis meant for physic) as low as Loe or Margate \*

\* *Margate*] Here, and in Act III sc 3, the old ed has  
 "Margets", but in Act V sc 1, it has "Margot"

I have a vessel riding forth, gentlemen,  
'Tis call'd the God speed too,  
Though I say't, a brave one, well and richly  
fraughted,

And I can tell you she carries a letter of merit  
In her mouth too, and twenty roaring boys  
On both sides on her, starboard and larboard  
What say you now, to make you all adventurers?  
You shall have fair dealing, that I'll promise you

*Ray* A very good motion, sir I begin,  
[*Giving money*] There's my ten pieces  
*Eust* [*Giving money*] I second 'em with these  
*Grov* [*Giving money*] My ten in the third place  
*Rock* [*Giving money*] And, sir, if you refuse not  
a proffer'd love,

Take my ten pieces with you too  
*Wood* Yours above all the rest, sir  
*Anna* Then make em above, venture ten more  
*Rock* Alas, lady, 'tis a younger brother's  
portion,

And all in one bottom!

*Anna* At my encouragement sir  
Your credit, if you want, sir, shall not sit down  
Under that sum return'd

*Rock* With all my heart, lady — [*Giving money*]  
There, sir —

[*Aside*] So, she has fish'd for her gold back, and  
caught it,

I am no thief now

*Wood* I shall make here a pretty assurance

*Rock* Sir, I shall have a suit to you

*Wood* You are likely to obtain it, then, sir

*Rock* That I may keep you company to sea,  
And attend you back I am a little travell'd

*Wood* And heartily thank you too, sir

*Anna* Why, that's well said —

Pray you be merry though your kinsman be ab-  
sent,

I am here, the worst part of him, yet that shall  
serve

To give you welcome to morrow may show you  
What this night will not, and be full assur'd,

Unless your twenty pieces be all lent,

Nothing shall give you cause of discontent

[*Giving money*] There's ten more, sir

*Rock* [*aside*] Why should I fear? Foulie on t'  
I will be merry now, spite of the hangman

[*Exit*]

## ACT III

### SCENE I \*

*Enter LESSINGHAM and BONVILLE*

*Bon* We are first in the field I think your enemy  
Is stay'd at Dover or some other port,  
We hear not of his landing

*Less* I am confident  
He is come over

*Bon* You look, methinks, fresh colour'd

*Less* Like a red morning, friend, that still fore-  
tells

A stormy day to follow but, methinks,  
Now I observe your face, that you look pale,  
There's death in't already

*Bon* I could chide your error  
Do you take me for a coward? A coward I  
Is not his own friend, much less can he be  
Another man's Know, sir, I am come hither  
To instruct you, by my generous example,  
To kill your enemy, whose name as yet  
I never question'd

*Less* Nor dare I name him yet  
For disheartening you.

*Bon* I do begin to doubt  
The goodness of your quarrel

*Less* Now you have it,  
For I protest that I must fight with one  
From whom, in the whole course of our ac-  
quaintance,

I never did receive the least injury

*Bon* It may be the forgetful \* wine begot  
Some sudden blow, and then upon this challenge  
Howe'er you are engag'd, and, for my part,  
I will not take your course, my unlucky friend,  
To say your conscience grows pale and heartless,  
Maintaining a bad cause Fight as lawyers plead,  
Who gain the best of reputation  
When they can fetch a bad cause smoothly off  
You are in, and must through

*Less* O my friend,  
The noblest ever man had! When my fate  
Threw me upon this business, I made trial

\* *forgetful*] So Milton

"If the sleepy drench  
Of that *forgetful* lake benumb not still," &c

*Par Lost*, ii 73

† *this*] The old ed "'tis."

\* *Scene I*] Calais-sands.

Of divers had profess'd to me much love,  
And found their friendship, like the effects that  
kept

Our company together, wine and riot  
Giddy and sinking I had found 'em oft,  
Brave seconds at pluralities of healths,  
But when it came to the proof, my gentlemen  
Appear'd to me as promising and fuling  
As cozening lotteries. But then I found  
This jewel worth a thousand counterfeits  
I did but name my engagement, and you flow  
Unto my succour with that cheerfulness  
As a great general hastes to a battle,  
When that the chief of the adverse part  
Is a man glorious and \* of ample fame,  
You left your bridal bed to find your death bed,  
And herein you most nobly express'd  
That the affection 'tween two loyal friends  
Is far beyond the love of man to woman,  
And is more near allied to eternity  
What better friend's part could be show'd i'th  
world!

It transcends all my father gave me life,  
But you stand by my honour when 'tis falling,  
And nobly underprop† it with your sword  
But now you have done me all this service,  
How, how, shall I requite this? how return  
My grateful recompense for all this love?  
For it am I come hither with full purpose  
To kill you

*Bon* Hal

*Less* Yes, I have no opposite i'th world but  
Yourself [*Giving letter*] there, read the warrant  
for your death

*Bon* 'Tis a woman's hand

*Less* And 'tis a bad hand too

The most of 'em speak fair, write foul, mean worse

*Bon* Kill me! Away, you jest

*Less* Such jest as your shipwitted gallants use  
To utter, and lose their friends. Read there how I  
Am fetter'd in a woman's proud command  
I do love madly, and must do madly  
Dearest hellbores or vomit of a toad  
Is qualified poison to the malice of a woman

*Bon* And kill that friend? strange!

*Less* You may see, sir,

Although the tenure by which land was held  
In villinage be quite extinct in England,  
Yet you have women there at this day living  
Make a number of slaves

*Bon* And kill that friend!

She mocks you, upon my life, she does advocate

Her meaning is, you cherish in your breast  
Either self love, or pride, as your best friend,  
And she wishes you'd kill that

*Less* Sure, her command

Is more bloody, for she loathes me, and has put,  
As she imagines, this impossible task,  
For ever to be quit and free from me  
But such is the violence of my affection,  
That I must undergo it. Draw your sword,  
And guard yourself though I fight in fury,  
I shall kill you in cold blood, for I protest  
'Tis done in heart sorrow

*Bon* I'll not fight with you,

For I have much advantage the truth is,

I wear a privy coat

*Less* Prithce, put it off, then,

If thou\* beest manly

*Bon* The default I mean is the justice of my  
cause,

That would guard me, and fly to thy destruction  
What confidence thou wast in a bad cause!

I am likely to kill thee, if I fight,  
And then you fail to effect your mistress' bidding,  
Or to enjoy the fruit of it. I have ever  
Wish'd thy happiness, and now I now

So much affect it, in compassion

Of my friend's sorrow make thy way to it†

*Less* That were a cruel murder

*Bon* Believe it, 'tis never intended otherwise,  
When 'tis a woman's bidding

*Less* O the necessity of my fate!

*Bon* You shed tears

*Less* And yet must on in my cruel purpose  
A judge, methinks, looks loveliest when he weeps  
Pronouncing of death's sentence. How I stagger  
In my resolve! Guard thee, for I come hither  
To do and not to suffer. Wilt not yet  
Be persuaded to defend thee? turn the point,  
Advance it from the ground above thy head,  
And let it underprop thee otherwise

In a bold resistance

*Bon* Stay. Thy injunction was

Thou shouldst kill thy friend

*Less* It was

*Bon* Observe me

He wrongs me most ought to offend me least,  
And they that study man say of a friend,  
There's nothing in the world that's harder found,  
Nor sooner lost. Thou canst to kill thy friend,  
And thou mayst brag thou hast done't, for hero  
for over

\* *thou*] The old ed. "then"

† *make thy way to it*] Something seems to have dropt  
out here.

\* *and*] The old ed. "but"

† *underprop*] The old ed. "under-prop"

All friendship dies between us, and my heart,  
For bringing forth any effects of love,  
Shall be as barren to thee as this sand  
We tread on, cruel and inconstant as  
The sea that beats upon this beach. We now  
Are sever'd thus hast thou slain thy friend,  
And satisfied what the witch, thy mistress, bade  
thee

Go, and report that thou hast slain thy friend

*Less* I am serv'd right

*Bon* And now that I do cease to be thy friend,  
I will fight with thee as thine enemy  
I came not over idly to do nothing

*Less* O friend!

*Bon* Friend!

The naming of that word shall be the quarrel  
What do I know but that thou lov'st my wife,  
And feign'dst this plot to divide me from her bed,  
And that this letter here is counterfeit?  
Will you advance, sir?

*Less* Not a blow

'Twould appear ill in either of us to fight,  
In you unmanly, for believe it, sir,  
You have disarm'd me already, done away  
All power of resistance in me. It would show  
Beastly to do wrong to the dead to me you say  
You are dead for ever, lost on Calus sands  
By the cruelty of a woman. Yet remember  
You had a noble friend, whose love to you  
Shall continue after death. Shall I go over  
In the same bark with you?

*Bon* Not for you town  
Of Calais you know 'tis dangerous living  
At sea with a dead body

*Less* O, you mock me

May you enjoy all your noble wishes!

*Bon* And may you find a better friend than I,  
And better keep him! [Exeunt]

## SCENE II \*

*Enter Nurse, COMPASS, and URSE*

*Nurse.* Indeed, you must pardon me, Goodman  
Compass, I have no authority to deliver, no, not  
to let you see the child to tell you true, I have  
command unto the contrary

*Comp.* Command! from whom?

*Nurse.* By the father of it.

*Comp.* The father! who am I?

*Nurse.* Not the father, sure the civil law has  
found it otherwise

*Comp.* The civil law! why, then, the uncivil law  
shall make it mine again. I'll be as dreadful as a  
Shrove-Tuesday\* to thee. I will tear thy cottage,  
but I will see my child

*Nurse.* Speak but half so much again, I'll call  
the constable, and lay burglary to thy charge

*Urse.* My good husband, be patient—And, pri-  
thee, nurse, let him see the child

*Nurse.* Indeed, I dare not  
The father first deliver'd me the child  
He pays me well and weekly for my pains,  
And to his use I keep it

*Comp.* Why, thou white bastard breeder, is not  
this the mother?

*Nurse.* Yes, I grant you that

*Comp.* Dost thou! and I grant it too and is not  
the child mine own, then, by the wife's copyhold?

*Nurse.* The law must try that

*Comp.* Law! dost think I'll be but a fither in  
law? All the law betwixt Blackwall and Tuthill  
street (and there's a pretty deal) shall not keep  
it from me, mine own flesh and blood who does  
use to get my children but myself?

*Nurse.* Nay, you must look to that. I never  
knew you get any.

*Comp.* Never? Put on a clean smock and try  
me, if thou darest, three to one I get a bastard on  
thee to-morrow morning between one and three

*Nurse.* I'll see thee hanged first

*Comp.* So thou shalt too

*Enter FRANCHFORD and LUCE.*

*Nurse.* O, here's the father now, pray, talk  
with him

*Franch.* Good morrow, neighbour morrow to  
you both

*Comp.* Both! Morrow to you and your wife  
too

*Franch.* I would speak calmly with you

*Comp.* I know what belongs to a calm and a  
storm too. A cold word with you you have tied  
your mare in my ground

*Franch.* No, 'twas my nag

*Comp.* I will cut off your nag's tail, and make  
his rump make hair buttons, if e'er I take him  
there again

*Franch.* Well, sir but to the main

*Comp.* Mane! yes, and I'll clip his mane too,  
and crop his ears too, do you mark? and backgall  
him, and spurgall him, do you note? and slit his  
nose, do you smell me now, sir? unbreech his  
barrel, and discharge his bullets, I'll gird him  
till he stinks you smell me now I'm sure

\* Scene II ] Bothnal-Green

\* Shrove-Tuesday] See note †, p. 274.

*Franck* You are too rough, neighbour To maintain——

*Comp* Maintain! you shall not maintain no child of mine my wife does not bestow her labour to that purpose

*Franck* You are too speedy I will not maintain——

*Comp* No, marry, shall you not.

*Franck* The deed to be lawful  
I have repented it, and to the law  
Given satisfaction, my purse has paid for't

*Comp* Your purse! 'twas my wife's purse you brought in the coin indeed, but it was found base and counterfeit

*Franck* I would treat colder with you, if you be pleased

*Comp* Pleased! yes, I am pleased well enough serve me so still I am going again to sea one of these days you know where I dwell Yet you'll but lose your labour get as many children as you can, you shall keep none of them

*Franck* You are mad

*Comp* If I be horn mad, what's that to you!

*Franck* I leave off under phrase, and then tell you plain, you are a——

*Comp* A what! what am I?

*Franck* A coxcomb

*Comp* A coxcomb! I knew 'twould begin with a C

*Franck* The child is mine, I am the father of it

As it is past the deed, 'tis past the shame,  
I do acknowledge and will enjoy it

*Comp* Yes, when you can get it again Is it not my wife's labour? I'm sure she's the mother you may be as far off the father as I am, for my wife's acquainted with more whoremasters besides yourself, and crafty merchants too

*Urse* No, indeed, husband, to make my offence Both least and most, I knew no other man He's the begetter, but the child is mine,  
I bred and bore it, and I will not lose it

*Luce* The child's my husband's, dame, and he must have it

I do allow my sufferance to the deed,  
In lieu I never yet was fruitful to him,  
And in my barrenness excuse my wrong

*Comp* Let him dung his own ground better at home, then if he plant his radish-roots in my garden, I'll eat 'em with bread and salt, though I get no mutton to 'em What though your husband lent my wife your distaff, shall not the yarn be mine? I'll have the head, let him carry the spindle home again

*Franck* Forbear more words, then, let the law try it.—

Meantime, nurse, keep the child, and to keep it better,

Here take more pay beforehand, the child's money for thee

*Comp* There's money for me too keep it for me, nurse Give him both thy dugs at once I pay for thy right dug

*Nurse* I have two hands you see gentlemen, this does but show how the law will hamper you even thus you must be used

*Franck* The law shall show which is the worthier gender

A schoolboy can do it

*Comp* I'll whip that schoolboy that declines the child from my wife and her heirs do not I know my wife's case, the genitive case, and that's *hujus*, as great a case as can be?

*Franck* Well, fare you well we shall meet in another place—

Come, Luce [*Exeunt FRANCKFORD and LUCE*]

*Comp* Meet her in the same place again, if you dare, and do your worst Must we go to law for our children now a days? No marvel if the lawyers grow rich but ere the law shall have a limb, a leg, a joint, a nail,

I will spend more than a whole child in getting Some win by play, and others by by betting

[*Exeunt*]

### SCENE III \*

*Late* RAYMOND, EUSTACE, LIONEL, GROVER, ANNABEL, and CLARE.

*Lion* Whence was that letter sent?

*Anna* From Dover, sir

*Lion* And does that satisfy you what was the cause

Of his going over?

*Anna* It does yet had he

Only sent this, it had been sufficient

*Ray* Why, what's that?

*Anna* His will, wherein

He has estated me in all his land

*Eust* He's gone to fight.

*Lion* Lessingham's second, certain

*Anna* And I am lost, lost in't for ever

*Clare* [*aside*] O fool Lessingham,  
Thou hast mistook my injunction utterly,  
Utterly mistook it! and I am mad, stark mad  
With my own thoughts, not knowing what event

\* Scene III] The garden belonging to Woodroff's house.



Their going o'er will come to 'Tis too late  
Now for my tongue to cry my heart meiny  
Would I could be senseless till I hear  
Of their return ! I fear me both are lost

*Ray* Who should it be Lessingham's gone to  
fight with ?

*Eust* Faith, I cannot possibly conjecture

*Anna* Miserable creature ! a maid, a wife,  
And widow in the compass of two days !

*Ray* Aro you sad too ?

*Clare* I am not very well, sir

*Ray* I must put life in you

*Clare* Let me go, sir

*Ray* I do love you in spite of your heart

*Clare* Believe it,

There was never a fitter time to express it,  
For my heart has a great deal of spite in't

*Ray* I will discourse to you fine fancies

*Clare* Fine fooleries, will you not ?

*Ray* By this hand, I love you and will court you

*Clare* Fie !

You can command your tongue, and I my ears  
To hear you no further

*Ray* [aside] On my reputation,  
She's off o' the hinges strangely

*Enter WOODPOFF, ROCUFIELD, and a Sailor*

*Wood* Daughter, good news

*Anna* What, is my husband heard of ?

*Wood* That's not the business but you have  
here a cousin

You may be mainly proud of, and I am sorry  
'Tis by your husband's kindred, not your own,  
That we might boast to have so brave a man  
In our alliance

*Anna* What, so soon return'd ?

You have made but a short voyage howsoever  
You are to me most welcome

*Roch* Lady, thanks

'Tis you have made me your own creature,  
Of all my being, fortunes, and poor fame,  
(If I have purchas'd any, and of which  
I no way boast,) next the high providence,  
You have been the sole creatress

*Anna* O dear cousin,  
You are grateful above merit—What occasion  
Drew you so soon from sea ?

*Wood* Such an occasion,  
As I may bless heaven for, you thank their bounty,  
And all of us be joyful

*Anna* Tell us how

*Wood* Nay, daughter, the discourse will best  
appear

In his relation where he fails, I'll help.

*Roch* Not to molest your patience with recital  
Of every vain and needless circumstance,  
'Twas briefly thus Seance having reach'd to  
Margate,\*

Bound on our voyage, suddenly in view  
Appear'd to us three Spanish men-of-war  
These, having spied the English cross advance,  
Salute us with a piece to have us strike  
Ours, better spirited, and no way daunted  
At their unequal odds, though but one bottom,  
Return'd 'em fire for fire The fight begins,  
And dreadful on the sudden still they proffer'd  
To board us, still we bravely beat 'em off

*Wood* But, daughter, mark the event

*Roch* Sea room we got our ship being swift  
of sail,

It help'd us much Yet two unfortunate shot,  
One struck the captain's head off, and the other,  
With an unlucky splinter, laid the master  
Doid on the hatchles all our spirits then fail'd us

*Wood* Not all you shall hear further, daughter

*Roch* For none was left to manage nothing new  
Was talk'd of but to yield up ship and goods,  
And meditate for our piece

*Wood* Nay, coz, proceed

*Roch* Excuse me, I entreat you, for what's more  
Hath already pass'd my memory

*Wood* But mine it never can—Then he stood  
up,

And with his oratory made us again  
To recollect our spirits, so late dejected

*Roch* Pray, sir,—

*Wood* I'll speak 't out—By unite consent  
Then the command was his, and 'twas his place  
Now to bestir him Down he went below,  
And put the muzzles in the gunners' hands,  
They ply their ordnance bravely then again  
Up to the decks, courage us there renew'd,  
Fear now not found amongst us Within less  
Than four hours' fight two of their ships were  
sunk,

Both founder'd, and soon swallow'd Not long  
after,

The third† begins to wallow, lies on the lee  
To stop her leaks then boldly we come on,  
Boarded, and took her, and she's now our prize.

*Sailor* Of this we were eye witness

*Wood* And many more brave boys of us  
besides,

Myself for one Never was, gentlemen,  
A sea-fight better manag'd

*Roch* Thanks to heaven

\* *Margate*] The old ed "Margots" See note ", p 299

† *third*] The old ed "three"

We have sav'd our own, damag'd the onemy,  
And to our nation's glory we bring home  
Honour and profit.

*Wood* In which, cousin Rochfield,  
You, as a venturer, have a double share,  
Besides the name of captain, and in that  
A second benefit, but, most of all,  
Way to more great employment

*Roch.* [to ANNABEL.] Thus your bounty  
Hath been to me a blessing

*Ray* Sir, we are all  
Indebted to your valour this beginning  
May make us of small venturers to become  
Hereafter wealthy merchants

*Wood* Daughter, and gentlemen,  
This is the man was born to make us all  
Come, enter, enter we will in and feast  
He's in the bridegroom's absence my chief guest.  
[Exeunt]

## ACT IV.

## SCENE I \*

Enter COMPASS, URSE, LIONEL, PETTIFOG the Attorney,  
and First Boy

*Comp* 'Three Tuns do you call this tavern?  
It has a good neighbour of Guildhall, Master  
Pettifog—Show a room, boy

*First Boy* Welcome, gentlemen.

*Comp* What, art thou here, Hodgo?

*First Boy* I am glad you are in health, sir

*Comp* This was the honest crack rop—first gave  
me tidings of my wife's fruitfulness—Art bound  
prentice?

*First Boy* Yes, sir

*Comp* Mayst thou long jumble bastard† most  
artificially, to the profit of thy master and plea-  
sure of thy mistress!

*First Boy* What wine drink ye, gentlemen?

*Lion* What wine relishes your palate, good  
Master Pettifog?

*Pett* Nry, ask the woman

*Comp.* Elegant‡ for her I know her diet

*Pett* Believe me, I can her thank for't§ I am  
of her side

\* Scene I ] The Three Tuns Tavern (But the audience  
was not to suppose that the present party were within  
the house till the Boy had said "Welcome, gentlemen.")

† *bastard*] The commentators on Shakespeare's first  
Part of *Henry IVth*, act II. sc 4, quote various passages  
from old writers where *bastard* is mentioned

That it was a sweetish wine, there can be no doubt,  
and that it came from some of the countries which  
border the Mediterranean, appears equally certain  
There were two sorts, white and brown.—Henderson's  
*Hist. of Wines*, p. 250

‡ *Elegant*] A quibble is intended here *Alligant* or  
*Alligant* (for our old poets write it both ways) is wine of  
Allicant, or perhaps the following lines may illustrate  
Compass's meaning.

"In dreadful darkness *Alligant* lies drown'd,

Which married men invoke for procreation"

*Pasquill's Palinodia*, 1634, Sig. C 3

§ I can her thank for't] Annotators and dictionary-

*Comp* Marry, and reason, sir we have enter-  
tain'd you for our attorney

*First Boy* A cup of neat Allegant?

*Comp.* Yes, but do not make it speak Welsh,  
boy

*First Boy* How mean you?

*Comp* Put no metheglin in't, ye rogue

*First Boy* Not a drop, as I am true Briton [Exit  
[They sit down PETTIFOG pulls out papers]

Enter, to another table, FRANKFORD ELSTAFF, LICR,  
MASTER DODGE a lawyer, and a Drawer

*Frank* Show a private room, drawer

*Drawer* Welcome, gentlemen \*

*Eust* As far as you can from noise, boy

*Drawer* Further thus way, then, sir, for in the  
next room there are three or four fishwives  
taking up a babbling business

*Frank* Let's not sit near them by any means.

*Dodge* Fill canary, sirrah

[Drawer fills their glasses, and then exit]

*Frank* And what do you think of my cause,  
Master Dodge?

*Dodge* O, we shall carry it most indubitably  
You have money to go through with the business,  
and ne'er fear it but we'll trounce 'em you are  
the true father

*Luce* The mother will confess as much

*Dodge* Yes, mistress, we have taken her  
affidavit—Look you, sir, here's the answer to  
his declaration

makers have given various examples from Elizabethan  
writers of the use of the expression 'to con thanks,'  
which answers to the French *se faire gr.*—"con" signi-  
fying *know* it occurs in our old ballads,

"Therefore I can the more thank,  
Thou wste come at thy day"

*A Lytill gedic of Robyn Hode*

(Ritson's *Robyn Hood*, vol. I p. 4<sup>4</sup>)

\* Drawer *Welcome gentlemen*] See first note in this page

*Franck* You may think strange, sir, that I am at charge

To call a charge upon me, but 'tis truth  
I made a purchase lately, and in that  
I did estate the child, 'bout which I'm su'd,  
Joint-purchaser in all the land I bought  
Now that's one reason that I should have care,  
Besides the tie of blood, to keep the child  
Under my wing, and see it carefully  
Instructed in those few abilities  
May make it worthy hereafter to be mine,  
And enjoy the land I have provided for't

*Luce* Right and I counsel'd you to make that purchase,

And therefore I'll not have the child brought up  
By such a coxcomb as now sues for him  
He'd bring him up only to be a swabber  
He was born a merchant and a gentleman,  
And he shall live and die so

*Dodge* Worthy mistress, I drink to you you are a good woman, and but few of so noble a patience.

*Re enter First Boy*

*First Boy* Scoio a quart of Allegant to the Woodcock

*Enter Second Boy like a musician*

*Sec Boy* Will you have any music, gentlemen?

*Comp* Music amongst lawyers! here's nothing but discord—What, Ralph?—Here's another of my young cuckoos I heard last April, before I heard the nightingale †—No music, good Ralph here, boy, your father was a tailor, and methinks by your leering eye you should take after him a good boy, make a leg handsomely, escape yourself out of our company. [*Exit Second Boy*] And what do you think of my suit, sir?

*Pett* Why, look you, sir the defendant was arrested first by *Latitat* in an action of trespass.

*Comp* And a lawyer told me it should have been an action of the case—should it not, wife?

\* *Ralph* In act ii sc 3, one of these boys is *Jack*, the other not being named—but here *COMPASS* calls one of them *Ralph*, and at the commencement of this scene addresses the other as *Dodge*

† *Here's another of my young cuckoos I heard last April, before I heard the nightingale* He who happened to hear the cuckoo sing before the nightingale was supposed not to prosper in his love affairs

"Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day,  
First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,  
Foretold success in love O, if Jove's will  
Have link'd that amorous power to thy soft lay,  
Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate  
Foretell my hopeless doom in some grove nigh"

*Milton's Sonnet to the Nightingale*

*Uraa* I have no skill in law, sir, but you heard a lawyer say so

*Pett* Ay, but your action of the case is in that point too ticklish

*Comp* But what do you think? shall I overthrow my adversary?

*Pett* Saus question The child is none of yours what of that? I marry a widow is possessed of a ward shall not I have the tuition of that ward? Now, sir, you lie at a stronger ward, for *partus sequitur ventrem*, says the civil law, and if you were within compass of the four seas, as the common law goes, the child shall be yours certain

*Comp* There's some comfort in that yet. O, your attorneys in Guildhall have a fine time on't!

*Luce* You are in effect both judge and jury yourselves.

*Comp* And how you will laugh at your clients, when you sit in a tavern, and call them coxcombs, and whip up a cause, as a barber turns his customers on a Christmas eve, a snip, a wipo, and away!

*Pett* That's ordinary, sir you shall have the like at a *ma prius*

*Enter First Client.*

O, you are welcome, sir

*First Client* Sir, you'll be mindful of my suit?

*Pett* As I am religious I'll drink to you

*First Client* I thank you—By your favour, mistress—I have much business, and cannot stay, but there's money for a quart of wine

*Comp* By no means

*First Client* I have said, sir [*Exit*]

*Pett* Here's my client, sir, and he must pay This is my tribute custom is not more truly paid in the Sound of Denmark

*Enter Second Client.*

*Sec Client* Good sir, be careful of my business

*Pett* Your declaration's drawn, sir I'll drink to you.

*Sec Client* I cannot drink this morning, but there's money for a pottle of wine

*Pett* O good sir!

*Sec Client* I have done, sir—Morrow, gentlemen [*Exit*]

*Comp* We shall drink good cheap, Master Pettifog

*Pett* An we sat here long, you'd say so I have sat here in this tavern but one half hour, drunk but three pints of wine, and what with the offering of my clients in that short time, I

have got nine shillings clear, and paid all the reckoning

*Lion* Almost a counsellor's fee

*Pett* And a great one, as the world goes in Guildhall, for now our young clerks share with 'em, to help 'em to clients

*Comp* I don't think but that the cucking stool is an enemy to a number of biabbles that would else be determined by law

*Pett* 'Tis so, indeed, sir My client that came in now sues his neighbour for kicking his dog, and using the defamatory speeches, "Come out, cuckold's cur!"

*Lion* And what shall you recover upon this speech?

*Pett* In Guildhall,\* I assure you the other that came in was an informer, a precious knave

*Comp* Will not the ballad of Flood,† that was pressed, make them leave their knavery?

*Pett* I'll tell you how he was served this informer comes into Turnbull-street to a victualling-house,‡ and there falls in league with a wench,—

*Comp* A tweak or bronstrops I learned that name in a play §

*Pett* Had, helike, some private dealings with her, and there got a goose ||

*Comp* I would he had got two I cannot away with ¶ an informer

*Pett* Now, sir, this fellow, in revenge of this,

\* In Guildhall] Something seems wanting here

† the ballad of Flood] This ballad, I believe, has not come down to us nor do I remember to have seen any other allusion to it Several gentlemen very conversant with ballad literature had never heard of it till I mentioned it to them, and the Rev J. Lodge most obligingly sought for it in the Pepysian Collection, at Cambridge, without success

‡ into Turnbull street to a victualling house] Turnbull-street (more properly called Turnmill street) was a noted haunt of harlots, between Clerkenwell Green and Cowcross brothels were often kept under pretence of their being victualling houses or taverns

§ A tweak, or bronstrops I learned that name in a play] Tweak and bronstrops were cant terms for a prostitute employed by the Rovers of the time, as we learn from several passages of Middleton and Rowley's *Fair Quarrel*, the play to which, in all probability, our text alludes but in the following passage of that curious drama a distinction is made between the signification of the two words, tweak being used for harlot, and bronstrops for bawd, "Now for thee, little focus, mayst thou first serve out thy time as a tweak and then become a bronstrops, as she is!"—Middleton's *Works*, in 5ll, ed Dyce The first ed of the *Fair Quarrel* 1617, does not contain the passage just quoted

|| a goose] i.e. a Winchester goose (—see Pettifog's next speech—) which means a venereal swelling the public stewards were under the control of the Bishop of Winchester

¶ away with] i.e. endure

informs against the bird that kept the house that she used crams in her house but the cunning jade comes me into the court, and there disposes that she gave him true Winchester measure

*Comp* Mury, I thank her with all my heart for't.

*Re enter Duwarr*

*Duwar* Here's a gentleman, one Justice Woodoff, inquires for Master Frickford

*Franch* O, my brother, and the other com promiser, come to take up the business

*Inter Counsellor and Woodoff*

*Wood* We have conferred and labour'd for your peace,

Unless your stubbornness prohibit it,

And be assur'd, as we can determine it,

The law will end, for we have sought the cases

*Comp* If the child fall to my share, I am content to end upon any conditions the law shall run on heid long else

*Franch* Your purse must run by like a foot man, then

*Comp* My purse shall run open mouthed at thee

*Coun* My friend, be calm you shall hear the reasons

I have stood up for you, pleaded your cause,

But am overthrown, yet no further yielded

Than your own pleasure you may go on in law, If you refuse our counsel \*

*Comp* I will yield to nothing but my child

*Coun* 'Tis, then, as vain in us to seek your price

Yet take the reasons with you This gentleman

First speaks, a justice, to me, and observe it,

A child that's base and illegitimate born,

The father found, who (if the need require it)

Secures the charge and damage of the parish

But the father? who charg'd with education

But the father? then, by clear consequence,

He ought, for what he pays for, to enjoy

Come to the strength of reason, upon which

The law is grounded the earth brings forth,

This ground or that, her crop of wheat or rye

Whether shall the seedsmen enjoy the sheaf,

Or leave it to the earth that brought it forth?

The summer tree brings forth her natural fruit,

Spreads her large arms who but the lord of it

Shall pluck [the] apples, or command the lops?

Or shall they sink into the root again?

'Tis still most clear upon the father's part.

*Comp* All this law I deny, and will be mine own lawyer Is not the earth our mother? and

\* counsel] i.e. judgment, opinion

shall not the earth have all her children again? I would see that law durst keep any of us back, she'll have lawyers and all first, though they be none of her best children my wife is the mother and so much for the civil law Now I come again, and you're gone at the common law Suppose this is my ground I keep a sow upon it, as it might be my wife, you keep a boar, as it might be my adversary here, your boar comes foaming into my ground, jumbles with my sow, and wallows in her mire, my sow cries 'Wake,' as if she had pigs in her belly—who shall keep these pigs? he the boar, or she the sow?

*Wood* Past other alteration, I am chaug'd,  
The law is on the mother's part

*Comp* For me, I am strong in your opinion  
I never knew my judgment err so far,  
I was confirm'd upon the other part,  
And now am flat against it

*Wood* Sir, you must yield,  
Believe it, there's no law can relieve you

*Frank* I found it in myself—Well, sir  
The child's your wife's, I'll strive no further in it,  
And being so near unto agreement,  
Let us go quite through to't forgive my fault,  
And I forgive my charges, nor will I  
Take back the inheritance I made unto it

*Comp* Nay, there you shall find me kind too  
I have a bottle of claret and a capon to supper  
for you, but no more mutton for you, not a bit  
*Ray* Yes, a shoulder, and we'll be there too,  
or a leg opened with venison sauce

*Comp* No legs opened, by your leave, nor no such sauce

*Wood* Well, brother and neighbour, I am glad  
you are friends

*Omnes* All, all joy at it

[*Exit WOODROFF, FRANKFORD, LACE, and Lawyers*]

*Comp* Urse, come kiss, Urse, all friends

*Ray* \* Stay, sir, one thing I would advise you,  
'tis counsel worth a fee, though I be no lawyer,  
'tis physic indeed, and cures cuckoldry, to keep  
that spiteful brand out of your forehead, that  
it shall not dare to meet or look out at any  
window to you, 'tis better than an ointment to a  
green wound: 't' the left hand made by fire, it takes  
out scar and all

*Comp* This were a rare receipt, I'll content  
you for your skill

*Ray* Make here a flat divorce between your-  
selves,

Be you no husband, nor let her be no wife

Within two hours you may salute again,  
Woo, and wed a-fresh, and then the cuckold's  
blotted

This medicine is approv'd!

*Comp* Excellent, and I thank you—Urse, I  
renounce thee, and I renounce myself from thee,  
thou art a widow, Urse I will go hang myself  
two hours, and so long thou shalt drown thyself  
then will we meet again in the pease field by  
Bishop's-Hall,\* and, as the swads and the cods  
shall instruct us, we'll talk of a new matter

*Urse* I will be ruled fare you well, sir

*Comp* Farewell, widow, remember time and  
place change your clothes too, do ye hear,  
widow? [*Exit Urse*] Sir, I am beholding to  
your good counsel

*Ray* But you'll not follow your own so far, I  
hope, you said you'd hang yourself

*Comp* No, I have devised a better way, I will  
go drink myself dead for an hour then when I  
wake again, I am a fresh new man, and so I go  
a wooing

*Ray* That's handsome, and I'll lend thee a  
dagger

*Comp* For the long weapon let me alone, then  
[*Exit*]

## SCENE II †

[*Enter IRVINGHAM and CLARE*]

*Clare* O sir, are you return'd? I do expect  
To hear strange news now

*Less* I have none to tell you,  
I am only to relate I have done all  
At a woman's bidding, that's, I hope, no news  
Yet wherefore do I call that ill, begets  
My absolute happiness? You now are mine,  
I must enjoy you solely

*Clare* By what warrant?

*Less* By your own condition I have been at  
Calais,  
Perform'd your will, drawn my revengeful sword,  
And slain my nearest and best friend: 't' the world  
I had for your sake

*Clare* Slain your friend for my sake?

*Less* A most sad truth

*Clare* And your best friend?

*Less* My chiefest

*Clare* Then of all men you are most miserable

\* the pease field by Bishop's Hall] "Bishop's Hall, about  
a quarter of a mile to the east of Bethnal Green, ( lately  
taken down,) is said to have been the palace of Bishop  
Donner Hence *Bonner's Fields* adjoining"—Cunning-  
ham's *Handbook of London*, sub "*Bethnal-Green*"

† *Scene II*] A room in Woodroff's house

\* This speech reads like blank verse corrupted

Nor have you aught further'd your suit in this,  
Though I enjoin'd you to't, for I had thought  
That I had been the best esteem'd friend  
You had i'the world

*Less* Ye did not wish, I hope,  
That I should have murder'd you?

*Clare* You shall perceive more  
Of that hereafter but I pray, sir, tell me,—  
For I do freeze with expectation of it,  
It chills my heart with horror till I know  
What friend's blood you have sacrific'd to your  
fury

And to my fatal sport,—this bloody riddle,  
Who is it you have slain?

*Less* Bonvile, the bridegroom

*Clare* Say? O, you have struck him dead  
thorough my heart?

In being true to me you have prov'd in this  
The falsest traitor O, I am lost for ever!  
Yet, wherefore am I lost? rather recover'd  
From a deadly witchcraft, and upon his grave  
I will not gather rue but violets  
To bless my wedding straws. Good sir, tell me  
Are you certain he is dead?

*Less* Never, never  
To be recover'd

*Clare* Why, now, sir, I do love you  
With an entire heart. I could diee methinks  
Never did wine or music stir in woman  
A sweeter touch of mirth I will marry you,  
Instantly marry you

*Less* [*aside*] This woman has strange changes  
—You are ta'en  
Strangely with his death

*Clare* I'll give the reason  
I have to be thus ecstasied with joy  
Know, sir, that you have slain my dearest friend  
And fatalest enemy

*Less* Most strange!

*Clare* 'Tis true  
You have ta'en a mass of lead from off my heart  
For ever would have sunk it in despair  
When you beheld me yesterday, I stood  
As if a merchant walking on the downs  
Should see some goodly vessel of his own  
Sunk 'fore his face i'the harbour, and my heart  
Retain'd no more heat than a man that toils  
And vainly labours to put out the flames  
That burn his house to the bottom I will tell  
you

A strange concealment, sir, and till this minute  
Never reveal'd, and I will tell it now  
Smiling, and not blushing I did love that Bon  
vile,

Not as I ought, but as a woman might,—  
That's beyond reason I did dote upon him,  
Though he ne'er knew of t, and beholding him  
Before my face wedded unto another,  
And all my interest in him forfeited,  
I fell into despair, and at that instant  
You urging your suit to me, and I thinking  
That I had been your only friend i'the world,  
I heartily did wish you would have kill'd  
That friend yourself, to have ended all my sorrow,  
And had prepar'd it, that unwittingly  
You should have done it by poison

*Less* Strange amazement!

*Clare* The effects of a strange love

*Less* 'Tis a dream, sir

*Clare* No, 'tis real, sir, believe it

*Less* Would it were not!

*Clare* What, sir? you have done bravely 'tis  
your mistress

That tells you you have done so

*Less* But my conscience

Is of counsel gainst you, and pleads otherwise  
Virtue in her past actions glorios still,  
But vice throws loathed looks on former ill  
But did you love this Bonvile?

*Clare* Strangely, sir,  
Almost to a degree of madness

*Less* [*aside*] Trust a woman!  
Never, henceforward I will rather trust  
The winds which England witches sell to men  
All that they have is feign'd, then truth, their  
hur,

Their blushes, nay, their conscience too is feign'd  
Let 'em punt, load themselves with cloth of  
tissue,

They cannot yet ludo woman, that will appear  
And disgrace all The necessity of my fate!  
Certain this woman has bewitch'd me here,  
For I cannot choose but love her O, how fatal  
This might have prov'd! I would it had for me!  
It would not grieve me though my sword had  
split

His heart in sunder, I had then destroy'd  
One that my prove my rival O, but then  
What had my horror been, my guilt of conscience!  
I know some do ill at women's bidding  
If the dog dyes, and repent all the winter after  
No, I account it tieble happiness  
That Bonvile lives, but 'tis my chiefest glory  
That our friendship is divided

*Clare* Noble friend,

Why do you talk to yourself?

*Less* Should you do so,  
You'd talk to an ill woman Fare you well,

For over fare you well—[*Aside*] I will do somewhat

To make us fatal breach and difference  
In Bonville's love as mine I am fix'd m't  
My melancholy and the devil shall fashion t

*Clare* You will not leave me thus?

*Less* Leave you for ever

And may my friend's blood, whom you lov'd so dearly,

For ever be imposthum'd in your breast,  
And in the end choke you! Woman's cruelty  
This black and fatal thread hath ever spun,  
It must undo, or else it is undone [Exit

*Clare* I am every way lost, and no means to raise me

But bless'd repentance What two unvalued jewels

Am I at once depriv'd of! Now I suffer  
Deserv'dly 'There's no prosperity settled  
Fortune plays even with our good or ill,  
Like cross and pile,\* and turns up which she will

*Enter Bonville*

*Bon* Friend!

*Clare* O, you are the welcom'st under heaven!  
Lessingham did but fright me yet I fear  
That you are hurt to danger

*Bon* Not a scratch

*Clare* Indeed, you look exceeding well, mo thinks

*Bon* I have been sea sick lately, and we count  
That excellent physic How does my Annabel?

*Clare* As well, sir, as the fear of such a loss  
As your esteem'd self will suffer her

*Bon* Have you seen Lessingham since he returned?

*Clare* He departed hence but now, and left with me

A report had almost kill'd me

*Bon* What was that?

*Clare* That he had kill'd you

*Bon* So he has

*Clare* You mock me

*Bon* He has kill'd me for a friend, for ever silent

All amity between us You may now  
Go and embrace him, for he has fulfill'd

The purpose of that letter [Gives letter

*Clare* O, I know t

\* cross and pile.] The same as *Heal or tail*, is a game still practised by the vulgar, who play it by tossing up a halfpenny. Our *Lilward the Second* was partial to it. There can be no doubt it is derived from the *Ostrichunda* of the Grecian boys. See *Strutt's Sports and Pastimes of the People of England*, p. 296, ed 1810

And had you known this, which I meant to have sent you [She gives him another

In how 'fore you were married to your wife,  
The riddle had been constru'd

*Bon* Strange! this expresses

That you did love me

*Clare* With a violent affection

*Bon* Violent, indeed, for it seems it was your purpose

To have ended it in violence on your friend  
The unfortunate Lessingham unwittingly  
Should have been the executioner

*Clare* 'Tis true

*Bon* And do you love me still?

*Clare* I may easily

Confess it, since my extremity is such  
That I must needs speak or die

*Bon* And you would enjoy me,  
Though I am married?

*Clare* No, indeed, not I, sir

You are to sleep with a sweet bed fellow  
Would knit the brow at that

*Bon* Come, come, a woman's telling truth  
Makes amends for her playing false you would enjoy me?

*Clare* If you were a bachelor or widower,  
Afore all the great ones living

*Bon* But 'tis impossible

To give you present satisfaction, for  
My wife is young and healthful, and I like  
The summer and the harvest of our love,  
Which yet I have not tasted of, so well

That, as you'll credit me, for me her days  
Shall never be shorten'd Let your reason, therefore,

Turn you another way, and call to mind,  
With best observance, the accomplish'd graces  
Of that brave gentleman whom late you sent  
To his destruction, a man so every way  
Deserving, no one action of his  
In all his life time e'er degraded him  
From the honour he was born to Think how  
observant

He'll prove to you in nobler request that so  
Obey'd you in a bad one, and remember  
That afore you engag'd him to an act  
Of horror, to the killing of his friend,  
He bore his steerage true in every part,  
Led by the compass of a noble heart

*Clare* Why do you praise him thus? You said but now

He was utterly lost to you, now't appears  
You are friends, else you'd not deliver of him  
Such a worthy commendation

*Bon* You mistake,  
Utterly mistake that I am friends with him  
In speaking thus good of him To what purpose  
Do I praise him? only to this fatal end,  
That you might fall in love and league with him  
And what worse office can I do i' the world  
Unto my enemy than to endeavour  
By all means possible to marry him  
Unto a whore? and there, I think, she stands

*Clare* Is whore a name to be beloved? it not,  
What reason have I over to love that man  
Puts it upon me falsely? You have wrought  
A strange alteration in me were I a man,  
I would drive you with my sword into the field,  
And there put my wrong to silence Go, you're  
not worthy

To be a woman's friend in the least part  
That concerns honourable reputation,  
For you use a liar

*Bon* I will love you now  
With a noble observance, if you will continue  
This hate unto me gather all those graces,  
From whence you have fall'n, yonder, where you  
have left 'em

In Lancingham, he that must be your husband,  
And though henceforth I cease to be his friend,  
I will appear his noblest enemy,  
And work reconciliation 'twixt you

*Clare* No, you shall not,  
You shall not marry him to a strumpet for that  
word

I shall ever hate you

*Bon* And for that one deed  
I shall ever love you Come, convert your  
thoughts

To him that best deserves 'em, Lancingham  
It is most certain you have done him wrong,  
But your repentance and compassion now  
May make unends disperse this melancholy,  
And on that turn of Fortune's wheel depend,  
When all calamities will mend or end [*Reunt*]

## SCENE III \*

*Enter COMPAS, RAYMOND, EUSTACE, LEONEL, and GROVER*

*Comp* Gentlemen, as you have been witness to  
our divorce, you shall now be evidence to our  
next meeting, which I look for every minute, if  
you please, gentlemen

*Ray* We came for the same purpose, man

*Comp* I do think you'll see me come off with

as smooth a forehead, make my wife as honest a  
woman once more as a man sometimes would  
desire, I mean of her rank, and a teeming woman  
as she has been Nay, surely I do think to make  
the child as lawful a child too as a couple of un-  
married people can beget, and let it be begotten  
when the father is beyond sea, as this was do  
but note

*Eust* 'Tis that we wait for

*Comp* You have waited the good hour see,  
she comes A little room, I beseech you, silence  
and observation

*Ray* All your own, sir

*Enter URSE*

*Comp* Good morrow, fair maid

*Urse* Mistaken in both, sir, neither fair nor maid

*Comp* No? a married woman?

*Urse* That's it I was, sir, a poor widow now

*Comp* A widow? Nay, then I must make a  
little bold with you 'tis akin to mine own case,  
I am a wifeless husband too How long have  
you been a widow, pray? nay, do not weep

*Urse* I cannot choose, to think the loss I had

*Comp* He was in honest man to thee it seems

*Urse* Honest, quoth 's, O!

*Comp* By my luck, and those are great losses  
An honest man is not to be found in every hole  
nor every street if I took a whole parish in  
sometimes,

I might say true,

for stinking zachriel may be cured for new

*Ray* Somewhat contentions

*Eust* O, silence was an article enjoined

*Comp* And how long is it since you lost your  
honest husband?

*Urse* O, the memory is too fresh, and your  
sight makes my sorrow double

*Comp* My sight! why, was he like me?

*Urse* Your left hand to your right is not more  
like

*Comp* Nay, then I cannot blame thee to weep  
an honest man, I warrant him, and thou hadst a  
great loss of him Such a proposition, so limbed,  
so coloured, so fed!

*Ray* Yes, faith, and so taught too

*Eust* Nay, will you break the law?

*Urse* Twins were never liker

*Comp* Well, I love him the better, whatsoever  
is become of him And how many children did  
he leave thee at his departure?

*Urse* Only one, sir

*Comp* A boy or a girl?

*Urse* A boy, sir



*Comp* Just mine own case still my wife, rest her soul! left me a boy too A chopping boy, I warrant?

*Urse* Yes, if you call 'em so

*Comp* Ay, mine is a chopping boy I mean to make either a cook or a butcher of him, for those are your chopping boys And what profession was your husband of?

*Urse* He went to sea, sir, and there got his living

*Comp* Mine own faculty too And you can like a man of that profession well?

*Urse* For his sweet sake whom I so dearly lov'd,  
More dearly lost, I must think well of it

*Comp* Must you? I do think, then, thou must venture to sea once again, if thoult be ruled by me

*Urse* O, sir, but there's one thing more burdensome  
To us than most of others' wives, which moves me

A little to distaste it long time we endure  
The absence of our husbands, sometimes many years,  
And then if any ship in woman be,—  
As long vacations may make lawyers hungry,  
And tradesmen cheaper pennyworths afford,  
Than otherwise they would, for ready coin,—  
Scandals fly out, and we poor souls [are] branded  
With wanton living and incontinency,  
When, alas! consider, can we do withal?\*

*Comp* They are fools, and not sailors, that do not consider that I'm sure your husband was not of that mind, if he were like me

*Urse* No, indeed, he would bear kind and honestly

*Comp* He was the wiser Alack, your land and fresh water men never understand what wonders are done at sea yet they may observe ashore that a hen, having tasted the cock, kill him, and she shall lay eggs afterwards

*Urse* That's very true, indeed

*Comp* And so may women, why not? may not a man get two or three children at once? one must be born before another, you know

*Urse* Even this discretion my sweet husband had

You more and more resemble him

*Comp* Then, if they knew what things are done at sea, where the winds themselves do copulate and bring forth issue, as thus—in the old world thoro

were but four in all, as nor', east, sou', and west these dwelt far from one another, yet by meeting they have engendered nor' east, sou' east, sou' west, nor' west,—then they were eight, of them were begotten nor'-nor'-east, nor' nor' west, sou' sou' east, sou' sou'-west, and those two sou's were sou' east' and sou' west' daughters, and indeed, there is a family now of thirty two of 'em, that they have filled every corner of the world and yet for all this, you see these bawdy bellows menders, when they come ashore, will be offering to take up women's coats in the street

*Urse* Still my husband's discretion

*Comp* So I say, if your landmen did understand that we send winds from sea, to do our commendations to our wives, they would not blame you as they do

*Urse* We cannot help it

*Comp* But you shall help it Can you love me, widow?

*Urse* If I durst confess what I do think, sir, I know what I would say

*Comp* Durst confess! Why, whom do you fear? here's none but honest gentlemen, my friends let them hear, and never blush for it

*Urse* I shall be thought too weak, to yield at first

*Ray* Tush, that's niceness come, we heard all the rest

The first true stroke of love sinks the deepest,  
If you love him, say so

*Comp* I have a boy of mine own, I tell you that aforehand you shall not need to fear me that way

*Urse* Then I do love him

*Comp* So, here will be man and wife to morrow, then what though we meet strangers, we may love one another not the worse for that.—Gentlemen, I invite you all to my wedding

*Omnes* We'll all attend it

*Comp* Did not I tell you I would fetch it off fair? Let any man lay a cuckold to my charge, if he dares, now

*Ray* 'Tis slander, whoever does it

*Comp* Nay, it will come to petty lassyery\* at least, and without compass of the general pardon too, or I'll bring him to a foul sheet, if he has ne'er a clean one or let me hear him that will say I am not father to the child I begot

*Eust* None will adventure any of those.

\* petty lassyery] So in *The Fleire* by Sharpham, "you cannot be hanged for t, 'tis but petty lassyery at most." Sig. D 3 ed. 1615

*Comp* Or that my wife that shall be is not as honest a woman as some other men's wives are

*Ray* No question of that

*Comp* How fine and sleek my brows are now !

*Exit* Ay, when you are married they'll come to themselves again.

*Comp* You may call me bridegroom, if you please, now, for the guests are bidden

*Omnes* Good master bridegroom !

*Comp* Come, widow, then ere the next ebb and tide,

If I be bridegroom, thou shalt be the bride

[*Exeunt*]

## ACT V

## SCENE I \*

*Enter* ROCHFELD and ANNABEL.

*Roch.* Believe me, I was never more ambitious, Or covetous, if I may call it so, Of any fortune greater than this one, But to behold his face

*Anna.* And now's the time, For from a much-fear'd danger, as I heard, He's late come over

*Roch.* And not seen you yet ! 'Tis some unkindness.

*Anna.* You may think it so, But for my part, sir, I account it none What know I but some business of import And weighty consequence, more near to him Than any formal compliment to me, May for a time detain him ? I presume No jealousy can be aspers'd on him For which he cannot well apology

*Roch.* You are a creature every way complete, As good a wife as woman, for whose sake, As I in duty am endeared to you, So shall I owe him service

*Enter* LESSINGHAM

*Less* [*aside*] The ways to love and crown lie both through blood, For in 'em both all lets must be remov'd It could be styl'd no true ambition else I am grown big with project —project, said I ! Rather with sudden mischief, which, without A speedy birth, fills me with painful throes, And I sin now in labour —Thanks, occasion, That giv'st me a fit ground to work upon ! It should be Rochfield, who since our departure It seems engrafted in this family Indeed, the house's miuon, since, from the lord To the lowest groom, all with unite consent Speak him so largely, nor, as it appears

By this their private conference, is he grown Least in the bride's opinion,—a foundation On which I will erect a brave revenge

*Anna.* Sir, what kind offices lie in your way To do for him, I shall be thankful for, And reckon them mine own

*Roch.* In acknowledgement, I kiss your hand so, with a gratitude Never to be forgot, I take my leave

*Anna.* I mine of you, with hourly expectation Of a long look'd for husband

*Roch.* May it thrive According to your wishes ! [*Exit* ANNABEL.

*Less* [*aside*] Now's my turn — Without offence, sir, may I beg your name ?

*Roch.* 'Tis that I never yet denied to any, Nor will to you that seem a gentleman, 'Tis Rochfield

*Less.* Rochfield ! You are, then, the man Whose nobleness, virtue, valour, and good parts Have voic'd you loud Dover, and Sandwich, Margate,

And all the coast is full of you But more, as an eye witness of all these, And with most truth, the master of this house Hath given them large expressions

*Roch.* Therein his love Exceeded much my merit

*Less.* That's your modesty Now I, as one that goodness love in all men, And honouring that which is but found in few, Desire to know you better

*Roch.* Pray, your name ?

*Less.* Lessingham

*Roch.* A friend to Master Bonville ?

*Less.* In the number Of those which he esteems most dear to him He reckons me not last.

*Roch.* So I have heard

*Less.* Sir, you have cause to bless the lucky planet

\* Scene I ] A hall in Woodroff's house

Beneath which you were born, 'twas a bright star  
And thou shin'd clear upon you for as you  
Aro every way well-parted, so I hold you  
In all designs mark'd to be fortunate

*Roch* Pray, do not stretch your love to flattery,  
'T may call it, then, in question grow, I pray you,  
To some particulars

*Less* I have observ'd  
But into your parting with the virgin bride,  
And therein some affection

*Roch* How<sup>1</sup>

*Less* With pardon, —  
In this I still applaud your happiness,  
And praise the blessed influence of your stars  
For how can it be possible that she,  
Unkindly left upon the bridal day,\*  
And disappointed of those nuptial sweets  
That night expected, but should take the occasion  
So fairly offer'd? nay, and stand excus'd,  
As well in detestation of a scorn  
Scarcely in a husband heard of, as selecting  
A gentleman in all things so complete  
To do her those neglected offices  
Her youth and beauty justly challengeth<sup>†</sup>

*Roch* [*aside*] Some plot to wrong the bride, and  
I now

Will marry craft with cunning if he'll bite,  
I'll give him time to play on — Wero't your case,  
You being young as I am, would you intermit  
So fair and sweet occasion?

Yet,† misconceive me not, I do entreat you,  
To think I can be of that easy wit  
Or of that malice to defame a lady,  
Were she so kind as to expose herself,  
Nor is she such a creature

*Less* [*aside*] On this foundation  
I can build higher still — Sir, I believe't  
I hear you two call cousins comes your kindred  
By the Woodroffs or the Bonviles?

*Roch* From neither, 'tis a word of courtesy  
Late interchang'd betwixt us, otherwise  
We are foreign as two strangers

*Less* [*aside*] Better still.

*Roch* I would not have you grow too inward‡  
with me

Upon so small a knowledge yet to satisfy you,  
And in some kind too to delight myself,  
Those bracelets and the carcauet § she wears  
She gave me once

*Less* They were the first and special tokens  
pass'd

Betwixt her and her husband.

*Roch* 'Tis confess'd,  
What I have said, I have said Sir, you have power  
Perhaps to wrong me or to injure her  
This you may do, but, as you are a gentleman,  
I hope you will do neither

*Less* Trust upon t [*Exit ROCHFILL* LD  
If I drown, I will sink some along with me,  
For of all miseries I hold that chief,  
Wretched to be when none coparts our grief  
Here's another anvil to work on I must now  
Make this my master-piece, for your old foxes  
Are seldom ta'en in springs

*Enter WOODROFF*

*Wood* What, my friend!  
You are happily return'd, and yet I want  
Somewhat to make it perfect Where's your friend,  
My son in law?

*Less* O sir!

*Wood* I pray, sir, resolve me,  
For I do suffer strangely till I know  
If he be in safety

*Less* Fare you well 'tis not fit  
I should relate his danger

*Wood* I must know't  
I have a quarrel to you already  
For enticing my son in law to go over  
Tell me quickly, or I shall make it greater

*Less* Then truth is, he is dangerously wounded

*Wood* But he's not dead, I hope

*Less* No, sir, not dead  
Yet, sure, your daughter may take liberty  
To choose another

*Wood* Why, that gives him dead

*Less* Upon my life, sir, no your son's in health,  
As well as I am

*Wood* Strange! you deliver riddles

*Less* I told you he was wounded, and 'tis true,  
He is wounded in his reputation  
I told you likewise, which I am loth to repeat,  
That your fair daughter might take liberty  
To embrace another that's the consequence  
That makes my best friend wounded in his fame  
This is all I can deliver

*Wood* I must have more of't,  
For I do sweat already, and I'll sweat more  
'Tis good, they say, to cure aches, and o the  
sudden

I am sore from head to foot. Let me taste the worst.

*Less* Know, sir, if ever there were truth in  
falsehood,

\* *bridal day*] The old ed. "Bride day"

† *Yet, &c*] The old ed. gives the last five lines of this  
speech to Lessingham

‡ *inward*] i. e. intimate

§ *carcauet*] i. e. necklace

Then 'tis most true your daughter plays most false

With Bouville, and hath chose for her favourite  
The man that now pass'd by me, Rochfield  
Wood Say?

I would thou hadst spoke this on Calais-sands,  
And I within my sword and poniard's length  
Of that false throat of thine ' I pray, sir, tell me  
Of what kin or all'iance do you take me  
To the gentlewoman you late mention'd?

Less You are her father

Wood Why, then, of all men living, do you  
address  
This report to me, that ought of all men breathing  
To have been the last o'the roll, except the  
husband,

That should have heard of 't?

Less For her honour, sir, and yours,  
That your good counsel may reclaim her

Wood I thank you

Less She has departed,\* sir, upon my know  
ledge,  
With jewels and with bracelets, the first pledges  
And confirmation of the unhappy contract  
Between herself and husband

Wood To whom?

Less To Rochfield

Wood No not abus'd but now,  
Even now, I saw her wear 'em

Less Very likely  
'Tis fit, hearing her husband is return'd,  
That he should deliver 'em

Wood But pray, sir, tell me,  
How is it likely she could part with 'em,  
When they are lock'd about her neck and wrists,  
And the key with her husband?

Less O, sir, that's but practice \*  
She has got a trick to use another key  
Besides her husband's

Wood Sirrah, you do lie,  
And were I to pay down a hundred pounds  
For every lie given, as men pay twelve pence  
And worthily, for swearing, I would give thee  
Thou lie, nay, though it were in the court of honour,  
So oft, till of the thousands I am worth  
I had not left a hundred 'For 'tis't likely  
So brave a gentleman as Rochfield is,  
That did so much at sea to save my life,  
Should now on land shorten my wretched days  
In running my daughter? A rascal he!  
Have you spread this to any but myself?

\* departed] i e parted  
† he] The old ed "she"  
‡ practice] i e artifice

Less I am no intelligencer.

Wood Why, then, 'tis yet a secret  
And that it may rest so, draw ' I'll take order  
You shall prate of it no further.

Less O, my sword  
Is enchanted, sir, and will not out o'the scabbard  
I will leave you, sir yet say not I give ground,  
For 'tis your own you stand on

Enter BOUVILLE and CLARE

[Aside] Clare here with Bouville! excellent! on  
this

I have more to work this goes to Annabel,  
And it may increase the whirlwind [Exit

Bon How now, sir!  
Come, I know this choler brad in you  
For the voyage which I took at his entreaty  
But I must reconcile you

Wood On my credit,  
There's no such matter I will tell you, sir,  
And I will tell it in laughter, the cause of it  
Is so poor, so ridiculous, so impossible  
To be believ'd ha, ha! he came even now  
And told me that one Rochfield, now a guest  
(And most worthy, sir, to be so) in my house,  
Is grown exceedingly familiar with  
My daughter

Bon Ha!

Wood Your wife, and that he has had favours  
from her

Bon Favours!

Wood Love tokens I did call 'em in my youth,  
Lures to which gallants spread their wings, and  
stoop

In ladies' bosoms Nay, he was so false  
To truth and all good manners, that those jewels  
You lock'd about her neck, he did protest  
She had given to Rochfield Ha! methinks o'the  
sudden

You do change colour Sir, I would not have you  
Believe this in least part my daughter's honest,  
And my guess\* is a noble fellow, and for this

\* guess] A corruption of guest not infrequently used  
by old writers

"Sir, my master's guess be none of my copesmiths"  
A pleasant Comedie called I took about you 1600, Sig. F 3

"It greatly at my stomach sticks  
That all this day we had no guess,  
And have of mirth so many a morsel"

The Downfall of Robert, Earl of Huntington.  
(by Chettle) 1601, Sig. H 4

"Guesses will come in, 'tis almost supper time"

Yarrington's Two Lamentable Tragedies, 1601, Sig. B 3

"The nuptials being done,  
To which the king came willingly a guess,  
Each one repair'd unto their business"

Chalkhill's Thealma and Clearchus, 1683, p. 28

Slander deliver'd me by Lessingham,  
I would have cut his throat

*Bon* As I your daughter's,  
If I find not the jewels 'bout her

*Clare* Are you return'd  
With the Italian plague upon you, jealousy?

*Wood* Suppose that Lessingham should love  
my daughter,

And thereupon fashion your going over,  
As now your jealousy, the stronger way  
So to divide you, there were a fine crotchety  
Do you stagger still? If you continue thus,  
I vow you are not worth a welcome home  
Neither from her nor me — See, here she comes

*Re enter ROCHFELD and ANNABEL*

*Clare* I have brought you home a jewel  
*Anna* Wren it yourself,

For these I wear are fetters, not favours

*Clare* I look'd for better welcome

*Rock* Noble sir,  
I must woo your better knowledge

*Bon* O dear sir,  
My wife will bespeak it for you

*Rock* Ha, your wife!  
*Wood* Bear with him, sir, he's strangely off  
o'the hinges

*Bon* [aside] The jewels are in the right place  
but the jewel  
Of her heart sticks yonder — You are angry with  
me

For my going over

*Anna* Happily more angry for your coming  
over

*Bon* I sent you my will from Dover.

*Anna* Yes, sir

*Bon* Fetch it

*Anna* I shall, sir, but leave your self will with  
you [Exit

*Wood* This is fine, the woman will be mad  
too

*Bon* Sir, I would speak with you

*Rock* And I with you of all men living

*Bon* I must have satisfaction from you

*Rock* Sir, it grows upon the time of payment

*Wood* What's that, what's that? I'll have no  
whispering

*Re enter ANNABEL with the will*

*Anna* Look you, there's the patent  
Of your deadly affection to me

*Bon* 'Tis welcome  
When I gave myself for dead, I then made over

My land unto you now I find your love  
Dead to me, I will alter 't

*Anna* Use your pleasure  
A mau may make a garment for the moon,  
Rather than fit your constancy

*Wood* How's this?

Alter your will!

*Bon* 'Tis in mine own disposing  
Certainly I will alter 't

*Wood* Will you so, my friend?  
Why, then, I will alter mine too  
I had estated thee, thou peevish fellow,  
In forty thousand pounds after my death  
I can find another executor

*Bon* Pray, sir, do  
Mine I'll alter without question

*Wood* Dost hear me?  
An if I change not mine within this two hours,  
May my executors cozen all my kindred  
To whom I bequeath legacies!

*Bon* I am for a lawyer, sir  
*Wood* And I will be with one as soon as  
thysself,

Though thou rid'st post to the devil [Exit *Bon*,

*Rock* Stay, let me follow and cool him

*Wood* O, by no means  
You'll put a quarrel upon him for the wrong  
He is done my daughter

*Rock* No, believe it, sir,  
He is my wish'd friend

*Wood* O, come, I know the way of 't,  
Carry it like a French quarrel, privately whisper,  
Appoint to meet, and cut each other's throats  
With eminges and embraces I protest  
I will not suffer you exchange a word  
Without I overhear 't

*Rock* Use your pleasure  
[Exeunt *WOODROFF* and *ROCHFELD*]

*Clare* You are like to make fine work now

*Anna* Nay, you are like  
To make a finer business of 't

*Clare* Come, come,  
I must solder you together

*Anna* You ' why, I heard  
A bird sing lately, you are the only cause  
Works the division

*Clare* Who, as thou ever lov'dst me?  
For I long, though I am a maid, for 't.

*Anna* Lessingham

*Clare* Why, then, I do protest myself first  
cause

Of the wrong which he has put upon you both,  
Which, please you to walk in, I shall make good  
In a short relation Come, I'll be the clew

To lead you forth this labyrinth, this toil  
Of a suppos'd and causeless jealousy  
Cankers touch choicest fruit with their infection,  
And fevers seize those of the best complexion

[*Exeunt*]

## SCENE II \*

*Enter WOODROFF and ROCKFORD*

*Wood* Sir, have I not said I love you? if I have,  
You may believe 't before an oracle,  
For there's no trick in't, but the honest sense

*Rock* Believe it! that I do, sir

*Wood* Your love must, then,  
Be as plain with mine, that they may suit together  
I say you must not fight with my son Bonvile

*Rock* Not fight with him, sir?

*Wood* No, not fight with him, sir  
I grant you may be wrong'd, and I dare swear  
So is my child, but he is the husband, you know,  
The woman's lord, and must not always be told  
Of his faults neither I say you must not fight.

*Rock* I'll swear it, if you please, sir

*Wood* And forswear, I know't,  
Ere you lay ope the secrets of your valour  
It is enough for me I saw you whisper,  
And I know what belongs to 't

*Rock* To no such end, assure you

*Wood* I say you cannot fight with him,  
If you be my friend, for I must use you  
Yonder's my foe, and you must be my second

*Enter LASSINGHAM*

Prepare thee, slanderer, and get another  
Better than thyself too, for here's my second,  
One that will fetch him up, and firk him too —  
Get your tools I know the way to Calais-sands,  
If that be your fence school — he'll show you  
tricks, faith,

He'll let blood your calumny your best guard  
Will come to a peccavi, I believe

*Less* Sir, if that be your quarrel,  
He's a party in it, and must maintain  
The side with me from him I collected  
All those circumstances concern your daughter,  
His own tongue's confession

*Wood* Who? from him?

He will be to do thee a pleasure, then,  
If he speak any ill upon himself  
I know he ne'er could do an injury

*Rock* So please you, I'll relate it, sir

*Enter BONVILLE, ANNAEFT, and CLARE*

*Wood* Before her husband, then,—and here  
he is,

In friendly posture with my daughter too  
I like that well — Son bridegroom and lady bride,  
If you will hear a man defame himself,  
For so he must if he say any ill,  
Then listen

*Bon* Sir, I have heard this story,  
And meet with your opinion in his goodness —  
The repetition will be needless.

*Rock* Your father has not, sir I will be brief  
In the delivery

*Wood* Do, do, then I long to hear it

*Rock* The first acquaintance I had with your  
daughter  
Was on the wedding eve

*Wood* So, 'tis not ended yet, methinks

*Rock* I would have robb'd her

*Wood* Ah, thief!

*Rock* That chain and bracelet which she wears  
upon her,

She ransom'd with the full esteem in gold,  
Which was with you my venture

*Wood* Ah, thief again!

*Rock* For any attempt against her honour, I vow  
I had no thought on

*Wood* An honest thief, faith, yet

*Rock* Which she as nobly recompens'd, brought  
me home,

And in her own discretion thought it meet  
For cover of my shame, to call me cousin

*Wood* Call a thief cousin? why, and so she might,  
For the gold she gave thee she stole from her  
husband,

'Twas all his now yet 'twas a good girl too

*Rock* The rest you know, sir

*Wood* Which was worth all the rest,—  
Thy valour, lad, but I'll have that in print,  
Because I can no better utter it

*Rock* Till my jade\* unto my wants,  
And spur'd by my necessities, I was going,  
But by that lady's counsel I was stay'd  
(For that discourse was our familiarity)  
And this you may take for my recantation,  
I am no more a thief

*Wood* A blessing on thy heart!

And this was the first time, I warrant thee, too

*Rock* Your charitable censure is not wrong'd  
in that

*Wood* No, I knew 't could be but the first  
time at most

\* Scene II ] Before Woodroff's house

\* jade! i e jaded

But for thee, brave valour, I have in store  
That thou shalt need to be a thief no more

[Soft music within]

Ha! what's this music?

*Bon.* It chimes an Io man to your wedding, sir,  
If this be your bride

*Less.* Can you forgive me? some wild distractions

Had overtun'd my own condition,  
And spilt the goodness you once knew in me  
But I have carefully recover'd it,  
And overthrown the fury on 't

*Clare.* It was my cure  
That you were so possess'd, and all these troubles  
Have from my peevish will original  
I do repent, though you forgive me not.

*Less.* You have no need for your repentance,  
then,

Which is due to it all's now as at first  
It was wish'd to be

*Wood.* Why, that's well said of all sides  
But, soft! this music has some other meaning  
Another wedding towards!

*Enter COMPASS, RAYMOND, EUSTACE, LYONEL, GROVER,  
URAE between FRANCHFORD and another, LUCK, NURSE,  
and Child*

Good speed, good speed!

*Comp.* We thank you, sir

*Wood.* Stay, stay, our neighbour Compass, is it  
not?

*Comp.* That was, and may be again to-morrow,  
this day Master Bridegroom

*Wood.* O, give you joy! But, sir, if I be not  
mistaken, you were married before now how  
long is't since your wife died?

*Comp.* Ever since yesterday, sir

*Wood.* Why, she's scarce buried yet, then

*Comp.* No, indeed I mean to dig her grave  
soon I had no leisure yet.

*Wood.* And was not your fair bride married  
before?

*Urae.* Yes, indeed, sir

*Wood.* And how long since your husband  
departed?

*Urae.* Just when my husband's wife died

*Wood.* Bless us, Hymen!

Are not these both the same parties?

*Bon.* Most certain, sir.

*Wood.* What marriage call you this!

*Comp.* This is called "Shedding of horns," sir

*Wood.* How!

*Less.* Like enough, but they may grow again  
next year

*Wood.* This is a new trick

*Comp.* Yes, sir, because we did not like the old  
trick

*Wood.* Brother, you are a helper in this design  
too?

*Franch.* The father to give the bride, sir

*Comp.* And I am his son, sir, and all the sons  
he has, and this is his grandchild, and my elder  
brother you'll think this strange now

*Wood.* Then it seems he begat this before  
you.

*Comp.* Before me? not so, sir, I was far enough  
off when 'twas done yet let me see him dare  
say, this is not my child and this my father

*Bon.* You cannot see him here, I think, sir

*Wood.* Twice married! can it hold?

*Comp.* Hold! it should hold the better, a wise  
man would think, when 'tis tied of two knots

*Wood.* Methinks it should rather unloose the  
first,

And between 'em both make up one negative

*Eust.* No, sir, for though it hold on the  
contrary,

Yet two affirmatives make no negative

*Wood.* Cry you mercy, sir

*Comp.* Make what you will, this little negative  
was my wife's laying, and I affirm it to be mine  
own.

*Wood.* This proves the marriage before sub-  
stantiated,

Having this issue

*Comp.* 'Tis mended now, sir, for, being double  
married, I may now have two children at a birth,  
if I can get 'em. D'ye think I'll be five years  
about one as I was before?

*Eust.* The like has been done for the loss of  
the wedding-ring,

And to settle a new peace before disjointed

*Lyon.* But this, indeed, sir, was especially done,  
To avoid the word of scandal, that foul word  
Which the fatal monologist cannot alter

*Wood.* Cuckoo

*Comp.* What's that? the nightingale?

*Wood.* A night-bird,  
Much good may do you, sir!\*

\* *Much good may do you, sir!* In the first edition of the present collection, I printed "Much good may [it] do you, sir!" But, according to our old phraseology, the "it" was frequently omitted in expressions of this kind. Let me observe that in several places of the present scene (as in some earlier passages of this play) it is difficult to determine whether the author wrote prose or a very loose sort of blank verse (which perhaps through the carelessness of the transcriber has become still more akin to prose)

*Comp* I'll thank you when I'm at supper—  
Come, father, child, and bride and for your  
part, father,  
Whatsoever he, or he, or t'other says,  
You shall be as welcome as in my t'other wife's  
days

*Franck* I thank you, sir

*Wood* Nay, take us with you,\* gentlemen

\* take us with you] i e understand us.

One wedding we have yet to solemnize,  
The first is still imperfect, such troubles  
Have drown'd our music, but now, I hope, all's  
friends

Get you to bed, and thero the wedding ends

*Comp* And so, good night My bride and I'll  
to bed

He that has horns, thus let him learn to shed

[*Exeunt*]





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THE MALCONTENT.

*The Malcontent* By John Marston 1604 Printed at London by V S, for William Aspley, and are to be sold at his shop in Pauls Church yard

*The Malcontent* Augmented by Marston With the Additions played by the Kings Mensters servants Written by Iohn Webster 1604 At London Printed by V S for William Aspley, and are to be sold at his shop in Pauls Church yard

Both Marston and Webster it appears from the last title page, made additions to this play. It is impossible to distinguish the portions which the latter contributed, but he is generally supposed to have written the Induction. What is not found in the first 4to, I have marked by inverted commas. Other variations of the two editions, I have given in the notes.

I have had occasion several times in the course of this work to observe that different copies of the same editions of old plays often present various readings. Such is the case with the copies of the second 4to of the *Malcontent* my copy does not altogether agree with that in the Garrick Collection.

*The Malcontent* has been reprinted in the different editions of Dodsley's *Old Plays*, and in the *Ancient British Drama* and more recently in Mr. Foulwell's edition of Marston's Works.

The hero of this play Malevole, was performed by Burdidge see the Induction, see also *A Funeral Play* on the death of the famous actor Richard Burdidge, printed in Mr. Collier's *Memoirs of the Principal Actors in the plays of Shakespeare*, p. 52, ed. Shakes Soc.

BENIAMINO\* JONSONIO,  
 POETÆ  
 ELEGANTISSIMO,  
 GRAVISSIMO,  
 AMICO  
 SVO, CANDIDO ET CORDATO,  
 IOHANNES MARSTON,  
 MVSARVM ALVMNVS,  
 ASPERAM HANC SUAM THALIAM  
 D D

## TO THE READER

I AM an ill orator, and, in truth, use to write more honestly than eloquently, for it is my custom to speak as I think and write as I speak.

In plunness, therefore, understand, that in some things I have willingly erred, as in supposing a Duke of Genoa, and in taking names different from that city's families for which some may wittily excuse me, but my defence shall be as honest as many reproofs unto me have been most malicious. Since, I heartily protest, it was my care to write so far from reasonable offence, that even strangers, in whose state I laid my scene, should not from thence draw any disgrace to any, dead or living. Yet, in despite of my endeavours, I understand some have been most unadvisedly over cunning in misinterpreting me, and with subtlety as deep as hell have maliciously spread ill rumours, which springing from themselves, might to themselves have heavily returned. Surely I desire to satisfy every firm spirit, who, in all his actions, proposeth to himself no more ends than God and virtue do, whose intentions are always simple. To such I protest that, with my free understanding, I have not glanced at disgrace of any, but of those whose unquiet studies labour innovation, contempt of holy policy, reverend, comely superiority, and established unity. For the rest of my supposed tartness, I fear not but unto every worthy mind it will be approved so general and honest as may modestly pass with the freedom of a satire. I would fain leave the paper, only one thing afflicts me, to think that scenes, invented merely to be spoken, should be enforcedly published to be read, and that the least hurt I can receive is to do myself the wrong. But, since others otherwise would do me more, the least inconvenience is to be accepted. I have myself, therefore, set forth this comedy, but so, that my enforced absence must much rely upon the printer's discretion. But I shall entreat, slight errors in orthography may be as slightly over passed, and that the unhandsome shape, which this trifle in reading presents, may be pardoned for the pleasure it once afforded you when it was presented with the soul of lively action.

*Sine aliqua dementia nullus Phœbus †*

J M

\* BENIAMINO] The second 4to 'BENIAMINI'

† *Sine aliqua, &c*] Instead of this, the first 4to has "*Me mea sequuntur fata*"

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

---

GIOVANNI ALTORONTO disguised as MALEVOIE sometime Duke of Genoa.

PIETRO JACOPO, Duke of Genoa

MENDOLA a minion to the Duchess of Pietro Jacopo

CETSO, a friend to Altoronto

BILIOSO an old choleric marshal

PRFIASSO, a gentleman usher

TERNEZE a young courtesa and enamoured on the Duchess

FERRARDO a minion to Duke Pietro Jacopo

I QUATO } two courtiers

GUFERRINO }

\* PASSABILIO, 'nd to Biloso

AURELIA Duchess to Duke Pietro Jacopo

MARIA, Duchess to Duke Altoronto

EMILIA, } two ladies attendin, on Aurelia

BIANCA }

MAQUERELLE an old pandress.

## "THE INDUCTION

"TO

"THE MALCONTENT, AND THE ADDITIONS ACTED BY THE KING'S  
"MAJESTY'S SERVANTS

"WRITTEN BY JOHN WEBSTER

*'Enter W. Sly', a TIRE man following him with a stool*

*"Tire man* Sir, the gentlemen will be angry  
"if you sit here

*"Sly* Why, we may sit upon the stage at the  
"private house Thou dost not take me for a  
"country-gentleman, dost? dost think I fear  
"hissing? I'll hold my life thou tookest me for  
"one of the players

*"Tire man* No, sir

*'Sly* By God's shid,† if you had, I would have  
"given you but six pence‡ for your stool Let  
"them that have stale suits sit in the galleries  
"Hiss at me! He that will be laughed out of a  
"tavern or an ordinary, shall seldom feed well, or  
"be drunk in good company—Where's Harry  
"Condell, Dick Burbadge, and William Sly? Let  
"me speak with some of them

*"Tire man* An't please you to go in, sir, you may

*"Sly* I tell you, no I am one that hath seen  
"this play often, and can give them intelligence  
"for their action I have most of the jests here  
"in my table book

*"Enter SINKLO*

*"Sinklo* Save you, coz!

\* *W. Sly*] See an account of William Sly in Mr Collier's  
*Memoirs of the Principal Actors in the plays of Shakespeare*,  
p. 131—The reader must observe that here Sly is per-  
sonating the "cousin" of young 'Master Doomsday,'  
who (acted by Sinklo) presently enters

† *By God's shid*] This petty oath (more usually "'Shd'")  
I believe, equivalent to "'By God's hit" (Compare  
several other profane expressions formerly in use,—"By  
God's body," "'By God's head," &c.)

‡ *six pence for your stool*] "From clasp vi in Dekker's  
*Old Horn book*, it appears that it was the fashion for the  
gillants of the time to sit on the stage on stools"—*Reed*

§ *Sinklo*] A performer of no eminence see Mr Collier's

*"Sly* O, cousin, come, you shall sit between  
"my legs here

*"Sinklo* No, indeed, cousin the audience  
"then will take me for a viol de gambo, and  
"think that you ply upon me

*"Sly* Nay, rather that I work upon you, coz

*"Sinklo* We stayed for you at supper last  
"night at my cousin Honey moon's, the woollen  
"draper After supper we drew cuts for a score  
"of apricocks, the longest cut still to draw an  
"apricock by this light, 'twas Mistress Flank  
"Honeymoon's fortune still to have the longest  
"cut I did measure for the women—What be  
"these, coz?

*"Enter D. BURBADGE, H. CONDALL, and J. LOWIN*

*"Sly* The players—God save you!

*"Burbadge* You are very welcome

*"Sly* I pray you, know this gentleman, my  
"cousin, 'tis Master Doomsday's son, the usurer

*"Condell* I beseech you, sir, be covered

*"Sly* No†, in good faith, for mine ease look  
"you, my hat's the handle to this fan God's  
"so, what a beast was I, I did not leave my  
"feather at home! Well, but I'll take an order  
"with you

*[Takes his feather to his pocket*

*Memoirs of the Principal Actors, &c.—Introduct.* p. xxvii—  
He is acting (as already noticed) young 'Master Dooms-  
day'

\* *D. Burbadge, H. Condell, and J. Lowin*] For all that  
can be told concerning Richard Burbadge, Henry  
Condell, and John Lowin, see Mr Collier's *Memoirs of*  
*the Principal Actors, &c.* pp. 1, 132, 165

† *No, in good faith, for mine ease*] "A quotation from  
the part of Osrick in *Hamlet* Sly might have been the  
original performer of that character"—*Stevens*

" *Burbadge*. Why do you conceal your feather, sir?

" *Sly*. Why, do you think I'll have jests broken upon me in the play, to be laughed at? this play hath beaten all your gallants out of the feathers. Black friars hath almost spoiled Black-friars for feathers."

" *Sinklo*. God's so I thought 'twas for some what our gentlewomen at home counselled me to wear my feather to the play yet I am loth to spoil it.

" *Sly*. Why, coz?

" *Sinklo*. Because I got it in the tilt yard, there was a herald broke my pate for taking it up but I have worn it up and down the Strand, and met him forty times since, and yet he dures not challenge it.

" *Sly*. Do you lie, sir? this play is a bitter play.

" *Condell*. Why, sir, 'tis neither satire nor moral, but the mean passage of a history yet there are a sort of discontented creatures that bear a stingless envy to great ones, and these will wrest the doings of any man to their use, malicious appliment, but should then interposition come to the test like your marmoset they presently turn their teeth to their tail and eat it.

" *Sly*. I will not go so far with you, but I say, any man that hath wit may come, if he sit in the twelve penny room ‡ and I say again, the play is bitter.

" *Burbadge*. Sir, you are like a pition that, presenting a poor scholar to a benefice, enjoins him not to rail against any thing that stands within compass of his patron's folly. Why should not we enjoy the ancient freedom of poetry? Shall we protest to the ladies that their painting makes them angels? or to my young gallant that his expense in the brothel shall gain him reputation? No, sir, such vices as stand not accountable to law should be cured as men heal tetters, by casting ink upon them. Would you be satisfied in any thing else, sir?

" *Sly*. Ay, marry, would I. I would know how you came by this play?

\* *Black friars hath almost spoiled Black friars for feathers*. See note ‡, p. 237.—"The following passage, in act v. sc. 2, is probably alluded to as having produced this change. 'For as now-a-days no courtier but has his mistress, no captain but has his cockatrice, no cuckold but has his horns, and no fool but has his feather, &c.'"—*Collier*.

‡ *censure* † *c judge*

‡ *room* † *o box*

" *Condell*. Faith, sir, the book was lost, and because 'twas pity so good a play should be lost, we found it, and play it.

" *Sly*. I wonder you would play it, another company having interest in it.

" *Condell*. Why not *Malevole* in folio with us, as *Jeronimo* in decimo sexto with them? They taught us a name for our play, we call it *One for another*."

" *Sly*. What are your additions?

" *Burbadge*. Sooth, not greatly needful, only as you said to your great feast, to entertain a little more time, and to avoidge the not received custom of music in our theatre. I must leave you, sir. [Exit]

" *Sinklo*. Doth he play the *Malcontent*?

" *Condell*. Yes, sir.

" *Sinklo*. I durst lay four of mine ears the play is not so well acted as it hath been.

" *Condell*. O, no, sir, nothing ad *Parmentous suem* †.

\* *One for another*. [From this preliminary portion of the play we learn that it had, in the first instance, been performed by a rival company under the title of *The Malcontent* but that with additions it was that night to be represented by the King's players with the new name of *One for Another*. Collier's *Memorial of the Principal Parts*, &c., p. 26.—"The motto, I conceive to be true. 'I wonder says Sly you play the *Malcontent* another company having interest in it. Was not' says Condell 'they took little *Parmentous* from us why should we not therefore take the *Malcontent* in huge (folio) from them? This is what we call *one for another*, in exchange of plays. Jonson's allusion to *Jeronimo* were done for Henslowe, and Mr. Collier has shown it likely that *The Malcontent* was written for Henslowe.' P. Cunningham (*Notes and Queries*,—See No. 1, vol. 1, 71).

† *nothing ad Parmentous suem*. [ "*Nothing ad Parmentous suem* is a proverb directed against those who, from prejudice or prepossession, pass a hasty judgment, without having any good grounds on which to found their decision. Phileas, without mentioning the name of *Parmentous*, has traced the incident which gave rise to the proverb into a fable. Fab. l. v. f. v.

"The following extract from Phileas 'in the very words of 'Cæsar,' would have suited the motto's purpose somewhat better than the fabricated quotation from Terence [which Stevenson gives in a note on the present passage]. 'For upon what other account should men be moved to admire *Parmentous* and so much as to pass it into a proverb? Yet 'tis reported, that *Parmentous* being very famous for imitating the grunting of a pig, soon endeavoured to rival and outdo him. And when the hearers, being prejudiced, cried out, 'Very well, indeed but nothing comparable to *Parmentous*,' he threw his pig under his arm, and came upon the stage, and when, tho' they heard the very pig, they still continued, *This is nothing comparable to Parmentous*, he threw his pig amongst them, to show that they judged according to opinion and not truth.' Phileas, *Synopsis* lib. v. prob. 1. L.S. in *The Shakespeare Society's Papers*, vol. iii. 85.

"*Lowin* Have you lost your ears, sir, that you  
"are so prodigal of laying them?

"*Sinklo* Why did you ask that, friend?

"*Lowin* Marry, sir, because I have heard of a  
"fellow would offer to lay a hundred pound  
"wager that was not worth five baubees and in  
"this kind you might venture four of your  
"elbows, yet God defend\* your coat should have  
"so many!

"*Sinklo* Nay, truly, I am no great censurer,  
"and yet I might have been one of the college of  
"critics once. My cousin here hath an excellent  
"memory indeed, sir

"*Sly* Who, I? I'll tell you a strange thing of  
"myself, and I can tell you, for one that never  
"studied the art of memory, 'tis very strange  
"too

"*Condell* What's that, sir?

"*Sly* Why, I'll lay a hundred pound, I'll walk  
"but once down by the Goldsmiths' Row in  
"Cheap, take notice of the signs, and tell you  
"them with a breath instantly

"*Lowin* 'Tis very strange

"*Sly* They begin as the world did, with Adam  
"and Eve. There's in all just five and fifty + 1  
"do use to meditate much when I come to plays  
"too. What do you think might come into a  
"man's head now, seeing all this company?

"*Condell* I know not, sir

"*Sly* I have an excellent thought. If some  
"fifty of the Grecians that were crammed in the  
"horse's belly had eaten garlic, do you not think  
"the Trojans might have smelt out their knavery?

"*Condell* Very likely

"*Sly* By God I would they had, for I love  
"Hector horribly

"*Sinklo* O, but, coz, coz!

\* *cf. Ind. 1.1.101*

[*There's in all just five and fifty*] "This is a pleasant  
exaggeration on the part of Sly. There were in all as  
Stow tells us, 'ten fair dwelling houses and 'nuten  
shops'. See 'Goldsmiths' Row' in *Handbook of London*,  
ed. 1850. *P. Cunningham (Notes and Queries, - See Ser,*  
vol. 1, 71)

† *they* | The old ed. "he

"'Great Alexander,\* when he came to the tomb  
"of Achilles,

"'Spake with a big loud voice, O thou thrice  
"blessed and happy!

"*Sly* Alexander was an ass to speak so well of  
"a filthy culhon +

"*Lowin* Good sir, will you leave the stage?

"I'll help you to a private room ‡

"*Sly* Come, coz, let's take some tobacco —  
"Have you never a prologue?

"*Lowin* Not my, su

"*Sly* Let me see, I will make one extempore  
[*Come to them, and fencing of a company with arms  
and legs be round with them §*]

"Gentlemen,|| I could wish for the women +  
"sakes you had all soft cushions, and, gentle  
"women, I could wish that for the men's sakes  
"you had all more easy standings

"What would they wish more but the play  
"now? and that they shall have instantly

[*Exeunt*]

\* *Great Alexander, &c.* | His utterance of the name,  
(says Gabriel Harvey, writing to Spenser) "was borrowed  
out of him, whom one in your court they say, is much  
beholding unto — as any planet or star in heaven is unto  
the sunne — and is quoted as yourself best remember, in  
the case of your O to her

¶ *Count Alessandro* | *Il Titano* tomba  
Del hero Achille. So parando disse,  
O fortuna che che stia in tomba  
Ti wish! [Punch. So chi]

Within at home of their donkey he brought me these  
four little hexameters, altered since not past a word  
or two

Viable Alexander when he came to the tomb of Achilles  
saying spoke with a big loud voice — O thrice blessed  
Achilles, [found

That such triumph, so great, so lovely, so glorious best  
As to be renowned and surpassing in poet Homer!]

These Tropes, and other trumpery letters lately passed  
between two University men — between the Earthquake in  
April last, and our English literature. [See *Journal* 4to  
1850, p. 5.] The four little hexameters just quoted  
were by John Harvey, Gabriel's brother. Long before  
the present play was written, I had had indicated on the  
stage Gabriel's own hexameters — see *The Old House Tale*,  
in *Peele's Works*, vol. 1 p. 28, second ed. 1829

† *culhon* | i.e. scoundrel

‡ *room* | i.e. box

§ *Come to them, &c.* | I have made this stage direction,  
at the suggestion of Mr. Collier. It is printed in the old  
copy as a portion of the text

|| *Gentlemen, &c.* | This seems intended as a burlesque  
on the Prologue to *As you like it*. — R. J.





# THE MALCONTENT.\*

## ACT I

### SCENE I†

*The wild out of tune music being heard, enter MILEVOLO and  
PREPUSO*

*Bil* Why, how now! are ye mad, or drunk,  
or both, or what!

*Pre* Are ye building Babylon there?

*Bil* Here's a noise in count! you think you  
are in a tavern, do you not?

*Pre* You think you are in a brothel house do  
you not?—This room is ill scented

*Enter One with a perfume*

So, perfume, perfume, some upon me, I pry  
thee—The duke is upon instant entrance so,  
make place there!

*Enter MILEVOLO, FERNANDO, PETRO, CELSO and  
GI FERRINO before*

*Pietro* Where breathes that music?

*Bil* The discord rather than the music's heard  
from the malcontent Malevole's chamber

*Pre* [calling] Malevole!

*Mal* [above, out of his chamber] Yaugh, and  
a man, what dost thou there? Duke's Gynimil,  
Juno's jealous of thy long stockings shadow of  
a woman, what wouldst, weasel! thou limbo  
o' court, what dost thou bleat for! ah, you  
smooth chummed catamites!

*Pietro* Come down, thou rugged! cur, and  
snail here, I give thy dogged sullenness free  
liberty trot about and bespittle whom thou  
pleasest

\* *The Malcontent* ] Opposite these words on the margin  
of both Atos, is "*Ecce censura columbas*" [Juvenil,  
Sat il 63]

† *Scene I* ] A room in the palace, with a gallery, it  
would seem. Prepuso says, "This room is ill scented,"  
and, presently after, Milevolo appears "above," i.e. on  
what was called the upper stage

‡ *rugged* ] The second Atto "*ragged*"

*Mal* I'll come among you, you goatish blooded  
toderers,\* as gum into taffata, to flet, to fret  
I'll fall like a sponge into water, to suck up, to  
suck up [Howls again!†] I'll go to church,‡  
and come to you [Exit above]

*Pietro* This Malevole is one of the most pro-  
digious affections that ever conversed with nature  
a man, or rather a monster, more discontent  
than Lucifer when he was thrust out of the  
presence His appetite is unsatiable as the grave,  
as far from any content as from heaven His  
highest delight is to procure others vexation, and  
therein he thinks he truly serves heaven, for  
'tis his position, whosoever in this world can be  
contented is a slave and damned, therefore does  
he afflict all in that to which they are most affect-  
ed The elements struggle within him, his own  
soul is at variance "within herself", his speech  
is halter worthy at all hours I like him, truth  
he gives good intelligence to my spirit, makes  
me understand those weaknesses which others  
flatterly pillorits—Hark! they sing [A song §  
See, he comes Now shall you hear the extremity  
of a malcontent he is as free as air, he blows  
over every man

*Enter MALEVOLO below*

And, sir, whence come you now?

*Mal* From the public place of much dissimu-  
lation, "the church"

\* *to deriders* ] "I suppose this is a word coined from *to deride*,  
a certain weight of sheep's wool He seems willing to  
attribute that the duke, &c. use *mutton* mangers The  
meaning of *laced mutton* is well known —*Success*

† [Howls again] The old eds have 'Howls againe,' and  
as a portion of the dialogue but the words are evidently  
a stage direction Just before Malevole has exclaimed,  
"Yaugh, god a m w," &c. —which is a sort of howling

‡ *to go to church* ] The first Atto 'pray' but compare  
what Malevole says when he enters below

§ *A song* ] See note t, p. 47

*Pietro* What didst there!

*Mal* Talk with a usurer, take up at interest

*Pietro* I wonder what religion thou art "of"?

*Mal* Of a soldier's religion

*Pietro* And what dost thou think makes most infidels now?

*Mal* Sects sects I have seen seeming piety change her robe so oft, that sure none but some arch devil can shape her a new\* petticoat

*Pietro* O, a religious policy

*Mal* But, damnation on a politic religion! "I am weary" would I were one of the duke's hounds now!

*Pietro* But what's the common news abroad, Malevole? thou doggest rumour still

*Mal* Common news! why, common words are, God save ye, Fare ye well, common actions, flattery and cozenage, common things, women and cuckoldry—And how does my little Ferriard? Ah, ye lecherous animal!—my little ferret, he goes sucking up and down the palace into every hen's nest, like a weasel—and to what dost thou addict thy time to now more than to those antique painted drabs that are still infected of young countesses,—flattery, pride, and vengery?

*Pietro* I study language: Who dost think to be the best linguist of our age?

*Mal* Phew! the devil let him possess thee, he'll teach thee to speak all languages most readily and strangely, and great reason, mury, he's twitted greatly 't the world, and is every where

*Fer* Save 't the count

*Mal* Ay, save 't the count—[*To Belioso*] And how does my old muckhill, overspread with fresh snow? thou half a man, half a goat, all a beast! how does thy young wife, old huddle?

*Bel* Out, you unprovocant rascal!

*Mal* Do, kuck, thou hugely horned old duke's ox, good Mister Mike play

*Pietro* How dost thou live now a days, Malevole?

*Mal* Why, like the knight Sir Patrick Penlo hana,† with killing o' spiders for my lady's monkey

*Pietro* How dost spend the night? I hear thou never sleepest

*Mal* O, no, but dream the most fantastical! O heaven! O fubbery, fubbory!

*Pietro* Dream! what dreamest?

*Mal* Why, methinks I see that sigulor pawn his foot-cloth,‡ that metrezza her plate this

\* new] Omitted in the second 4to

† Penlohana] The second 4to "Penlohana."

‡ foot cloth] See note \*, p 7

madam takes physic, that t'other monsieur may minister to her here is a pander jewelled, there "is" a fellow in shift of satin this day, that could not shift a shirt t'other night here a Paris supports that Helen, there's a Lady Guinever bears up that Sir Lancelot dreams, dreams, visions, fantasios, chimeras, imaginations, tricks, conceits!—[*To PREPASSO*] Sir Tustiam Trimtram, come aloft, Jack an apes,\* with a whum whum here's a knight of the land of Catito shall play at trap with any page in Europe, do the sword dance with any morris dancier in Christendom, wido at the ring,† till the fin of his eyes look as blue as the welkin,‡ and run the wildgoose chase even with Pompey the Huge §

*Pietro* You run!

*Mal* To the devil—Now, signior Gnerimo, that thou from a most pitied prisoner shouldst grow a most loathed flatterer!—Alas, poor Celso, thy stars oppressed thou art an honest lord 'tis pity

*Iquato* Is't pity?

*Mal* Ay, mury is't, philosophical Iquato, and 'tis pity that thou, being so excellent a scholar by art, shouldst be so ridiculous a fool by nature—I have a thing to tell you, duke bid 'em wunt, bid 'em wunt

*Pietro* Leave us, leave us

[*Exeunt all except PETERIO and MALEVOLE*]

Now, sir, what is't?

*Mal* Duke, thou art a becco,|| a counto

*Pietro* How!

*Mal* Thou art a cuckold

*Pietro* Speak, unshale¶ him quick

*Mal* With most tumblers like unbleness

*Pietro* Who? by whom? I burst with desire

*Mal* Mendoza is the man makes thee a horned beast, duke, 'tis Mendoza commits thee

*Pietro* What conformance? relate, short, short

*Mal* As a lawyer's beard

There is an old crone in the court, her name is Maquerelle,

She is my mistress, sooth to say, and she doth ever tell me

\* come aloft, Jack an apes, &c.] The exclamation of an upo ward to his ape

† rule at the ring] See note \*, p 60

‡ till the fin of his eyes look as blue as the welkin.] See note †, p 67

§ Pompey the Huge] So in Shakspeare's *Love a Labour's Lost*, act v, sc 2, "Greater than Great, great, great, great Pompey! Pompey the Huge!"

|| becco] "I e cuckold, Ital"—Stevens

¶ unshale] A form of unshell

Blurt, a rhyme, blurt, a rhyme! Maquerelle is a cunning bawd, I am an honest villain, thy wife is a close drab, and thou art a notorious cuckold Farewell, duke

*Pietro* Stay, stay

*Mal* Dull, dull duke, can lady patience make time revenge? O God, for a woman to make a man that which God never created, never made!

*Pietro* What did God never make?

*Mal* A cuckold to be made a thing that's hoodwinked with kindness, whilst every rascal fillops his brows, to have a cockcomb with egregious horns pinned to a lord's back, every page sporting himself with delightful laughter, whilst he must be the last must know it pistols and poniards! pistols and poniards!

*Pietro* Death and damnation!

*Mal* Lightning and thunder!

*Pietro* Vengeance and torture!

*Mal* C'itso!\*

*Pietro* O, revenge!

"*Mal* Nay, to select among ten thousand fans  
"A lady far inferior to the most,  
"In fair proportion both of limb and soul,  
"To take her from austere check of parents,  
"To make her his by most devoutful rites,  
"To take her commandress of a better essence  
"Than is the gorgeous world, even of a man,  
"To hug her with insured appetite  
"As numbers do thou delv'd up tie usury  
"(Thinking none tells it but his private self),  
"To meet her spirit in a numble kiss,  
"Distilling purging aidom to her heart,  
"True to her sheets, nay, diets strong his blood,  
"To give her height of hymeneal sweets,—

*Pietro* O God!

"*Mal* Whilst she haps, and gives him some  
"court *quelquechose*,  
"Made only to provoke, not satiate  
"And yet even then the thaw of her delight  
"Flows from lowd heat of apprehension,  
"Only from strange imagination's inkness  
"That forms the adulterer's presence in her soul  
"And makes her think she clips† the foul knave's  
"loins

*Pietro* Affliction to my blood's root!

"*Mal* Nay, think, but think what may proceed  
"of this,

"Adultery is often the mother of incest

*Pietro* Incest!

"*Mal* Yes, incest mark —Mendoza of his wife  
"begets perchance a daughter Mendoza dies,  
"his son marries this daughter say you? nay,  
"tis frequent, not only probable, but no question  
"often acted, whilst ignorance, fearless ignorance,  
"clasps his own seed

*Pietro* Hideous imagination!

"*Mal* Adultery? why, next to the sin of simony,  
"tis the most horrid transgression under the  
"cupo of salvation

*Pietro* Next to simony!

"*Mal* Ay, next to simony, in which our men  
"in next age shall not sin

*Pietro* Not sin! why?

"*Mal* Because (thanks to some church men)  
"our age will leave them nothing to sin with  
"But adultery, O dulness! should show\* exem-  
"plary punishment, that intemperate bloods may  
"trecise but to think it! I would damn him  
"and all his generation my own hands should do  
"it ha, I would not trust heaven with my ven-  
"geance —any thing

*Pietro* Any thing, any thing, Malevole thou  
"shalt see instantly what temper my spirit holds  
"I newell, remember I forget thee not farewell

*Mal* Farewell

"Let a thoughtfulness, a shallow meditation,  
"Suck thy veins dry, distemperance rob thy  
"sleep!

"The heart's disquiet is revenge most deep  
"He that gets blood, the life of flesh but spills,  
"But he that breaks heart's peace, the death soul  
"kills

"Well, this disguise doth yet afford me that  
"Which kings do seldom hear, or great men  
"use,—

"Free speech and though my state's usurp'd,  
"Yet this affected strain gives me a tongue  
"As fetterless as is an emperor's  
"I may speak foolishly, ay, knavishly,  
"Always carelessly, yet no one thinks it fashion  
"To poise my breath, for he that laughs and  
"strikes

"Is lightly felt, or seldom struck again  
"Duke, I'll torment thee now, my just revenge  
"From thee than crown a richer gem shall part  
"Beneath God, naught's so dear as a calm heart"

*Re enter CELSO*

*Celso* My honour'd lord,—

*Mal* Peace, speak low, peace! O Celso, con-  
"stant lord,

\* *Catso*] An Italian exclamation (of obscene meaning)  
still in use

† *clips*] i.e. embraces

\* *should show*] The old ed. "*shue should*"

(Thou to whose faith I only rest discover'd,  
Thou, one of full ten millions of men,  
That lovest virtue only for itself,  
Thou in whose hands old Ops may put her soul,  
Behold for ever-banish'd Altofront,  
This Genoa's last year's duke O truly noble!  
I wanted those old instruments of state,  
Dissemblance and suspect I could not time it,

Celso,

My throne stood like a point midst \* of a circle,  
To all of equal nearness, bore with none,  
Rein'd all alike, so slept in fearless virtue,  
Suspectless, too suspectless, till the crowd,  
(Still liquorous of untried novelties,  
Impatient with severer government,  
Made strong with Florence, banish'd Altofront

Celso Strong with Florence! ay, thence your  
mischiefs rose,

For when the daughter of the Florentine  
Was match'd once with this Pietro, now duke,  
No stratagem of state untried was left,  
Till you of all—

Mal Of all was quite bereft  
Alas, Maria too close prisoned,  
My true faith'd duchess, i'the citadel!

Celso I'll still adhere let's mutiny and die

Mal O, "no," climb not a falling tower, Celso,  
'Tis well held desperation, no zeal,  
Hopeless to strive with fate peace, temporize  
Hope, hope, that ne'er forsakes† the wretched'st  
man,

Yet bids me live, and lurk in this disguise  
What, pray I well the free breath'd discontent?  
Why, man, we are all philosophical monarchs  
Or natural fools Celso, the courts a fire,  
The duchess' sheets will smoke for't ere't be long  
Impure Mendoza, that sharp nos'd lord, that mule  
The cursed match link'd Genoa with Florence,  
Now broad horns the duke, which he now knows  
Discord to malcontents is very mauna

When the ranks are burst, then scuffle, Altofront

Celso Ay, but durst—

Mal 'Tis gone, 'tis swallow'd like a mineral  
Some way 'twill work, phewt, I'll not shrink  
He's resolute who can no lower sink

*"BIIOSO re entering, MAL VOIE sheweth his speech"*

O the father of May-poles! did you never see a  
fellow whose strength consisted in his breath, re-  
spect in his office, religion in ‡ his lord, and love  
in himself? why, then, behold

\* *midst*] The second ed. "in midst"

† *forsakes*] The old eds. "forsak'st," and in the next  
line "bidst"

‡ *in*] The old ed. "on"

"*Bil* Signior,—

"*Mal* My right worshipful lord, your court  
"night-cap makes you have a passing high fore  
"head

"*Bil* I can tell you strange news, but I am sure  
"you know them already the duke speaks much  
"good of you

"*Mal* Go to, then and shall you and I now  
"enter into a strict friendship?

"*Bil* Second one another?

"*Mal* Yea

"*Bil* Do one another good offices?

"*Mal* Just what though I called thee old ox,  
"egregious wittol, broken-bellied coward, rotten  
"mummy! yet, since I am in favour—

"*Bil* Words of course, terms of disport His  
"grace presents you by me a chain, as his grateful  
"remembrance for—I am ignorant for what,  
"marry, ye may impart yet howsoever— come—  
"dear friend, dost know my son?

"*Mal* Your son!

"*Bil* He shall eat wood cooks, dance jigs, make  
"possets, and play at shuttle cock with any young  
"lord about the court he has as sweet a lady  
"too, dost know her little bitch?

"*Mal* 'Tis a dog, man

"*Bil* Believe me, a she bitch O, 'tis a good  
"creature! thou shalt be her servant I'll make  
"thee acquainted with my young wife too what!  
"I keep her not at court for nothing 'Tis grown  
"to supper time, come to my table that, my  
"thing I have, stands open to thee

"*Mal* [*aside to CIIISO*] How smooth to him

"that is in state of grace,

"How servile is the rugged'st courtier's face!

"What profit, nay, what nature would keep down,  
"Are heav'd to them ere immens to a crown  
"Furious ambition never sates his thirst,

"Till sucking all, he swells and swells, and burst \*

"*Bil* I shall now leave you with my always best  
"wishes, only let's hold betwixt us a firm corre-  
"spondence, a mutual friendly reciprocal kind of  
"steady unanimous-heartily-leagued—

"*Mal* Did your signorship ne'er see a pigeon  
"house that was smooth, round, and white with  
"out, and full of holes and stink within? he y<sup>e</sup>  
"not, old courtier?

"*Bil* O, yes, 'tis the form, the fashion of them  
"all

"*Mal* Adieu, my true court friend, farewell,  
"my dear Castilio" †

[*Exit BIIOSO*]

\* *durst*] The old ed. "burst"

† *Castilio*] An allusion to Baldessar Castiglione see  
note 1, p. 209

*Celso* Yonder's Mendoza.

*Mal* True, the privy key [*Describes MENDOZA*]

*Celso* I take my leave, sweet lord

*Mal* 'Tis fit, away! [*Exit CELSO*]

*Enter MENDOZA with three or four Suitors*

*Men* Leave your suits with me, I can and will attend my secretary, leave me [*Exit Suitors*]

*Mal* Mendoza, hark ye, hark ye. You are a treacherous villain. God b' wi' ye!

*Men* Out, you base born rascal!

*Mal* We are all the sons of heaven, though a tripe wife were our mother ah, you whoreson, hot reined he marmoset! Ægisthus! didst ever hear of one Ægisthus?

*Men* Gisthus!

*Mal* Ay, Ægisthus he was a filthy incontinent flesh monger, such a one as thou art

*Men* Out, grumbling rogue!

*Mal* Orestes, beware Orestes!

*Men* Out, beggar!

*Mal* I once shall rise

*Men* Thou rise!

*Mal* Ay, at the resurrection

No vulgar seed but once may rise and shall

No king so huge but 'fore he die may fall [*Exit*]

*Men* Now, good Elysium! what a delicious heaven is it for a man to be in a prince's favour! O sweet God! O pleasure! O fortune! O all thou best of life! what should I think, what say, what do to be a favourite, a minion? to have a general timorous respect observe a man, a statful silence in his presence, solitariness in his absence, a confused hum and busy murmur of obsequious suitors trailing him, the cloth held up, and way proclaimed before him, petitionary vassals licking the pavement with their slavish knees, whilst some odd palace lampreels that engender with snakes, and are full of eyes on both sides, with a kind of insinuated\* humbleness, fix all their delights† upon his brow. O blessed state! what a ravishing prospect doth the Olympus of favour yield! Death, I compute the duke! Sweet women! most sweet ladies! nay, angels! by heaven, he is more accursed than a devil that hates you, or is hated by you, and happier than a god that loves you, or is beloved by you. You preservers of mankind, life blood of society, who would live, nay, who can live without you! O paradise! how majestical is your austerer presence! how imperiously chaste is your more modest face! but, O, how full of ravishing

\* insinuated! The first 4to "insinuating"

† delights! The first 4to "lights"

attraction is your pretty, petulant, languishing, lasciviously-composed countenance! these amorous smiles, those soul warming sparkling glances, ardent as those flames that singed the world by heedless Phaeton! in body how delicate,\* in soul how witty, in discourse how pregnant, in life how wary, in favours how judicious, in day how sociable, and in night how — O pleasure unutterable! indeed, it is most certain, one man cannot deserve only to enjoy a beauteous woman but a duchess! in despite of Phœbus, I'll write a sonnet instantly in praise of her

*Exit*

## SCENE II †

*Enter FFRNZE pushing AURELIA, EMILIA and MAQUERELLE bearing up her train, BIANCA attending them, and EMILIA and BIANCA*

*Aurel* And is't possible! Mendoza slight me! possible?

*Fer* Possible!

What can be strange in him that's drunk with favour,‡

Grows insolent with grace?—Speak, Maquerelle, speak.

*Mag* To speak feelingly, more, more richly in solid sense than worthless words, give me those jewels of your ears to receive my enforced duty. As for my part, 'tis well known I can put up § anything [*FFRZE privately feeds MAQUERELLE'S hands with jewels during this speech*], can bear patiently with any man but when I heard he wronged your precious sweetness, I was enforced to take deep offence. 'Tis most certain he loves Emilia with high appetite and, as she told me (as you know we women impart our secrets one to another), when she repulsed his suit, in that he was possessed with your endeared grace, Mendoza most ingratfully renounced all faith to you.

*Fer* Nay, called you—Speak, Maquerelle, speak.

*Mag* By heaven, witch, dried biscuit, and outcasted bluishlessly he loved you but for a spout or so.

\* in body how delicate, &c.] The author had here an eye to the well known passage of Shakespeare,—" 'Tis but a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form, and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!" *Hamlet*, act ii. sc. 2

† Scene II.] Another room in the same

‡ with favour] Omitted in the copy of the second 4to in the Harleian Collection

§ up] Not in the second 4to.

*Fer* For maintenance

*Maq* Advancement and regard.

*Aurel* O villain! O impudent Mendoza!

*Maq* Nay, he is the rustiest-jawed,\* the foulest-mouthed knave in railing against our sex: he will rail against † women—

*Aurel* How? how?

*Maq* I am ashamed to speak't, I

*Aurel* I love to hate him: speak

*Maq* Why, when Emilia scorned his base unsteadiness, the black-throated rascal scolded, and said—

*Aurel* What?

*Maq* Troth, 'tis too shameless.

*Aurel* What said he?

*Maq* Why, that, at four, women were fools, at fourteen, drabs, at forty, bawds, at fourscore, witches, and [at] a hundred, cats.

*Aurel* O unimitable impudency!

*Fer* But as for poor Ferneze's fix'd heart, Was never shadeless meadow drier parch'd Under the scorching heat of heaven's dog, Than is my heart with your enforcing eyes

*Maq* A hot simile

*Fer* Your smiles have been my heaven, your frowns my hell

O, pity, then! grace should with beauty dwell

*Maq* Reasonable perfect, by'r lady

*Aurel* I will love thee, be it but in despite Of that Mendoza—witch!—Ferneze,—witch!—Ferneze, thou art the duchess' favourite Be faithful, private: but 'tis dangerous

*Fer* His love is lifeless: that for love fears breath

The worst that's due to sin, O, would 'twere death!

*Aurel* Enjoy my favour: I will be sick instantly and take physic therefore in depth of night visit—

*Maq* Visit her chamber, but conditionally you shall not offend her bed: by this diamond!

*Fer* By this diamond. [Giving diamond to Maq]

*Maq* Not tarry longer than you please: by this ruby!

*Fer* By this ruby. [Giving ruby to Maq]

*Maq* And that the door shall not creak

*Fer* And that the door shall not creak

*Mac* Nay, but swear

*Fer* By this purse. [Giving purse to Maq]

*Maq* Go to, I'll keep your oaths for you: remember, 1811

\* rustiest-jawed] The second 4to "rustiest jawe" a misprint which is followed in modern editions of this play

† against] The first 4to "agen"

*Aurel* Dried biscuit!—Look where the base wretch comes

*Enter MENDOZA, reading a sonnet*

*Men* "Beauty's life, heaven's model, love's queen,"—

*Maq* That's his Emilia

*Men* "Nature's triumph, best on earth,"—

*Maq* Meaning Emilia

*Men* "Thou only wonder that the world hath seen,"—

*Maq* That's Emilia.

*Aurel* Must I, then, hear her praised?—Men doza!

*Men* Madam, your excellency is graciously encountered: I have been writing passionate flashes in honour of— [Exit FERNEZE]

*Aurel* Out, villain, villain!

O judgment, where have been my eyes? what Bewitch'd election made me dote on thee?

What sorcery made me love thee? But, be gone,

Bury thy head: O, that I could do more

Than loathe thee! hence, worst of ill!

No reason ask, our reason is our will.†

[Exit with MAQUERELLE]

*Men* Women! nay, Furies, nay, worse, for they torment only the bad, but women good and bad: Damnation of mankind! Benth, hast thou praised them for this? and is't you, Ferneze, are wriggled into smock-grace? sit sure: O, that I could rail against these monsters in nature, models of hell, curse of the earth, women! that dare attempt any thing, and what they attempt they care not how they accomplish, without all premeditation or prevention, rash in asking, desperate in working, impatient in suffering, extreme in desiring, slaves unto appetite, untruths in dissembling, only constant in uncon- stancy,‡ only perfect in counterfeiting their

\* on] The first 4to "of"

† No reason, &c.] The first 4to,

"No reason else, my reason is my will"

‡ only constant in unconconstancy] Compare a striking passage in *The Fair Maid of Brabant*, 1605,

"A harlot's love is like a chimney smoke,  
Quivering in the air between two blasts of winds,  
Born here and there by either of the same,  
And properly to none of both inclined  
Hate and despise is painted in their eyes,  
Deceit and treason in their bosoms lies  
Their promises are made of brittle glass,  
Ground like a pill to the finest dust,  
Their thoughts like streaming rivers swiftly pass,  
Their words are oyle, and yet they gather rust  
True are they never found but in untruth,  
Constant in nought but in unconstance,  
Devouring cankers of man's liberty"

Sig. 23

(The play just quoted was no doubt written several

words are feigned, their eyes forged, their nighs\* dissembled, their looks counterfeit, their hair false, their given hopes deceitful, their very breath artificial, their blood is their only god, bad clothes, and old age, are only the devils they tremble at. That I could rail now!

*Enter PIETRO, his sword drawn*

*Pietro.* A mischief fill thy throat, thou foul jaw'd slave!

Say thy prayers

*Men.* I ha' forgot 'em

*Pietro.* Thou shalt die

*Men.* So shalt thou I am heart-mad

*Pietro.* I am horn mad

*Men.* Extreme mad

*Pietro.* Monstrously mad

*Men.* Why?

*Pietro.* Why! thou, thou hast dishonoured my bed.

*Men.* I! Come, come, sit, † here's my bare heart to thee,

As steady as is the centre to this ‡ glorious world  
And yet, haik, thou art a cornuto,—but by me!

*Pietro.* Yea, slave, by thee

*Men.* Do not, do not with tart and spleenful breath

Loose him can lose thee I offend my duke!  
Bear record, O ye dumb and raw an'd nights,  
How vigilant my sleepless eyes have been  
To watch the traitor! record, thou spout of truth,  
With what debasement I ha' thrown myself  
To under-offices, only to learn  
The truth, the party, time, the means, the place,  
By whom, and when, and where thou wert  
disgrac'd!

And un I pud with slave? hath my intrusion  
To places private and prohibited,  
Only to observe the closer passages,  
Heaven knows with vows of revelation,  
Made me suspected, made me deem'd a villain?  
What rogue hath wrong'd us?

*Pietro.* Mendoza, I may err

*Men.* Fir' 'tis too mild a name but err and err,  
Run giddy with suspect, fore through me thou  
know

That which most creatures save thyself, do know  
yours before it was given to the press) So also in a volume  
of poems by Philip Jenkins, entitled *Amoree*, 1660

"What, only constant in unconscience?"

And true alone to mutability?" p. 52

\* sighs] Both stas "sights", and, indeed, so the word  
was sometimes written

† sit] Qy "sir"?

‡ the centre to this] The first 4to "this center to this,"  
the second 4to "this centre to the"

Nay, since my service hath so loath'd reject,  
Fore I'll reveal, shalt find them clipt\* together

*Pietro.* Mendoza, thou knowest I am a most  
plain breasted man.

*Men.* The fitter to make a cornuto † would  
your brows were most plain too!

*Pietro.* Tell me indeed, I heard thee rail—

*Men.* At women, true why, what cold phlegm  
could choose,

Knowing a lord so honest, virtuous,  
So boundless loving, bounteous, fair-shap'd, sweet,  
To be contemn'd, abus'd, defam'd, made cuckold? Heart!  
I hate all women for't sweet sheets, wax  
lights, antic bed poets, cambric smocks, villanous  
curtains, arras pictures, oiled hinges, and all the ‡  
tongue tied lascivious witnesses of great creatnes'  
wantonness,—what salvation can you expect?

*Pietro.* Wilt thou tell me?

*Men.* Why, you may find it yourself, observe,  
observe

*Pietro.* I ha' not the patience wilt thou de-  
scribe me, § tell, give it

*Men.* Take't why, Ferneze is the man, Fer-  
neze I'll prove't, this night you shall take him  
in your sheets will't serve!

*Pietro.* It will, my bosom's in some peace till  
night—

*Men.* What?

*Pietro.* Farewell

*Men.* God! how weak a lord are you!  
Why, do you think there is no more but so!

*Pietro.* Why!

*Men.* Nay, then, will I presume to counsel you  
It should be thus You with some guard upon  
the sudden

Break into the princess' chamber I stay behind,  
Without the door, through which he needs must  
pass

Ferneze flies, let him to me he comes, he's kill'd  
By me, observe, by me you follow I rail,  
And seem to save the body Duchess comes,  
On whom (respecting her advanced birth,  
And your fair nature), I know, nay, I do know,  
No violence must be us'd, she comes I storm,  
I praise, excuse Ferneze, and still maintain  
The duchess' honour she for this loves me  
I honour you, shall know her soul, you mine  
Then naught shall she contrive in vengeance  
(As women are most thoughtful in revenge)  
Of her Ferneze, but you shall sooner know't

\* clipt] i.e. joined in embraces

† cornuto] the second 4to "cuckolds."

‡ the] The first 4to "ye"

§ describe me] i.e. describe of me



Than she can think't Thus shall his death come sure,

Your duchess brain-caught so your life secure

*Pietro* It is too well my bosom and my heart,  
When nothing helps, cut off the rotten part

[*Exit*

*Men* Who cannot feign friendship can neer produce the effects of hatred Honest fool duke! subtle lascivious duchess! silly novice *Fernando*! I do laugh at ye My brain is in labour till it produce mischief, and I feel sudden throes, proofs sensible, the issue is at hand

As bears shape young, so I'll form my device,  
Which grown proves hard vengeance makes men wise

[*Exit*

### "SCENE. III."

"Enter *MALCOLM* and *PASSARILLO*

"*Mal* Fool, most happily encountered caustic  
"ing, fool?"

"*Pass* Yes, I can sing, fool, if you'll bear the  
"burden, and I can play upon instruments,  
"scurvily, as gentlemen do O, that I had been  
"gelded! I should then have been a fit fool for  
"a chamber, a squaking fool for a tavern, and a  
"private fool for all the ladies

"*Mal* You are in good case since you came to  
"court, fool what, guarded, guarded!"

"*Pass* Yes, faith, even as footmen and bawds  
"wear velvet, not for an ornament of honour,  
"but for a badgo of drudgery, for, now the duke  
"is discontented, I am fain to fool him asleep  
"every night

"*Mal* What are his griefs?"

"*Pass* He hath sore eyes

"*Mal* I never observed so much

"*Pass* Horrible sore eyes, and so hath every  
"cuckold, for the roots of the horns spring in the  
"eyeballs, and that's the reason the horn of a  
"cuckold is as tender as his eye, or as that  
"growing in the woman's forehead twelve years  
"since,† that could not endure to be touched  
"The duke hangs down his head like a columbine

\* *Scene III*] Another room in the same

† *guarded*] Adorned with fauings, trimmings

§ *as that growing in the woman's forehead twelve years since*] The woman with the horn in her forehead was probably Margaret Griffith, wife of David Owen, of Idan Gadualn, in Montgomery A portrait of her is in existence, prefixed to a scarce pamphlet, entitled, "A miraculous and monstrous, but yet most true and certayne Discourse of a Woman, now to be seen in London,

"*Mal* Passarillo, why do great men beg  
"fools?"

"*Pass* As the Welshman stole rushes, when  
"there was nothing else to filch, only to keep  
"begging in fashion

"*Mal* Pooh, thou givest no good reason, thou  
"speakest like a fool

"*Pass* Faith, I utter small fragments, as your  
"knight counts your city widow with jingling of  
"his gilt spurs, advancing his bush coloured  
"beard,† and taking tobacco this is all the  
"humor of their knightly compliments‡ Nay, I  
"shall talk when my tongue is going once, tis  
"like a citizen on horse-back, overmore in a false  
"gallop

"*Mal* And how doth *Macquerelle* fare now a  
"days?"

"*Pass* Faith, I was wont to salute her as our  
"English women are at their first landing in  
"Flushing,§ I would call her whose but now  
"that antiquity leaves her as an old piece of  
"plastic|| to work by, I only ask her how her  
"rotten teeth fare every morning, and so leave  
"her She was the first that ever invented  
"perfumed smocks for the gentlewomen, and  
"woollen shoes, for fear of creaking, for the visitant  
"She wore an excellent lily, but that her face  
"peelth like Muscovy glass¶

*as the age of threescore years or thereabouts, in the mid 1 of whose forehead there groweth out a crooked Horne of four inches long Imprinted at London by Thomas Owen, and are to be sold by Edward White dwelling at the little north dore of Pauls Church, at the signe of the Gun, 1555 O Gulchrist*

If she is the person alluded to, this additional scene must have been composed about 1600

\* *beg fools*] I apply to become their guardians, and to enjoy the profits of their lands, which, under the writ, in the old common law, *de viola inqwerendo* might be granted by the king to any subject

† *with jingling of his gilt spurs, advancing his bush coloured beard*] The gallants of the time considered it high fashion to wear spurs which jingled as they walked—I here follow the text of my own copy of the second 4to the copy in the Garnek Collection (the same edition) has "with something of his gilt some advancing his high colored beard"

‡ *compliments*] i.e. accomplishments

§ *as our English women are at their first landing in Flushing*] "At this time Flushing was in the hands of the English as part of the security for money advanced by Queen Elizabeth to the Dutch The governor and garrison were all Englishmen"—*Reed*

|| *an old piece of plastic*] "i.e. an ancient model made of wax or clay, by which an artist might work"—*Stevens*

¶ *Muscovy glass*] i.e. tale Here Reed cites the following passages

"In the province of Corelia, and about the river Dnyna towards the North-sea, there groweth a soft rocks which they call Slude This they cut into pieces, and so tear it into thin flakes, which naturally it

"*Mal* And how doth thy old lord, that hath  
"wit enough to be a flatterer, and conscience  
"enough to be a knave?"

"*Pass* O, excellent he keeps beside me fifteen  
"jesters, to instruct him in the art of fooling,  
"and utters their jests in private to the duke  
"and duchess he'll be like to your Switzer  
"or lawyer, he'll be of any side for most  
"money

"*Mal* I am in haste, be brief

"*Pass* As your fiddler when he is paid—He'll  
"thrive, I warrant you, while your young courtier  
"stands like Good Friday in Lent, men long to  
"see it, because more fattening days come after it,

"else he's the leanest and pitifullest actor in the  
"whole pageant. Adieu, Malevole

"*Mal* [*aside*] O world most vile, when thy  
"loose vanities,

"Taught by this fool, do make the fool seem  
"wise!"

"*Pass* You'll know me again, Malevole

"*Mal* O, ay, by that velvet

"*Pass* Ay, as a pettefogger by his buckram  
"bag I am as common in the court as an  
"hostess's lips in the country, knights, and  
"clowns, and knives, and all share me the  
"court cannot possibly be without me. Adieu,  
"Malevole" [*Exeunt*]

## ACT II

## SCENE I \*

*Enter MENDOZA with a scone † to change FERNIZ's or  
tance, who, while the act is playing enters undressed  
Two Pages before him with lights as met by MAQUI  
REFIL and conveyed in the Pages are; send away*

*Men* He's caught, the woodcock's head is in the  
noose

Now treads Ferneze in dangerous path of lust,  
Swearing his sense is merely § defied  
The fool grasps clouds, and shall beget Centaurs  
And now, in strength of painting faint delight,  
The goat bids heaven envy him Good goose,  
I can afford thee nothing

"except for, and so use it for glasse lanterns and each  
like It giveth both inward and outward a clearer  
light than glasse, and for this respect is better than  
either glasse or home, for th it it neither breaketh like  
"glasse nor yet will burne like the lanthorne"

Giles J. Fitch's *Rural Commonwealth*, 1791, p. 10

"They have no English glasse of sheets of a recke,  
It, it *Stude*, they their windowes make, that English  
glasse doth mocke

They cut it very thimno, and sow it with a thred  
In petic order, like to panes, to serve their present  
neede

No other glasse, good faith doth give a better light,  
And since the recke is nothing rich, the cost is very  
slight"

Timberville's *Letter to Spencer*, Hackluyt, 1559, p. 410

\* *Scene I*] Ante chamber to the apartments of the  
Duchess in the palace

† *scone*] i.e. lantern

‡ *the pages are*] The first 4to "the Dutches pages"

§ *merely*] i.e. absolutely

But the poor comfort of calamity, pity  
Lust's like the plummet hanging on clock lines,  
Will never ha' done till all is quite undone,  
Such is the course salt sallow lust doth run,  
Which thou shalt try I'll be reveng'd Duke,  
thy suspect,

Duchess, thy disgrace, Ferneze, thy rivalship,  
Shall have swift vengeance Nothing so holy,  
No bond of nature so strong,  
No law of friendship so sacred,  
But I'll profane, burst, violate, 'fore I'll  
Endure disgrace, contempt and poverty  
Shall I, whose very hum struck all heads bare,  
Whose face made silence, creaking of whose shoe  
For'd the most private passages fly ope,  
Scrape like a servile dog at some latch'd door?  
Learn now to make a leg, and cry "Beseech ye,  
Pray ye, is such a lord within?" be w'd  
At some odd usher's scoff'd familiarity!

First sear my brains! *Unde cadis, non quo,*  
*refert* \*

My heart cries, "Perish all!" How! how! what  
fate

Can once avoid revenge, that's desperate?  
I'll to the duke if all should ope—if I tush,  
Fortuno still dotes on those who cannot blush

[*Exit*]

\* *Unde cadis, non quo, refert*]

"*Unde cadis, non quo, refert*" Seneca, — *Thyest* 925

## SCENE II \*

Enter MALVOLVO at one door BRANCA, ENNIA, and  
MAQUERELLE at the other door

Mal Bless ye, cast o' laches '†—Ha, dipsas '‡  
how dost thou, old coal!

Maq Old coal!

Mal Ay, old coal methinks thou liest like a  
brand under these billets of green wood. He  
that will inflame a young wench's heart, let him  
lay close to her an old coal that hath first been  
fired, a panderer, my half burnt hint, who though  
thou canst not flame thyself, yet art able to set a  
thousand virgins' tapers afire—And how does  
Janivere thy husband, my little periwinkle? is  
he troubled with the cough o' the lungs still?  
does he hawk o' nights still? he will not bite

Bian No, by my troth, I took him with his  
month empty of old teeth

Mal And he took thee with thy belly full of  
young bones marry, he took his mum by the  
stroke of his enemy

Bian And I mine by the stroke of my  
friend

Mal The close stock '¶ O mortal wench!  
Lady, ha' ye now no restoratives for your decayed  
Jasous?\*\*\* look ye, crab's guts baked, distilled  
or pith, the pulverized haire of a lion's upper lip,  
jelly of cock sparrows, he monkey's marrow, or  
powder of fox stones!—And whither are all††  
you ambling now?

\* Scene II] A room in the same

† cast o' laches] i.e. brace couple of ladies (Dodsley,  
whom all the editors have followed here, printed 'chaste  
ladies'!) The expression is drawn from falconry

"A cart of falcons (in their pride  
At passage securing) fowle espado  
Securely flooding from the spring  
At one both time with nimble wing  
They first mount up above man's sight,  
Flying for life thus emulous flight  
In equall compass, and mantune  
Their pitch without a hazy plane  
Then stooping freely (lightning like)  
They (counter) dead each other strike  
The fowle escapes, and with her wings  
Their funeral dirge, thus lesson, sings,—  
Who aims at glory not aright  
Meets death, but glorie takes her flight"

Scott's *Certaine Pieces of this Age Parabolical*, p. 59, printed  
with his *Philomathe*, 1616.

‡ dipsas] A kind of serpent those whom it bit were  
said to die tormented with thirst, hence Lucan, "*torrida  
dipsas*."

¶ these] Not in the second 4to

|| does] The second 4to "doth"

¶ stock] i.e. stock. See note §, p. 223.

\*\* Jasous] The first 4to "Jason"

†† all] Not in the second 4to.

Bian Why,\* to bed, to bed

Mal Do your husbands lie with ye?

Bian That were country fashion, i'faith

Mal Ha' ye no foregoers about you? come,  
whither in good deed, la, now?

Maq † In good indeed, la, now, to eat the most  
miraculously, admirably, astonishing composed  
posset with three curds, without any drink Will  
ye help me with a he fox?—Here's the duke

"Mal Fried frogs are very good, and French  
"like too" [Exeunt Ladies,

Enter PIETRO, CILSO, IQUATO, BILIOSO, FERDARDO, and  
MENDOZA

Pietro The night grows deep and foul what  
hour is't?

Cilso Upon the stroke of twelve

Mal Save ye, duke!

Pietro From thee be gone, I do not love thee,  
let me see thee no more, we are displeased

Mal Why, God b'w' thee ‡ Heaven hear my  
curse,—may thy wife and thee live long together!

Pietro Be gone, sirrah!

Mal When Arthur first in court began, §—Agi  
memnon—Meucrus—was ever any duke a cor  
nuto?

Pietro Be gone, hence!

Mal What religion wilt thou be of next?

Men Out with him!

Mal With most servile patience—Time will  
come

When wonder of thy error will strike dumb  
Thy bezzled|| sense—

The slaves in favour ay, marry, shall he rise ¶  
Good God! how subtle hell doth flatter vice!  
Mounts\*\* him aloft, and makes him seem to fly,  
As fowl the tortoise mock'd, who to the sky  
The ambitious shell-fish rais'd! the end of all  
Is only, that from height he might dead fall

"Bil. Why, when†† out, ye rogue! be gone,  
"ye rascal!"

"Mal I shall now leave ye with all my best

"Bil Out, ye cur! ["wishes

\* Why] Not in the second 4to

† Maq] The second 4to gives this speech to Bianca.

‡ b'w' thee] The second 4to "be with thee"

§ When Arthur, &c.] "This entire ballad (which  
Fulstaf likewise begins to sing in the Second Part of  
King Henry IV) is published in the first volume of Dr  
Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*"—Reed

|| bezzled] i.e. bosotted to bezzle is to drink hard

¶ The slave's in favour ay, marry, shall he rise] The  
true reading here is uncertain. The 4tos have "slaves in  
favour, I marry shall he rise," &c. Dodsley gave "Slaves  
to favour, marry, shall arise," &c.

\*\* Mounts] The first 4to "mount."

†† when] See note \*, p. 68

"*Mal* Only let's hold together a firm corse  
 "*Bil* Out! ["spondence  
 "*Mal* A mutual\* friendly-reciprocal perpetual  
 "kind of steady-unanimous heartily leagued—  
 "*Bil* Hence, yegross jawed, peasantly—out, go!  
 "*Mal* Adieu, pigeon house, thou burr, that  
 "only stickest to nappy fortunes The serpigio,  
 "the straungury, an eternal uneffectual priapism  
 "seize thee!  
 "*Bil* Out, rogue!  
 "*Mal* Mayst thou be a notorious wittolly  
 "pander to thine own wife, and yet get no office,  
 "but live to be the utmost misery of mankind, a  
 "beggaily cuckold!" [*Exit*  
*Pietro* It shall be so  
*Men.* It must be so, for where great states  
 revenge,

'Tis requisite the parties with piety  
 And soft respect ever be closely dogg'd †  
 Lay one into his breast shall sleep with him,  
 Feed in the same dish, run in self faction,  
 Who may discover ‡ any shape of danger,  
 For once disgrac'd, display'd § in offence,  
 It makes man blushless, and man is (all confess)  
 More prone to vengeance than to gratefulness  
 Favourites are writ in dust, but stripes we feel  
 Depressed nature stamps a lasting steel

*Pietro* You shall be leagued with the duchess.

*Iquato* The plot is very good

*Pietro* || You shall both kill, and seem the corse

*Fer* A most fine brain trick [*to save*

*Celso* [*aside*] Of a most cunning knave

*Pietro* My lords, the heavy action we intend  
 Is death and shame, two of the ugliest shapes  
 That can confound a soul, think, think of it  
 I strike, but yet, like him that gaust stone walls  
 Duets, his shafts rebound in his own face,  
 My lady's shame is mine, O God, 'tis mine!  
 Therefore I do conjure all secrecy  
 Let it be as very little as may be,  
 Pray ye, as may be

\* A mutual, &c. | Bihoso's words in p. 332.

† 'Tis requisite the parties with piety

And soft respect ever be closely dogg'd | The 4tos have,

"Tis requisite, the parties [see 4to "parties"] with piety  
 And soft [see 4to "loft"] respect forbearance, be closely  
 dogg'd," &c.

It seems impossible to ascertain what the author really  
 wrote. Mr. W. N. Lattson proposes,

"Men. It must be so, for where

Great states revenge, 'tis requisite the parties  
 With spy of close suspect be closely dogg'd, &c.

‡ discover | The first 4to "discover"

§ display'd | The first 4to "discovered"

|| *Pietro* | The 4tos "Mend"

"[it] is the shame

Make frightless entrance, salute her with soft eyes,  
 Stain naught with blood, only Ferneze dies,  
 But not before her brows O gentlemen,  
 God knows I love her! Nothing else, but this —  
 I am not well if grief, that sucks veins dry,  
 Rivels the skin, casts ashes in men's faces,  
 Be dulls the eye, unstrengthenes all the blood,  
 Chance to remove me to another world,  
 As sure I once must die, let him succeed  
 I have no child, all that my youth begot  
 Hath been your loves, which shall inherit me  
 Which as it ever shall, I do conjure it,  
 Mendoz may succeed her nobly\* born,  
 With me of much desert

*Celso* [*aside*] Much! †

*Pietro* Your silence answers, "Ay"

I thank you. Come on now O, that I might die  
 Before her shame's display'd! would I were  
 forc'd

To burn my father's tomb, unheal ‡ his bones,

And dash them in the dirt, rather than this!

This both the living and the dead offends

Sharp surgery where naught but death amends

[*Exit*]

## SCENE III §

*Enter* MAQUERELIE, EMILIA, and BIANCA, with a posset

*Maq* I'ven here it is, three curds in three  
 regions individually distinct,  
 Most methodically according to art compos'd,  
 without any drink

*Bian* Without any drink!

*Maq* Upon my honour Will ye sit and eat?

*Emil* Good the composition the receipt, how  
 is't!

*Maq* 'Tis a pretty pearl, by this pearl, (how  
 doest with me?) thus it is Seven and thirty  
 yolks of Barbary hens' eggs, eighteen spoonfuls  
 and a half of the juice of cock sparrow bones,  
 one ounce, three drams, four scruples, and one  
 quarter of the syrup of Ethiopian dates,  
 sweetened with three quarters of a pound of  
 pure candied Indian emgroes, strewed over with

\* nobly | The second 4to "noble"

† Much! | A contemptuous and ironical exclamation,  
 frequently used by our old dramatists and expressing  
 disdain ("Much of that," = Little or none of it.)

‡ unheal | "To uncover To heal in Sussex signifies to  
 cover" — *Stevens* — The first 4to "unkill"

§ Scene III | Antechamber to the apartments of the  
 duchess in the same

|| methodically | The second 4to "methodically"

the powder of pearl of America, amber of Cathay, and lamb-stones of Muscovia

*Bian* Trust me, the ingredients are very cordial, and, no question, good, and most powerful in restoration \*

*Mag* I know not what you mean by restoration, but this it doth,—it purifieth the blood, smootheneth the skin, enliveneth the eye, strengtheneth the veins, munneth the teeth, comforteth the stomach, fortifieth the back, and quickeneth the wit, that's all

*Emil* By my troth, I have eaten but two spoonfuls, and methinks I could discourse most swiftly and wittily already

*Mag* Have you the wit to seem honest?

*Bian* Ay, thank advice and practice

*Mag* Why, then, eat me o' this posset, quicken your blood, and preserve your beauty. Do you know Doctor Plaster-face? by this cure, he is the most exquisite in forging of veins, sprightening of eyes, dying of hair, sleeking of skins, blushing of cheeks, surphling† of breasts, blanching and bleaching of teeth, that ever made an old lady gracious by torch-light, by this cure, he

*Bian* Well ‡ we are resolved, what God has given us we'll cherish

*Mag* Cherish my thing saving your husband, keep him not too high, lest he leap the pale but, for your beauty, let it be your saint, bequeath two hours to it every morning in your closet. I hit men young, and yet, in my conscience, I am not above five and twenty—but, believe me preserve and use your beauty, for youth and beauty once gone, we are like bees hives without honey, out o' fashion apparel that no man will wear therefore use me your beauty

*Emil* Ay, but men say—

*Mag* Men say? let men say what they will life o' woman! they are ignorant of our § wants. The more in years, the more in perfection they grow, if they lose youth and beauty, they gain wisdom and discretion—but when our beauty fades, good night with us. There cannot be an uglier thing to see than an old woman from

which, O prunning, pinching, and painting, deliver all sweet beauties! [*Music within*]

*Bian* Hark! music!

*Mag* Peace, 'tis i' the duchess' bed chamber. Good rest, most prosperously-graced ladies

*Emil* Good night, sentinel

*Bian* Night, dear Maquerelle

*Mag* May my posset's operation send you my wit and honesty, and me, your youth and beauty the pleasingest rest!

[*Exeunt, at one door, DIANA and EMILIA, at another, MAQUERELLE*]

*A Song\* within*

[*Held the song is singing, enter MENDOZA with his sword drawn, standing ready to murder FERNEX as he flies from the duchess' chamber—Exeunt within*]

[*Within*] Strike, strike!

[*Aur within*] Save my Fernex! O, save my Fernex!

[*Within*] Follow, pursue!

[*Two within*] O, save Fernex!

[*Enter FERNEX in his shirt, and is received upon MENDOZA'S sword*]

*Men* Pierce, pierce!—Thou shallow fool, drop there! [*Thrusts his rapier in FERNEX'S*]  
He that attempts a princess' lawless love  
Must have broad hands, close heart, with Aegle's eyes,  
And buck of Hercules, or else he dies

[*Enter ANTONIA, PIETRO, DONALDO, BIANCO, CRISO, and FORTIO*]

*All* Follow follow!

*Men* Stand off, forbear, ye most uncivil lords!

*Pietro* Strike!

*Men* Do not, tempt not a man resolved

[*MENDOZA bests them, is surrounded by all of FERNEX, and seems to overhunt*]

Would you, inhuman murderers, more than death!

*Aur* O poor Fernex!

*Men* Alas, now all defence too late!

*Aur* He's dead

*Pietro* I am sorry for our shame—Go to your bed

Weep not too much, but leave some tears to shed  
When I am dead

*Aur* What, weep for thee! my soul no tears shall find

*Pietro* Alas, alas, that women's souls are blind!

*Men* Betray such beauty!

\* *restoration*] The first ito "operation"

† *surphling of breasts*] i.e. beautifying breasts by cosmetics. "To surphyle or surfel the cheeks," says Gifford, "is to wash them with mercurial or sulphur water," &c. Note on Ford's *World's*, i. 405.—All the editors of this play read "soulpling of breasts"!

‡ *Well*] The second ito "We"

§ *our*] The second ito "your"

\* *A Song*] See note †, p. 45

Murder such youth ! condemn civility !  
Ho loves him not that rails not at him

*Pietro* Thou canst not move us we have  
blood enough —

An please you, lady, we have quite forgot  
All your defects if not, why, then—

*Aur* Not.

*Pietro* Not the best of rest, good-night  
[*Exit* *Pietro*, *Flavius*, *Biondo*, *Criseo*,  
and *Quarto*]

*Aur* Despite go with thee !

*Men* Madam, you ha' done me foul disgrace,  
you have wronged him much loves you too much  
go to, your soul knows you have

*Aur* I think I have

*Men* Do you but think so ?

*Aur* Nay, sure, I have my eyes have witnessed  
thy love thou hast stood too firm for me

*Men* Why, tell me, fair checked lady, who  
even in tears art powerfully beautiful, what un-  
advised passion struck ye into such a violent heat  
against me ? Speak, what mischief wronged us ?  
what devil injured us ? speak

*Aur* The thing near worthy of the name of  
man, Ferneze,

Fernero swore thou lov'dst Emilia,  
Which to advance, with most reproachful breath  
Thou both didst blemish and denounce my love

*Men* Ignoble villain did I for this bestride  
Thy wounded limbs ? for this rank opposite  
Even to my sovereign ?\* for this, O God, for this,  
Sunk all my hopes, and with my hopes my life !  
Ripp'd bare my throat unto the hangman's axe ?—  
Thou most dishonour'd trunk !—*Emilia* !  
By life, I know her not—*Emilia* !—

Did you believe him ?

*Aur* Pardon me, I did

*Men* Did you ? and thereupon you grac'd him ?

*Aur* I did

*Men* Took him to favour, nay, even clasp'd  
with him ?

*Aur* Alas, I did !

*Men* This night ?

*Aur* This night

*Men* And in your lustful twines the duke  
took you ?

*Aur* A most sad truth

*Men* O God, O God ! how we dull honest  
souls,

Heavy brain'd men, are swallow'd in the bogs  
Of a deceitful ground ! whilst nimble bloods,

Light jointed spirits speed,\* cut good men's  
throats,

And scape Alas, I am too honest for this age,  
Too full of phlegm and heavy steadiness,  
Stood still whilst this slave cast a noose about  
me,

Nay, then to stand in honour of him and her,  
Who had even shid my heart !

*Aur* Come, I did err,  
And am most sorry I did err

*Men* Why, we are both but dead the duke  
hates us,

And those whom princes do once groundly hate,  
Let them provide to die, as sure as fate  
Prevention is the heart of policy

*Aur* Shall we murder him ?

*Men* Instantly !

*Aur* Instantly, before he casts a plot,  
Or further blve my honour's much known blot,  
Let's murder him

*Men* I would do much for you will ye marry  
me ?

*Aur* I'll make thee duke We are of Medicis,  
Florence our friend, in court my faction +  
Not meanly strengthful the duke then dead,  
We well prepar'd for change, the multitude  
Irresolutely rushing, we in force,  
On pity seconded, the kingdom marr'd,  
No doubt of swift success all shall be grac'd

*Men* You do confirm me, we are resolute  
To morrow look for change, rest confident  
'Tis now about the modest waist of night  
The mother of moist dew with pallid light  
Spreads gloomy shades about the mumb'd earth  
Sleep, sleep, whilst we contrive our mischief's  
birth

This man I'll get inhum'd Farewell to bed,  
Ay, kiss thy pillow, dream the duke is dead  
So, so, good night [*Exit* *Aurelia*]

How fortune dotes on impudence ! ||

I am in private the adopted son

Of yon good prince

I must be duke, why, if I must, I must

Most silly lord, name me ! O heaven ! I see

God made honest fools to maintain crafty knaves.

\* *speed*] The first 4to "put" the second "spent"—  
The reading in the text is *bedsley's*,—and I doubt not one  
+ *in court my faction*, &c.] "I would recommend the  
following regulation, &c. of this speech

— "in court my faction

Not meanly strengthen'd (the duke then being dead)  
Were well prepar'd for change"—*Stevens*

† *of*] I *do* with

§ *thy*] The second 4to "the"

|| *How fortune dotes on impudence* !] So at p. 337,

"Fortune still dotes on those who cannot blush."

\* *for this rank opposite*  
Even to my sovereign ?] Not in the second 4to.

The duchess is wholly mine too, must kill her husband

To quit her shame, much 't then marry her ay  
O, I grow proud in prosperous treachery!  
As wrestlers clasp,† so I'll embrace you ill,  
Not to support, but to procure your fall

*Enter MALIVOIE*

*Mal* God arrest thee!

*Men* At whose suit?

*Mal* At the devil's. Ah, you treacherous damnable monster, how dost? how dost, thou treacherous rogue? Ah, ye rascal! I am banished the court, sirrah

*Men* Prithce, let's be acquainted, I do love thee, futh

*Mal* At your service, by the Lord, I shall go to supper? Let's be once drunk together, and so unite a most virtuously strengthened friendship shall's, Huguenot? shall's?

*Men* Wilt fall upon my chamber to-morrow morn?

*Mal* As a raven to a dunghill. They say there's one dead here, picked for the pride of the flesh

*Men* Ferneze there he is, prithce, bury him

*Mal* O, most willingly. I mean to turn pure Rochelle churchman,‡ I

*Men* Thou churchman! why, why?

*Mal* Because I'll live lazily, rule upon authority, deny kings' supremacy in things indifferent, and be a pope in mine own parish

*Men* Wherefore dost thou think churches were made?

*Mal* To scour plough shares. I ha' seen oxen plough up altars, *et nunc seges ubi Dion fuit* ||

\* much.] See note †, p. 339

† clasp.] i. e. embrace

‡ Rochelle churchman.] "Rochelle was at this time held by the Huguenots or Protestants, with the privilege of professing their religion unmolested. It was besieged, in 1573, by the duke of Anjou without success, but fell into the hands of its enemies in 1629, after a long, obstinate, and brave defence. —*Rec. 1*

§ ha.] The second 4to "have"

|| *et nunc seges ubi Dion fuit*] "Jani seges est ubi Troja fuit" *Ovid.* —*Ilier Epist.* 1. 53

*Men* Strange!

*Mal* Nay, monstrous! I ha' seen a sumptuous steeple turned to a stinking privy, more beastly, the sacredest place made a dogs' kennel, nay, most inhuman, the stoned coffins of long dead Christians burst up, and made hogs' troughs *hic finis Priami*\* Shall I ha' some sack and cheese at thy chamber? Good night, good mischievous incarnate devil, good night, Mendoza, ah, ye inhuman villain, good night! night, fub

*Men* Good night to-morrow morn?

*Mal* Ay, I will come, friendly damnation, I will come [*Exit MALIVOIE*] I do desery cross points, honesty and courtship straddle as far asunder as a true Frenchman's legs.

*Fer* O!

*Mal* Proclamations! more proclamations!

*Fer* O! a surgeon!

*Mal* Hark! lust cries for a surgeon. What news from Lambo? how does† the grand cuckold, Lucifer?

*Fer* O, help, help! conceal and save me

[*FERNFSE stirs, and MALIVOIE helps her up*]

*Mal* Thy shame more than thy wounds do grieve me far

Thy wounds but leave upon thy flesh some scar, But fame ne'er heals, still rinkles worse and worse, Such is of uncontroll'd lust the curse

Think what it is in lawless sheets to lie,

But, O Ferneze, what in hast to die!

Then thou that shame respect'st, O, fly converse With women's eyes and hisping wantonness!

Suck candles 'gainst a virgin wall's white back, If they not burn, yet at the least they'll black

Come, I'll convey thee to a private port,

Where thou shalt live (O happy man!) from count The beauty of the day begins to rise,

From whose bright fortnight's heavy shadow flies

Now gun close plots to work, the scene grows full,

And craves his eyes who hath a solid skull

[*Exit, conveying FERNFSE away*]

\* *hic finis Priami*] "*Hec finis Priami fatum*" *Virgil.* —*A. n.* 11. 554

† does.] The second 4to "doth"

## ACT III

## SCENE I \*

Enter PIETRO, MENDOZA, EQUATO and BIANCO

Pietro 'Tis grown to youth of day how shall we waste this light?  
My heart's more heavy than a tyrant's crown  
Shall we go hunt? Prepare for field

[Exit EQUATO]

Men Would ye could be merry!

Pietro Would God I could! Mendoza, bid 'em haste  
[Exit MENDOZA]  
I would fain shift place, O vain relief!  
Sad souls may well change place, but not change grief

As deer, being struck, fly thorough many souls,†  
Yet still the shaft sticks fast, so—

Bil A good old simile, my honest lord

Pietro I am not much unlike to some sick man  
That long desired healthful drink, at last  
Swills in and drinks his last, ending at once  
Both life and thirst O, would I ne'er had known  
My own dishonour! Good God, that men should desire

To search out that, which, being found, kills all  
Their joy of life! to taste the tree of knowledge,  
And then be driven from out paradise!—  
Canst give me some comfort?

Bil My lord, I have some Looks which have  
been dedicated to my honour, and I ne'er read 'em,  
and yet they had very fine names, *Physic for Fortune*,‡ *Lozenges of sanctified sincerity*, & very  
pretty works of curates, scribes, and school-

\* Scene I ] A room in the palace

† *sold* ] i.e., I believe, streams. At least to take soul was a common hunting term, meaning to take refuge in the water. So Petronius in his *Second Part of Ille and Icarus*, 1598

"The chased deer hath soile to coole his l cate" &c. See Appendix in to Marlowe's Works, in 154 of Dyce  
‡ *Physic for Fortune*] "In 1579 was published a book, entitled *Physic against Fortune, as well prosperous as adverse, contained in two Books*. Written in Latin by Francis Peirarch, a most famous poet and orator, and now first Englished by Thomas Twyne 4to B. L. —Reed

§ *Lozenges of sanctified sincerity*] "I have not met with this book, but from the ridicule thrown out in *The Hets*, I believe some one with a similar title had before appeared"—Reed

The passage of Davenant's *Wit*, 1636, alluded to by Reed, is the following

"A pill to purge phlebotomy,"—A balsamum  
For the spiritual back,"—A lozenge against lust"

Act II sc I

masters Marry, I remember one Seneca, Lucius Annæus Seneca—

Pietro Out upon him! he writ of temperance and fortitude, yet lived like a voluptuous epicure, and died like an effeminate coward—Haste thee to Florence

Here, take our letters, see 'em seal'd away!  
Report in private to the honour'd duke  
His daughter's forc'd disgrace, tell him at length  
We know too much due compliments\* advance  
There's naught that's safe and sweet but ignorance  
[Exit]

"Enter BIANCO

"Bil Madam, I am going ambassador for Florence, 'twill be great chagrin to me

"Bian No matter, my lord, you have the leave  
of two months come out next Christmas, you  
may lay your tenants on the greater rack for it  
and when you come home again, I'll teach you  
how you shall get two hundred pounds a year  
by your teeth

"Bil How, madam?

"Bian Cut off so much from house-keeping  
that which is saved by the teeth, you know, is  
got by the teeth

"Bil 'Fore God, and so I may, I am in wondrous credit, lady

"Bian See the use of flattery I did ever  
counsel you to flatter greatness, and you have  
profited well any man that will do so shall be  
sure to be like your Scotch barnacle,† now a  
block, instantly a worm, and presently a great  
goose this it is to rot and putrify in the bosom  
of greatness

"Bil Thou art ever my politician O, how  
happy is that old lord that hath a politician to  
his young lady! I'll have fifty gentlemen shall  
attend upon me marry, the most of them  
shall be farmers' sons, because they shall bear  
their own charges, and they shall go apparelled  
thus,—in sea water green suits, ash colour cloaks,  
watchet‡ stockings, and popinjay-green feathers  
will not the colours do excellent?

\* *compliments*] The first 4to "*compliments*"

† *Scotch barnacle*, &c.] See, concerning this fiction, the notes of the commentators on the *Tempest*, act IV so last Malon's *Shakespeare*, by Boswell, vol. xv, pp. 155 6

‡ *watchet*] i.e. pale blue



"*Bian* Out upon't! they'll look like citizens  
"riding to their friends at Whitsuntide, their  
"apparel just so many several parishies

"*Bil* I'll have it so, and Passarello, my fool,  
"shall go along with me, marry, he shall be in  
"velvet

"*Bian* A fool in velvet!

"*Bil* Ay, 'tis common for your fool to wear  
"satin, I'll have mine in velvet

"*Bian* What will you wear, then, my lord?

"*Bil* Velvet too, marry, it shall be em-  
"brodered, because I'll differ from the fool  
"somewhat I am horribly troubled with the  
"gout nothing grieves me, but that my doctor  
"hath forbidden me wine, and you know your  
"ambassador must drink Didst thou ask thy  
"doctor what was good for the gout?

"*Bian* Yes, he said, ease, wine, and women,  
"were good for it

"*Bil* Nay, thou hast such a wit! What was  
"good to cure it, said he?

"*Bian* Why, the rack All your empirics  
"could never do the like cure upon the gout the  
"rack did in England, or your Scotch boot \*  
"The French hailequin † will instruct you

"*Bil* Surely, I do wonder how thou, having  
"for the most part of thy life time been a country  
"body, shouldst have so good a wit

"*Bian* Who, I? why, I have been a courtier  
"three two months

"*Bil* So have I this twenty year, and yet  
"there was a gentleman usher called me coxcomb  
"t'other day, and to my face too wast not a  
"back-biting rascal? I would I were better tra-  
"velled, that I might have been better acquainted  
"with the fashions of several countrymen but  
"my secretary, I think, he hath sufficiently in-  
"structed me

"*Bian* How, my lord?

"*Bil* 'Marry, my good lord,' quoth he, 'your  
"lordship shall ever find amongst a hundred  
"Frenchmen forty hot shots, amongst a hundred  
"Spaniards, three score braggarts, amongst a  
"hundred Dutchmen, four-score drunkards,  
"amongst a hundred Englishmen, four score and  
"ten madmen, and amongst an hundred Welsh  
"men'—

"*Bian* What, my lord?

"*Bil* 'Four score and nineteen gentlemen'

\* *Scotch boot*] The very powerful description of the  
infliction of torture by this instrument, given in the  
universally read *Tales of my Landlord*, renders any account  
of it unnecessary here

† *Hailequin*] The old od. "*heriabans*"

"*Bian* But since you go about a sad embassy,  
"I would have you go in black, my lord

"*Bil* Why, dost think I cannot mourn, unless  
"I wear my hat in cypres,\* like an alderman's  
"heir? that's vile, very old, in faith

"*Bian* I'll learn of you shortly O, we should  
"have a fine gallant of you, should not I instruct  
"you! How will you bear yourself when you  
"come into the Duke of Florinet's court?

"*Bil* Proud enough, and 'twill do well enough  
"as I walk up and down the chamber, I'll spit  
"frowns about me, have a strong perfume in my  
"jerkin, let my beard grow to make me look  
"terrible, salute no man beneath the fourth  
"button, and 'twill do excellent

"*Bian* But there is a very beautiful lady  
"there, how will you entertain her?

"*Bil* I'll tell you that, when the lady hath  
"entertained me but to satisfy thee, here comes  
"the fool

"*Enter PASSARELLO*

"Fool, thou shalt stand for the fair lady

"*Pass* Your fool will stand for your lady  
"most willingly and most uprightly

"*Bil* I'll salute her in Latin

"*Pass* O, your fool can understand no Latin

"*Bil* Ay, but your lady can

"*Pass* Why, then, if your lady take down  
"your fool, your fool will stand no longer for  
"your lady

"*Bil* A pestilent fool! 'fore God, I think the  
"world be turned upside down too

"*Pass* O, no, sir, for then your lady and all  
"the ladies in the palace should go with their  
"heels upward, and that were a strange sight,  
"you know

"*Bil* There be many will repine at my prefer-  
"ment

"*Pass* O, ay, like the envy of an elder sister,  
"that hath her younger made a lady before her

"*Bil* The duke is wondrous discontented

"*Pass* Ay, and more melancholic than a  
"usurer having all his money out at the death of  
"a prince

"*Bil* Didst thou see Madam Florina to day?

"*Pass* Yes, I found her repairing her face to-  
"day, the red upon the white showed as if her

\* *my hat in cypres*] *Cypres* (written, also, *cypress*, and  
*cypsus*) was a fine kind of gauze, nearly the same as  
crape

"*Gorg* Goddess of Cyprus—

*Bil* Stay, I do not like that word *cypsus*, for she'll  
think I mean to make hatbands of her

*Shirley's Love Tricks*.—*W. Forks*, l. 42.

"cheeks should have been served in for two  
"dishes of barberries in stewed broth, and the  
"flesh to them a woodcock

*Btl* A bitter fool!\*—Come, madam, this  
"night thou shalt enjoy me freely, and to morrow  
"for Florence

*Pass.* What a natural fool is he that would  
"be a pun of boddico to a woman's petticoat, to  
"be trussed and pointed to them! Well, I'll  
"dog my lord, and the word is proper for when  
"I fawn upon him, he feeds me, when I snap  
"him by the fingers, he spits in my mouth. If a  
"dog's death were not strangling, I had rather be  
"one than a serving man, for the corruption of  
"com is either the generation of a usurer or a  
"lousy beggar. [*Exeunt* BIANCA and PASSARILLO"]

*Enter* MALLVOLE in some fine gown, whilst BILIOSO reads  
his patent

*Mal* I cannot sleep, my eyes' all neighbouring  
lids  
Will hold no fellowship O thou pale sober  
night,  
Thou that in sluggish fumes all sense dost steep,  
Thou that giv'st all the world full leave to play,  
Unbend'st the feeble'd veins of sweaty labour!  
The galley-slave, that all the toilsome day  
Tugs at his oar against the stubborn wave,  
Straining his rugged veins, suores fast,  
The stooping scythe-man, that doth barb† the  
field,  
Thou mak'st wink sure in night all creatures  
sleep,  
Only the malcontent, that 'gainst his fate  
Repines and quarrels,—alas, he's Goodman tell  
clock!

His sallow jaw bones sink with wasting morn,  
Whilst others' beds are down, his pillow's stone

*Btl* Malevole!

*Mal* Elder of Israel, thou honest detect of  
wicked nature and obstinate ignorance, when did  
thy wife let thee lie with her!

*Btl* I am going ambassador to Florence

*Mal* Ambassador! Now, for thy country's  
honour, prithee, do not put up mutton and  
porridge in thy cloak-bag. Thy young lady  
wife goes to Florence with thee too, does she  
not?

*Btl* No, I leave her at the palace

*Mal* At the palace! Now, discretion should,  
man, for God's love, let's have no more cuckolds! *Hymen*  
begins to put off his saffron robe keep

\* fool] The old ed "foul"

† barb] "i.e. mow"—*Steevens*

thy wife in the state of grace Heart o' truth, I  
would sooner leave my lady singled in a bordello  
than in the Genoa palace

Sin there appearing in her sluttish shape,  
Would soon grow loathsome, even to blushes'  
sense,

Surfeit would choke\* intemperate appetito,  
Make the soul scent the rotten breath of lust  
When in an Italian lascivious palace,  
A lady guardian less,  
Left to the push of all allurement,  
The strongest incitements to unmodesty,  
To have her bound, incens'd with wanton sweets,  
Her veins fill'd high with heating delicacies,  
Soft rest, sweet music, amorous masquerades,  
Lascivious banquets, sin itself gilt o'er,  
Strong fantasy tricking up strange delights,  
Presenting it dress'd pleasingly to sense,  
Sense leading it unto the soul, confirm'd  
With potent example, impudent custom,  
Entic'd by that great bawd, opportunity, †  
Thus being prepar'd, clap to her easy ear  
Youth in good clothes, well shap'd, rich,  
Fair spoken, promising, noble, ardent, blood full,  
Witty, flattering,—Ulysses absent,  
O Ithaca, can ‡ chastest Penelope hold out?

*Btl* Mass, I'll think on't Farewell

*Mal* Farewell Take thy wife with thee  
Farewell [*Exit* BILIOSO  
To Florence, um! it may prove good, it may,  
And we may once unmask our brows

*Enter* CELSO

*Celso* My honour'd lord,—

*Mal* Celso, peace! how is't? speak low pale  
fears

Suspect that hedges, walls, and trees, have ears  
Speak, how runs all?

*Celso* I faith, my lord, that beast with many  
heads,

The staggering multitude, recoils apace  
Though thorough great men's envy, most men's  
malice,

Their much intemperate heat hath banish'd you,  
Yet now they find † envy and malice ne'er  
Produce faint reformation

\* choke] The old eds "choake" and "choke"

† entic'd by that great bawd, opportunity] So in *Shakespeare's Lucrece*

"O Opportunity, thy guilt is great!"

Thou foul abettor! thou notorious bawd!"

‡ O Ithaca, can] The second 4to "O Ithacan."

§ And] The first 4to "fand"

The duke, the too soft duke, lies as a block,  
For which two tugging factions seem to saw,  
But still the iron through the ribs they draw

*Mal* I tell thee, Celso, I have ever found  
Thy breast most far from shifting cowardice  
And fearful baseness therefore I'll tell thee,  
Celso,

I find the wind begins to come about,

I'll shift my suit of fortune

I know the Florentine, whose only force,

By marrying his proud daughter to this prince,

Both banish'd me, and made this weak lord duke,

Will now forsake them all, be sure he will

I'll lie in ambush for conveniency,

Upon their entrance to confirm myself

*Celso* Is Ferneze inter'd?

*Mal* Of that at leisure he lives.

*Celso* But how stands Mendoza? how is't with him?

*Mal* Faith, like a pair of snufflers, snibs filth  
in other men, and retains it in himself \*

*Celso* He does fly from public notice, methinks,  
as a hare does from hounds, the fact whereon  
he flies betray him

*Mal* I can track him, Celso

O, my disguise fools him most powerfully †

For that I seem a desperate malcontent,

He fain would clasp with me he's the true slave

That will put on the most affected grace

For some vile second cause

*Celso* He's here

*Mal* Give place

[*Exit CELSO*]

*Enter MENDOZA*

Illo, ho, ho, ho! art there, old truepenny? ‡  
Where hast thou spent thyself this morning?  
I see flattery in thine eyes, and damnation in thy  
soul Ha, ye † huge rascal!

*Men* Thou art very merry

*Mal* As a scholar *futuens gratis* How does §  
the devil go with thee now?

*Men* Malevole, thou art an arrant knave

*Mal* Who, I? I have been a sergeant, man

*Men* Thou art very poor

*Mal* As Job, an alchymist, or a poet

*Men* The duke hates thee

\* *himself*] The second 4to "itself"

† *Illo, ho, ho, ho!* art there, old truepenny?]

*Hor* [within] *Illo, ho, ho, my lord!*

*Ham* *Illo, ho, ho, boy! come, bird, come*

. . . art thou there truepenny?"]

Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, act i sc 5

‡ *ye*] The second 4to "thou"

§ *does*] The second 4to "doth"

*Mal* As Irishmen do bum cracks

*Men* Thou hast lost his amity

*Mal* As pleasing as maids lose their virginity

*Men* Would thou wert of a lusty spirit! would  
thou wert noble!

*Mal* Why, sure my blood gives me I am noble,  
sure I am of noble kind, for I find myself pos-  
sessed with all their qualities,—love dogs, dice,  
and drabs, scorn wit in stuff clothes, have beat  
my shoemaker, knocked my sempstress, cuckold\*  
my pothecary, and undone my tailor Noble!  
why not? since the stoic said, *Neminem servum  
non ex regibus, neminem regem non ex servis esse  
oriundum*, † only busy Fortune touses, and the  
provident Chances ‡ blend them together I'll  
give you a similo did you o'er see a well with  
two buckets, whilst one comes up full to be  
emptied, another goes down empty to be filled?  
such is the stato of all humanity Why, look  
you, I may be the son of some duke, for, believe  
me, intemperate lascivious bastardy makes  
nobility doubtful I have a lusty daring heart,  
Mendoza

*Men* Let's grasp, I do like thee infinitely wilt  
enact one thing for me?

*Mal* Shall I get by it? [*Men gives him his  
purse*] Command me, I am thy slave, beyond  
death and hell

*Men* Murder the duke

*Mal* My heart's wish, my soul's desire, my  
fantasy's dream, my blood's longing, the only  
height of my hopes! How, O God, how! O,  
how my united spirits throng together, to §  
strengthen my resolve!

*Men* The duke is now a hunting

*Mal* Excellent, admirable, as the devil would  
have it! Lend me, lend me, rapier, pistol, cross-  
bow so, so, I'll do it

*Men* Then we agree

*Mal* As Lent and fish mongers Come, a cup-  
pe, how? inform

*Men* Know that this weak-brain'd duke, who  
only stands

On Florence's stults, hath out of witless zeal

Made me his heir, and secretly confirm'd

The wreath to me after his life's full point

*Mal* Upon what merit?

*Men* Merit! by heaven, I horn him

\* *cuckold*] i.e. cuckolded

† *Neminem, &c*] "Plato ait Neminem regem non ex  
servis esse oriundum, neminem non servum ex regibus."  
Seneca,—*Epist.* xlv

‡ *Chances*] i.e. Fates

§ *to*] Both 4tos "so"

Only Fernoze's death gave me state's life  
But, we are politic, he must not live now

*Mal* No reason, marry but how must he  
die now?

*Men* My utmost project is to murder the  
duke, that I might have his state, because he  
make me his heir, to banish the duchess, that  
I might be rid of a cunning Lacedaemonian,  
because I know Florence will forsake her, and  
then to marry Main, the banished Duke Alto-  
front's wife, that her friends might strengthen  
me and my faction: this is all, la

*Mal* Do you love Main?

*Men* Faith, no great affection, but we wise men  
do love great women, to ennoble their blood  
and augment their revenue To accomplish this  
now, thus now Thó duke is in the forest next  
the sea single him, kill him, hurl him 'r the  
main, and proclaim thou sawest wolves eat him

*Mal* Um! not so good Methinks when he is slain,  
To get some hypocrite, some dangerous wretch  
That's muffled o'er\* with feigned holiness,  
To swear he heard the duke on some steep cliff  
Lament his wife's dishonour, and, in an agony  
Of his heart's torture, hurl'd his groaning sides  
Into the swollen sea,—this circumstance  
Well made sounds probable and hereupon  
The duchess—

*Men* May well be banish'd  
O unpeerable invention! rare!  
Thou god of policy! it honeycs me

*Mal* Then fear not for the wife of Altfront,  
I'll close to her

*Men* Thou shalt, thou shalt Our excellency  
is pleas'd

Why wait not thou an emperor? when we  
Are duke, I'll make thee some great man sure

*Mal* Nay,  
Make me some rich knave, and I'll make myself  
Some great man

*Men* In thee be all my spirit  
Retain ten souls, unite thy virtual power:  
Resolve, ha, remember greatness! heart farewell  
The fate of all my hopes in thee doth dwell

[*Exeunt*]

*Re enter Celso*

*Mal* Celso, didst hear?—O heaven, didst hear  
Such devilish mischief? suffer'st thou the world  
Crouse damnation even with greedy swallow,  
And still dost wink, still does thy vengeance  
slumber?

If now thy brows are clear, when will they  
thunder? [*Exeunt*]

\* o'er.] The 4to "or"

## SCENE II \*

*Enter PIETRO, FERRARDO, PREPASSO, and Three Pages*

*Fer* The dogs are at a fault.

[*Cornets like horns w'thin.*]

*Pietro* Would God nothing but the dogs were  
at it! Let the deer pursue safety,† the dogs  
follow the game, and do you follow the dogs as  
for me, 'tis unfit one beast should hunt another,  
I ha' one chaseth me an't‡ please you, I would  
be rid of ye a little

*Fer* Would your grief would, as soon as we,  
leave you to quietness!§

*Pietro* I thank you

[*Exeunt FERRARDO and PREPASSO*]

Boy, what dost thou dream of now?

*First Page* Of a dry summer, my lord, for  
here's a hot world towards but, my lord, I had  
a strange dream last night.

*Pietro* What strange dream?

*First Page* Why, methought I pleased you  
with singing, and then I dreamt you gave me  
that short sword

*Pietro* Piettily begged hold thee, I'll prove  
thy dream true, take't [*Giving sword*]

*First Page* My duty but still I dreamt on,  
my lord, and methought, an't shall please your  
excellency, you would needs out of your royal  
bounty give me that jewel in your hat

*Pietro* O, thou didst but dream, boy, do not  
believe it dream prove not always true, they  
may hold in a short sword, but not in a jewel  
But now, sir, you dreamt you had pleased me  
with singing, make that true, as I ha' made the  
other

*First Page* Faith, my lord, I did but dream,  
and dreams, you say, prove not always true,  
they may hold in a good sword, but not in a  
good song the truth is, I ha' lost my voice

*Pietro* Lost thy voice! how?

*First Page* With dreaming, faith but here's  
a couple of eremical rascals shall enchant yo  
what shall they sing, my good lord?

*Pietro* Sing of the nature of women, and  
then the song shall be surely full of variety, old  
crotchets, and most sweet closes it shall be  
humorous, grave, fantastic, amorous, melan-  
choly, sprightly, one in all, and all in one

*First Page* All in one!

*Pietro* By'r lady, too many Sing my speech  
grows culpable of unthrifty idleness sing

\* Scene II.] A forest near the sea

† safety.] The 4to. "safely"

‡ an't.] The first 4to "and" (and so afterwards)

§ as soon as we, leave you to quietness.] The second 4to  
"as soon leave you as we to quietness."

Ah, so, so, sing

*Song\* by Second and Third Pages.*

I am heavy walk off, I shall talk in my sleep  
walk off [Exeunt Pages]

*Enter MALVOLE, with cross bow and pistol*

*Mal* Brief, brief who? the duke! good heaven, that fool!

Should stumble upon greatness!—Do not sleep, duke,

Give ye good morrow I must† be brief, duke,  
I am fœ'd to murder thee start not Mendoza,  
Mendoza hrd me, here's his gold, his pistol,  
Cross bow, and ‡ sword 'tis all as firm as earth  
O fool, fool, choked with the common maze  
Of easy idiots, credulity!

Make him thine heir! what, thy sworn murderer!

*Pietro* O, can it be?

*Mal* Can!

*Pietro* Discover'd he not Fernero?

*Mal* Yes, but why? but why? for love to thee?  
Much, much! § to be reveng'd upon his rival,  
Who had thrust his jaws awry,  
Who being slain, suppos'd by, thine own hands,

Defended by his sword, made thee most loathsome,  
Him most gracious with thy loose princess  
Thou, closely yielding egress and regress to her,  
Madest him heir, whose hot unquiet lust  
Straight toud thy sheets, and now would seize  
thy state

Politician! wise man! death! to be  
Led to the stake like a bull by the horns,  
To make even kindness out a gentle throat!  
Lafe, why art thou numb'd? thou foggy dulness,  
speak

Laves not more faith in a home thrusting tongue  
Than in these fencing tip tap courtiers?

*Enter CRISO with a hermit's gown and beard*

*Pietro*\* Lord Malvoles, if this be true—

*Mal* If I come, shade thee with this disguise  
If thou shalt handle it, he shall thank thee for  
killing thyself. Come, follow my directions, and  
thou shalt see strange sleights

*Pietro* World, whither wilt thou?

*Mal* Why, to the devil! Come, the morn grows  
late

A steady quickness is the soul of state [Exeunt]

## ACT IV

### SCENE I

*Enter MAQUERELLE*

*Maq* [knocking at the ladies' door] Medam, ¶ me  
dum, are you stirring, medam? if you be stirring,  
medam,—if I thought I should disturb ye—

*Enter Page*

*Page* My lady is up, forsooth

*Maq* A pretty boy, futh how old art thou?

*Page* I think fourteen

*Maq* Nay, an ye be in the teens—aro ye a

\* *Song*] See note †, p. 45

† *I must*] The first 4to 'must', the second 4to 'you must'

‡ *and*] Not in the first 4to

§ *Much, much!*] See note †, p. 320

¶ *Scene I* [knocking at the ladies' door]

It is not easy to determine in what particular part of the Genoan Palace the present scene passes, nor do I believe that the author himself could have cleared up the difficulty. By 'the ladies' door' we are certainly to understand the door of the chamber of Bianca and Emilia, but presently the Duchess Aurelia says to Celso on his entering, "We are not pleased with your intrusion upon our private retirement"

¶ *Medam*] I allow this spelling to remain, as, I suppose, it is meant to mark the affected pronunciation of the speaker

gentleman born? do you know me? my name is  
Medun Maquerielle, I lie in the old Cunny court.

*Page*† See, here the ladies

*Enter BLANCA and EMILIA*

*Bian* A fair day to ye, Maquerielle

*Emil* Is the duchess up yet, sentinel?

*Maq* O ladies, the most abominable mischance!  
O dear ladies, the most piteous disaster! Fernero  
was taken last night in the duchess' chamber  
alas, the duke caught him and killed him!

*Bian* Was he found in bed?

*Maq* O, no, but the villanous certainty is, the  
door was not bolted, the tongue tied hatch held  
his peace so the naked troth is, he was found  
in his shirt, whilst I, like an arrant beast, lay in  
the outward chamber, heard nothing, and yet  
they came by me in the dark, and yet I felt them  
not, like a senseless creature as I was. O beauties,  
look to your busk points, ‡ if not chastely, yet

\* *Pietro*] Both 4tos "Cel."

† *Page*] Not in the old eds

‡ *busk points*] i.e. the tagged laces which fastened the  
busk of the stays

charily be sure the door be bolted—Is your lord gone to Florence?

*Bian* Yes, Maquerelle

*Maq* I hope you'll find the discretion to purchase a fresh gown 'fore his return—Now, by my troth, beauties, I would ha' ye once wise ho loves ye, push! he is witty, bubble! fair-proportioned, new! nobly born, wind! Let this be still your fixed position, esteem me every man according to his good gifts, and so ye shall ever remain most dear, and most worthy to be, most dear ladies

*Emil* Is the duke returned from hunting yet?

*Maq* They say not yet

*Bian* 'Tis now in midst of day

*Emil* How bears the duchess with this blemish now?

*Maq* Faith, boldly, strongly defies defame, as one that has a duke to her father. And there's a note to you be sure of a stout friend in a corner, that may always save your husband. Mark the humour of the duchess now she dares defame, cries, "Duke, do what thou canst, I'll quit mine honour" nay, as one confirmed in her own virtue against ten thousand mouths that mutter her disgrace, she's presently for dances

*Bian* For dances!

*Maq* Most true

*Emil* Most strange

*Enter FERDINAND*

See, here's my servant young Fernando how many servants thinkest thou I have, Maquerelle?

*Maq* The more, the merrier 'twas well said, use your servants as you do your smocks, have many, use one, and change often, for that's most sweet and countlike

*Fer* Give ye, fair ladies! Is the duke return'd?

*Bian* Sweet sir, no voice of him as yet in court

*Fer* 'Tis very strange

*Bian* And how like you my servant, Maquerelle?

*Maq* I think he could hardly draw Ulysses' bow, but, by my fidelity, were his nose narrower, his eyes broader, his hands thinner, his lips thicker, his legs bigger, his feet lesser, his hair blacker, and his teeth whiter, he were a tolerable sweet youth, if faith. An he will come to my chamber, I will read him the fortune of his beard

[*Cornets sound within*]

*Fer* Not yet returned! I fear—but the duchess approacheth

*Enter MENDOZA supporting AURELIA, and GUERRINO the ladies that are on the stage with GUERRINO where is AURELIA, and then takes a lady to tread a measure \**

*Aur* We will dance—music!—we will dance

*Guer* Les quanto,† lady, Pensez bien, Pussa regis, or Bianca's brawl?

*Aur* We have forgot the brawl‡

*Fer* So soon? 'tis wonder

*Guer* Why, 'tis but two singles on the left, two on the right, three doubles§ forward, a traverse of six round do this twice, three singles side, galliard trick of twenty, come into pace, a figure of eight, three singles broken down, come up, meet, two doubles, full back, and then honour

*Aur* O Dædalus, thy maze! I have quite forgot it

*Maq* Trust me, so have I, saving the falling-back, and then honour

*Aur* Music, music!

*Enter PRELASSO*

*Prep* Who saw the duke? the duke?

*Aur* Music!

*Enter I QUARTO*

*I quarto* The duke? is the duke returned?

*Aur* Music!

*Enter CELSO*

*Celso* The duke is either quite invisible, or else is not

*Aur* We are not pleased with your intrusion upon our private retirement, we are not pleased you have forgot yourselves

*Enter a Page*

*Celso* Boy, thy master? where's the duke?

*Page* Alas, I left him burying the earth with his spread joyless limbs—he told me he was

\* *tread a measure*] A *measure* was a slow and solemn dance. It was not thought indecorous in the most grave and dignified personages to *tread a measure*.

† *Les quanto*] *Qy* "*Les quanto*?" M<sup>r</sup> Collier (*Shakespeare Soc Papers*, i 28), quotes, from Rawlinson's MS No 108, Bodl Lib, a list of dances among which is "*Quarto dispyne*", while M<sup>r</sup> Halliwell (*Dut of Arch and Prov Words*) gives, from the same MS, "*Quanto-dispyne*"—In Munday's *Banquet of Dainty Concoits*, 1553 is

"A Dittie expressing a familiar controversie between Wit and Will wherein Wit mildly rebuketh the follies of Will, and sheweth him (as in a glasse) the full of wifull heels

"This Dittie may be sung after the note of a courtlike daunce, called *Les Quanto*"

‡ *the brawl*] Reed has a long unnecessary note here the figure of this dance is no where so minutely described as in Guerrino's next speech

§ *doubles*] The first 4to "double"

heavy, would sleep bade\* me walk off, for that the strength of fantasy oft mado him talk† in his dreams. I straight obeyed, nor never‡ saw him since but whic'esoe'er he is, he's sad.

*Aur* Music, sound high, as is our heart' sound high!

*Enter MALEYOLF, and PIETRO disguised like an Hermit*

*Mal* The duke,—peace!—the duke is dead

*Aur* Music!

*Mal* Is't music?

*Men* Give proof

*Fer* How!

*Celso* Where?

*Prep* When?

*Mal* Rest in peace, as the duke does, quietly sit for my own part, I beheld him but dead, that's all marry, here's one can give you a more particular account of him.

*Men* Speak, holy father, nor let any brow Within this presence fright thee from the truth Speak confidently and freely

*Aur* We attend

*Pietro* Now had the mounting sun's all ripening wings Swept the cold sweat of night from earth's dank breast,

When I, whom men call Hermit of the Rock, Forsook my cell, and clamber'd up a cliff, Against whose base the heady Neptune dash'd His high curl'd brows, there 'twas I eas'd my limbs

When, lo! my entrails melted with the morn Some one, who far 'bove me was clumb'd, did make—

I shall offend

*Men* Not.

*Aur* On

*Pietro* Methinks I hear him yet —'O female futh!

Go sow the ungrateful sand, and love a woman And do I live to be the scoff of men? To be the § wittol cuckold, even to hug My poison! Thou knowest, O truth! Sooner hard steel will melt with southern wind, A seaman's whistle calm the ocean, A town on fire be extinct with tears, Than women, vow'd to blushless impudence,

\* *bade*] The second 4to "bid"

† *talk*] The first 4to "talking"

‡ *nor never*] The second 4to "nor euer" but the double negative was formerly very common

§ *the*] The first 4to "their"

With sweet behaviour and soft minioning\* Will turn from that where appetite is fix'd O powerful blood! how thou dost slave their soul!

I wash'd an Ethnop, who, for recompense, Sullied my name and must I, then, be forc'd To walk, to live thus black? must! must! fie! He that can bear with must, he cannot die With that, he sigh'd so † passionately deep, That the dull air even groan'd at last he cries, 'Sink shame in seas, sink deep enough' ‡ so dies, For then I view'd his body fall, and souce ‡ Into the foamy main O, then I saw, That which methinks I see, it was the duke, Whom straight the nicer stomach'd sea belch'd up But then—

*Mal* Then came I in, but, 'tis, all was too late!

For even straight he sunk

*Pietro* Such was the duke's sad fate

*Celso* A better fortune to our Duke Mendoza!

*Omnes* Mendoza! [*Cornets flourish*]

*Men* A guard, a guard!

*Enter a Guard*

We, full of hearty tears

For our good father's loss, (For so we well may call him Who did beseech your loves for our succession,) Cannot so lightly over jump his death As leave his woes revengeless—Woman of shame,

[*Is ALPHEA*]

We banish thee for ever to the place From whence this good man comes, nor permit,

\* *minioning*] "I.e. being treated as a minion or darling —*Steevens* In the first edition of Dodsley's *Old Plays*, the note by Gilechrist on this word and the quotation from Burton, are altogether 'from the purpose' † *so*] The second 4to "too"

‡ *souce*] From the occurrence of the word, I take the opportunity of noticing that the late excellent editor of Ben Jonson has, I think, unfortunately adopted it, in the following passage of *The Devil is an ass* "Madam, this young Wittipol

Would have debauch'd my wife, and made me cuckold thorough a casement, he did fly her home To mine own window but, I think, I *souce* d him, And rivell'd her away out of his pounces"

"All the copies of the folio which I have examined," says Mr Gifford, "read *sou'd*, of which I can make nothing but *sought* or *sow'd* and I prefer the latter Whalley reads *sought* but he evidently had not consulted the old copy"—Gifford's *Ben Jonson*, vol. v p. 126

*Sou'd* is nothing more than a variety in the spelling of *shu'd* to *shu* is to scare away a bird See Cotgrave in v "chou," Tim Bobbin's *Lancashire Dialect*, and Jamieson's *Scottish Dictionary* in v "shu"

That such is the meaning of the word in Ben Jonson is plain from the rest of the passage where it occurs, "fly her home," and "out of his pounces"

On death, unto thy \* body any ornament,  
But, base as was thy life, depart away

*Aur* Ungrateful!

*Men* Away!

*Aur* Villain, hear me!

*Men* Be gone!

[*PURFASIO and GUFRINO lead away AURELIA guarded*]

My lords,  
Address to public council, 'tis most fit  
The train of fortune is borne up by wit  
Away! our presence shall be sudden, haste  
[*All depart, except MENDOZA, MALVOLF, and PIETRO*]

*Mal* Now, you egregious devil! ha, ye murdering politician! how dost, duke? how dost look now? brave duke, I faith!

*Men* How did you kill him?

*Mal* Slatted † his brains out, then soused him in the briny sea

*Men* Blamed him, and drowned him too?

*Mal* O, 'twas best, sure work, for he that strikes a great man, let him strike home, or else woe, he'll prove no man shouldst not a huge fellow, unless you may be sure to lay him in the kennel

*Men* A most sound brain pan! I'll make you both emperors

*Mal* Make us Christians, make us Christians

*Men* I'll hoist ye, ye shall mount

*Mal* To the gallows, say ye † come † *premium incertum petit centum scelus* § How stands the progress?

*Men* Here, take my ring unto the citadel,

[*Giving ring*]

I've entrance to Maria, the grave duchess  
Of banish'd Altosfront Tell her we love her,  
Omit no circumstance to grace our person do't

*Mal* I'll make an excellent pander duke,  
farewell, 'dieu, adieu, duke

*Men* Take Maquerelle with thee, for 'tis found

None cuts a diamond but a diamond

[*Exit MALVOLF*]

Hermit,

Thou art a man for me, my confessor  
O thou selected spirit, born for my good!  
Sure thou wouldst make

\* *thy*] Both 4tos "the"

† *Slatted*] "10 dashed It is a North country word See Ray's *Collection of English words* p 54, ed 1768"—*Reed*

‡ *come*] The first 4to "O & me."

§ *premium incertum, &c*]

"premium incertum petis, Cortum scelus" *Seneca*,—*Phen* 632

|| *FU*] The first 4to "Iste"

An excellent elder in a deform'd church  
Come, we must be inward, \* thou and I all one.

*Pietro* I am glad I was ordained for ye

*Men* Go to, then, thou must know that Malevole is a strange villain, dangerous, very dangerous you see how broad 'a speaks, a gross jawed rogue I would have thee poison him he's like a corn upon my greet toe, I cannot go for him, he must be cored out, he must Wilt do't, ha?

*Pietro* Any thing, any thing

*Men* Heart of my life! thus, then To the citadel

Thou shalt consort with this Malevole,  
There being at supper, poison him it shall be laid  
Upon Maria, who yields love or dies  
Send † quick

*Pietro* Like lightning good deeds crawl, but mischief flies [Exit

*Re enter MALVOLF*

*Mal* Your devilship's ring has no virtue the buff captain, the sallow Westphalian gammon-faced raza cries, "Stand out," must have a stiffer warrant, or no pass into the castle of comfort

*Men* Command our sudden letter—Not enter! sha't what place is there in Genoa but thou shalt? into my heart, into my very heart come, let's love, we must love, we two, soul and body

*Mal* How didst like the hermit? a strange hermit, sirrah

*Men* A dangerous fellow, very perilous He must die

*Mal* Ay, he must die

*Men* Thou'st † kill him We are wise, we must be wise

*Mal* And provident

*Men* Yea, provident beware an hypocrite, A church man once corrupted, O, avoid!

A fellow that makes religion his stalking horse, § He breeds a plague thou shalt poison him

*Mal* O, 'tis wondrous necessary how?

*Men* You both go jointly to the citadel,

\* *inward*] 10 intimate

† *Send, &c*] The second 4to,

"Send quick like lightning"

*Pie* Good deeds crawl, but mischief flies "

‡ *Thou'st*] A contraction of "Thou must"

§ *stalking horse*] "The stalking horse was one either real or fictitious, by which the fowls anciently sheltered himself from the sight of the game See Steevens's note on *Much ado about Nothing*, act ii sc 3"—*Reed*

"In the margin at this place [only in the second 4to], the words "shoots under his belly" are inserted, which is merely an explanation of the manner in which a corrupted churchman makes religion his *stalking horse*, viz by shooting at his object under its belly"—*Collier*



There sup, there poison him and Maria,  
Because she is our opposite, shall bear  
The sad suspect, on which she dies or loves us

*Mal* I run

[*Exit*]

*Men* We that are great, our solo self good still  
moves us

They shall die both, for their deserts crave more  
Than we can recompense then presence still  
Imbruids\* our fortunes with beholdingness,†  
Which we abhor, like deed, not doer then con-  
clude,

They live not to cry out "Ingratitude!"  
One stick burns t'other, steel cuts steel alone  
'Tis good trust few, but, O, 'tis best trust none!

[*Exit*]

### SCENE II ‡

*Enter MATTHEW and PIETRO, still disguised, at several  
doors*

*Mal* How do you? how dost, duke?

*Pietro* O, let

The last day fall! drop, drop on § our curs'd heads!  
Let heaven undasp itself, vomit forth flames!

*Mal* O do not rave,|| do not turn ployer,  
there's more of them than can well live one by  
another already. What, art an infidel still?

*Pietro* I am amaz'd, ¶ struck in a swoon with  
wonder

I am commanded to poison thee—

*Mal* I am commanded to poison thee at  
supper—

*Pietro* At supper—

*Mal* In the citadel—

*Pietro* In the citadel

*Mal* Cross cups! tricks! truth o' heaven!  
lie\*\* would discharge us as boys do elder††-guns,  
one pellet to strike out another. Of what futh  
art now?

*Pietro* All is damnation, wickedness extreme  
There is no futh in man

*Mal* In none but usurers and brokers, they  
deceive no man men take 'em for blood-suckers,  
and so they are. Now, God deliver me from my  
friends!

\* *Imbruids*] i.e. upbraids

† *Beholdingness*] "The state of being beholden."—  
*Steevens*

‡ *Scene II*] The court of the palace

§ *on*] The first 4to "on"

|| *rave*] The second 4to "rind"

¶ *amaz'd*] The first 4to "mazed"

\*\* *he*] Not in the first 4to

†† *elder*] The second 4to "elders"

*Pietro* Thy friends!

*Mal* Yes, from my friends, for from mine  
enemies I'll deliver myself. O cut-throat friend-  
ship is the rankest villany! Mark this Mendoza,  
mark him for a villain but heaven will send a  
plague upon him for a rogue

*Pietro* O world!

*Mal* Would! 'tis the only region of death, the  
greatest shop of the devil, the cruellest prison of  
men, out of the which none pass without paying  
then dearest breath for a fee, there's nothing  
perfect in it but extreme, extreme calamity, such  
as comes yonder

*Enter ADRIANA two halberts before and two after, supported  
by CESAR and FERRANDO, ADRIANA in base mourning  
attire*

*Adriana* To banishment! lead\* on to banishment!

*Pietro* Lady, the blessedness of repentance to  
you!

*Adriana* Why, why, I can desire nothing but  
death,

Not deserve any thing but hell

If heaven should give sufficiency of grief

To clear my soul, it would make heaven graceless

My sins would make the stock of mercy poor,

O, they would tire† heaven's goodness to reclaim  
them!

Judgment is just yet from that vast villain,‡

But, sure, he shall not miss sad punishment

'Fore § he shall rule—On to my cell of shame!

*Pietro* My cell 'tis, lady, where, instead of  
masks,

Music, tilts, tomneys, and such court like shows,

The hollow murmur of the checkless winds

Shall grow again, whilst the unquiet sea

Shakes the whole rock with foamy battery

There usherless the air comes in and out

The rheumy vault will force your eyes to weep,

Whilst you behold true desolation

A rocky barrenness shall pain|| your eyes,

Where all at once one reaches where he stands,

With brows the roof, both walls with both his  
hands

*Adriana* It is too good—Bless'd spirit of my lord,  
O, in what orb so'er thy soul is thron'd,

\* *lead*] The old eds "let" and "lidle"

† *tire*] The first 4to "try"

‡ *Judgment is just yet from that vast villain*] If the text  
be right *Adriana* means "My doom is just, though it be  
passed by that villain Mendoza" *Dodsley*, however,  
reads

"Judgment is just, yet for that vast villain,

Be sure he shall not miss," &c.

§ *'Fore*] The first 4to "For"

|| *pain*] The second 4to "pierce"

Behold me worthily most miserable !  
O, let the anguish of my contrite spirit  
Entreat some reconciliation !  
If not, O, joy, triumph in my just grief !  
Death is the end of woes and to us' relief

*Pietro* Behold your lord not lov'd you, was unkind  
*Ant* O heaven !

As the soul loves\* the body, so lov'd he  
'Tis death to him to part my presence, heaven  
To see me pleas'd

Yet I, like to a wretch given over to hell,  
Bike all the sacred rites of marriage,  
To clip † a base ungentle fustless villain,  
O God ! a very pagan reprobate—  
What should I say ? ungrateful, throws me out,  
For whom I lost soul, body, fame, and honour  
But 'tis most fit why should a better fate  
Attend on any who forsake chaste sheets,  
Ily the embrace of a devoted heart,  
Join'd by a solemn vow ‡ fore God and man,  
To taste the blackish flood § of beastly lust  
In an adulterous touch ! O venous modesty !  
Insatiate iniquity of appetite !  
Look, here's your end, for mark what's up in distress  
What good in sin, & even so much love in lust  
Joy to thy ghost, sweet lord ! pardon to me !

*Alto* 'Tis the duke's pleasure this night you  
rest in court

*Antonia* Soul, lurk in shades, run, shame, from  
brightsome skies

In night the blind man misseeth not his eyes

[*Exit with Cyprio, I EPIVINDO and half ris*]

*Mal* Do not weep, kind cuckold take comfort,  
man, thy betters have been luckless Agamemnon,  
emperor of all the merry Greeks, that tickled all  
the fine Trojans, was a cornuto, Prince Arthur  
that cut off twelve kings' heads, was a cornuto,  
Hercules, whose back bore up heaven and got  
forty wenches with child in one night,—

*Pietro* Nay, 'twas fifty

*Mal* Futh, forty's enow, o' conscience,—yet  
was a cornuto Patience, mischief grows proud  
he wise

*Pietro* Thou pinchest too deep, art too keen  
upon me

*Mal* Tut, a pitiful surgeon makes a dangerous  
sore I'll tent thee to the ground Thinkest I'll  
sustain myself by flattering thee, because thou art  
a prince ? I had rather follow a drunkard, and live  
by licking up his vomit, than by servile flattery

\* *loves* Both 4tos "loved"

† *clip* i.e. embrace ‡ *fool* Both 4tos "bloud"

§ *What good in sin, &c* Both 4tos. "What sinne in  
good," &c

*Pietro* Yet great men ha' done 't

*Mal* Great slaves fear better than love, born  
naturally for a coal basket,\* though the common  
usher of princes' presence, Fortune, ha't blindly  
given them better place I am vow'd to be thy  
affliction

*Pietro* Fustice, be,

I love much misery, and be thou son to me

*Mal* Because you are an usurping duke —

[*Enter Brucio*]

Your lordship's well returned from ‡ Florence

*Mal* Well returned, I praise my horse

*Mal* What news from the Florentines ?

*Mal* I will conceal the great duke's pleasure,  
only this was his charge his pleasure is, that his  
daughter die Duke Pietro be banished for ban-  
ishing his blood's dishonour, and that Duke  
Altofront be accepted This is all but I hear  
Duke Pietro is dead

*Mal* Ay, and Mendoza is duke what wilt  
you do ?

*Mal* Is Mendoza strongest ?

*Mal* Yet he is

*Mal* Then wilt I'll hold with him

*Mal* But if that Altofront should turn straight  
again ?

*Mal* Why, then, I would turn straight again  
'Tis good run still with him that has most might  
I had rather stand with wrong, than fall with right

"*Mal* What religion will you be of now ?

"*Mal* Of the duke's religion, when I know what  
it is

"*Mal* O Hercules !

"*Mal* Hercules ! Hercules was the son of Jupiter  
and Alcmena

"*Mal* Your lordship is a very wit all

"*Mal* Wit all

"*Mal* Ay, all wit

"*Mal* Amphitrivo was a cuckold "

*Mal* Your lordship swears, your young lady  
will get you a cloth for your old worship's brows  
[*Exit Brucio*] Here's a fellow to be damned  
this is his inviolable maxim,—flatter the greatest  
and oppress the least a whoremonger flesh fly, that  
still gnaws upon the lean gilled backs

*Pietro* Why dost, then, salute him ?

*Mal* Futh, & is bows go to church, for fashion  
sake Come, be not confounded, thou art but

\* *born naturally for a coal basket* [ In great families the  
carriers of coals were the lowest of all drudges hence  
to carry coals meant to submit to insults

† *ha* The second 4to "hath"

‡ *from* The first 4to "for"

§ *Fustice* The second 4to "Judith"

in danger to lose a dukedom. Think this — this earth is the only grave and Golgotha wherein all things that live must rot, 'tis but the draught wherein the heavenly bodies discharge their corruption, the very muck-hill on which the sublunary arts cast their excrements: man is the slime of this dung-pit, and princes are the governors of these men, for, for our souls, they are as free as emperors, all of one piece, there \* goes but a pair of shears betwixt in emperor and the son of a beggar, only the dining, dressing, pressing, glossing, makes the difference. Now, what art thou like to lose?

A greater office to keep men in bonds,  
Whilst toil and treason all life's good confounds.

*Pietro* I here renounce for ever regency  
O Alfofront, I wrong thee to supplicate thy right,  
To trip thy heels up with a devilish sleight.  
For which I now from thence am thrown world-  
tricks abjure,

For vengeance though't it comes slow, yet it comes  
sure

O, I am chang'd! for here, for the dread power,  
In true contention, I do dedicate  
My breath to solitary holiness,

My lips to prayer, and my breast's care shall be,  
Restoring Alfofront to regency

*Mal* Thy vows are heard, and we accept thy  
faith [Undisguiseth himself

*Re-enter BERNES and CELSO*

Baulish amazement comes, we four must stand  
Full shock of fortune: be not so wonder-stricken

*Pietro* Doth Fernese live?

*Fer* For your pardon

*Pietro* Pardon and love. Give leave to recollect  
My thoughts dispers'd in wild astonishment.  
My vows stand fix'd in heaven, and from hence  
I crave all love and pardon

*Mal* Who doubts of providence,  
That sees this change? a hearty faith to all!  
He needs must rise who \* can no lower fall  
For still impetuous vicissitude  
Tosseth† the world, then let no muzzo intrude  
Upon your spirits: wonder not I rise,  
For who can sink that close can temporise?  
The time grows ripe for action: I'll detect  
My private plot, lest ignorance fear suspect  
Let's close to counsel, leave the rest to fate  
Mature discretion is the life of state [Exeunt

## ACT V

### SCENE I ‡

*Enter BILIOSO and PASSARELLO*

*Bil* Fool, how dost thou like my calf in a  
long stocking?

*Pass* An excellent calf, my lord

*Bil* This calf hath been a traveller this twenty  
year. When Monsieur Gundi lay here and  
"br-sider, I could have carried a lady up and  
"down at him's end in a platter, and I can  
"tell you, there were those at that time who, to  
"try the strength of a man's back and his arm,  
"would be coistered §. I have measured calves

\* there goes but a pair of shears, &c.] i.e. they are both  
of the same piece. The same expression is in [Shake-  
speare:] *Measure for Measure*, act 1 sc. 2 — *Reed*

† though†] The first 4to "thout"

‡ Scene I.] A room in the palace

§ coistered.] The meaning of this passage is plain  
enough without an explanation. The word coistered I  
have not found in any ancient writer, but it seems to be  
derived from the French word *cousser*, incommode, faire  
de la peine, or perhaps *coiter*, pressor, exciter. See  
Lacombe's *Dictionnaire du vieux langage Francois*, 1707.  
— *Reed* Nares (in his *Gloss*) says that coistered "seems  
to mean coiled up into a small compass"

"with most of the palace, and they come nothing  
"near me: besides, I think there be not many  
"armours in the arsenal will fit me, especially for  
"the head-piece. I'll tell thee—

*Pass* What, my lord?

*Bil* I can eat stewed broth as it comes  
"scething off the fire, or a custard as it comes  
"recking out of the oven, and I think there are  
"not many lords can do it. A good pomander,†  
"a little decayed in the scent, but six grains of  
"musk, ground with rose water, and tempered  
"with a little civet, shall fetch her again  
"presently

*Pass* O, ay, as a bawd with aqua vitae

*Bil* And, what, dost thou rail upon the  
"ladies as thou wert wont?

\* who] Omitted in the second 4to

† Towneth] The first 4to "Looneth"

‡ pomander] Perfumed paste, generally rolled into a  
ball, but sometimes moulded into other forms. It was  
carried in the pocket, or hung about the neck, and was  
considered a preservative against infection. A silver case  
filled with perfumes was sometimes called a pomander —  
Something seems to have dropped out of the text here

"*Pass* I woe better roast a live cat, and might  
"do it with more safety I am as secret to  
"them" as thou painting There's Maquerelle,  
"oldest bawd and a perpetual beggar—did you  
"never hear of her trick to be known in the city?"

"*Bil* Never

"*Pass* Why, she gets all the picture-makers to  
"draw her picture, when they have done, she  
"most courtly finds fault with them one after  
"another, and never fetcheth them they, in  
"revenge of this, execute her in pictures as they  
"do in Germany, and hang her in their shops  
"by this means is she better known to the  
"stinkards than if she had been five times  
"catted

"*Bil* 'Fore God, an excellent policy

"*Pass* Are there any revels to-night, my lord?

"*Bil* Yes

"*Pass* Good my lord, give me leave to brek  
"a fellow's pate that hath abused me

"*Bil* Whose pate?

"*Pass* Young heirudo, my lord

"*Bil* Take heed, he's very valiant, I have  
"known him fight eight quarrels in five days,  
"believe it

"*Pass* O, is he so great a quarreller? why,  
"then, he's an arrunt coward

"*Bil* How prove you that?

"*Pass* Why, thus Ho that quarrels seeks to  
"fight, and he that seeks to fight seeks to die,  
"and he that seeks to die seeks never to fight  
"more, and he that will quarrel, and seeks means  
"never to answer a man more, I think he's a  
"coward

"*Bil* Thou canst prove any thing

"*Pass* Any thing but a rich knave, for I can  
"flatter no man

"*Bil* Well, be not drunk, good fool I shall  
"see you anon in the presence" [*Exeunt*]

## SCENE II †

*Enter, from opposite sides, MAYEVOL and MAQUERELLE,  
singing*

*Mal* The Dutchman for a drunkard,—

*Maq* The Dane for golden locks,—

*Mal* The Irishman for usquebaugh,—

*Maq* The Frenchman for the pox

*Mal* O, thou art a blessed creature! had I a  
modest woman to conceal, I would put her to

\* them | The old ed "thicus"—Dodsley substituted  
"ladies"

† Scene II | Before the citadel

thy custody, for no reasonable creature would  
ever suspect her to be in thy company ah, thou  
art a melodious Maquerelle,—thou picture of a  
woman, and substance of a beast!

"*Fater* PASSAHELLO with wine

"*Maq* O fool, will ye be ready anon to go with  
"me to the revels? the hall will be so pestered"

"anon

"*Pass* Ay, as the country is with attorneys

"*Mal* What hast thou there, fool?

"*Pass* Wine, I have learned to drink since I  
"went with my lord ambassador I'll drink to  
"the health of Madam Maquerelle

"*Mal* Why, thou wast wont to rail upon her

"*Pass* Ay, but since I borrowed money of  
"her, I'll drink to her health now, as gentlemen  
"visit brokers, or as knights send venison to the  
"city, either to take up more money, or to  
"procure longer forbearance

"*Mal* Give me the bowl I drink a health to  
"Altofont, our deposed duke [*Drinks*]

"*Pass* I'll take it [*Drinks*]—so Now I'll  
"begin a health to Madam Maquerelle [*Drinks*]

"*Mal* 'Pooh! I will not pledge her

"*Pass* Why, I pledged your lord

"*Mal* I care not

"*Pass* Not pledge Madam Maquerelle! why,  
"then, will I spew up your lord again with this  
"fool's finger

"*Mal* Hold, I'll take it [*Drinks*]

"*Maq* Now thou hast drunk my health, fool,  
"I am friends with thee

"*Pass* Ait? ait?

"When Griffon † saw the reconciled quean

"Offering about his neck her arms to cast,

"He threw off sword and heart's malignant  
"stream,

"And lovely her below the loins embrac'd—

"Adieu, Madam Maquerelle" [*Exit*]

*Mal* And how dost thou think o' this transfor-  
mation of state now?

*Maq* Verily, ‡ very well, for we women always  
note, the falling of the one is the rising of the  
other, some must be fat, some must be lean,  
some must be fools, and some must be lords,  
some must be knaves, and some must be officers,  
some must be beggars, some must be knights,  
some must be cockolds, and some must be

\* pestered] i.e. crowded

† When Griffon, &c.] "Griffon is one of the heroes of  
*Orlando Furioso*, from whence one might suspect these  
lines to be taken I do not, however, find them there"—  
*Reed*

‡ Verily] The first 4to "Verie"

citizens As for example, I have two court dogs, most\* fawning curs, the one called Watch, the other Catch now I, like Lady Fortune sometimes love this dog sometimes raise† that dog, sometimes favour Watch, most commonly fancy Catch Now, that dog which I favour I feed, and he's so ravenous, that what I give he never chaws it, gulps it down whole, without any relish of what he has, but with a greedy expectation of what he shall have The other dog now—

*Mal* No more dog, sweet Miquerielle, no more dog And what hope'st thou of the Duchess Maria? will she stoop to the duke's lure? will she come ‡ thoukest?

*Maq* Let me see, where's the sign now? he's got a calendar? where's the sign, now you?

*Mal* Sign? why, is there any moment in that?

*Maq* O, believe me, a most secret power look ye, a Chaldean or an Assyrian, I am sure 'twas a most sweet Jew, told me, comit any woman in the right sign you shall not miss But you must take her in the right ven then, as, when the sign is in Pisces, a fishmonger's wife is very sociable, in Cancer, a physician's wife is very flexible, in Capricorn, a merchant's wife hardly holds out, in Libra, a lawyer's wife is very tractable, especially if her husband be at the term, only in Scorpio 'tis very dangerous meddling If the duke sent any jewel, any rich stones?

*Mal* Ay, I think those are the best signs to take a lady in

*Enter Captain*

By your favour, signor, I must discourse with the Lady Maria, Altofront's duchess, I must enter for the duke

*Capt* She here shall give you interview I received the garrison of this citadel from the good Altofront, and for his use I'll keep't, till I am of no use

*Mal* Wilt thou? O heaven,§ that a Christian should be found in a buff jerkin! Captain Conscience, I love thee, captain We attend

*[Exit Captain]*

And what hope hast thou of this duchess' easiness?

*Maq* 'Twill go hard, she was a cold creature

ever, she hated monkeys, fools, jesters, and gentlemen-ushers extremely, she had the vile trick on't, not only to be truly modestly honourable in her own conscience, but she would avoid the least wanton carriage that might incur suspect, as, God bless me, she had almost brought bed pressing out of fashion, I could scarce get a fine for the lease of a lady's favour once in a fortnight

*Mal* Now, in the name of immodesty, how many maidenheads hast thou brought to the block?

*Maq* Let me see heaven forgive us our misdeeds!—Here's the duchess

*Enter Maria with Captain*

*Mal* God bless thee, lady!

*Maria* Out of thy company!

*Mal* We have brought thee tender of a husband

*Maria* I hope I have one already

*Maq* Nay, by mine honour, madam, as good he's never a husband as a banished husband, he's in another world now I'll tell ye, lady, I have heard of a sect that maintained, when the husband was asleep the wife might lawfully entertain another man, for then her husband was as dead, much more when he is banished

*Maria* Unhonest creature!

*Maq* Pish, honesty is but an art to seem so Pray ye, what's honesty, what's constancy, but fables fawn'd, odd old fools chat, devised by jealous fools\* to wrong our liberty?

*Mal* Mollie, he that loves thee is a duke, Mendoza, he will maintain thee royally, love thee ardently, defend thee powerfully, marry thee sumptuously, and keep thee, in despite of Rosenclear or Donzel del Phoebo† There's jewels if thou wilt, so, if not, so

*Maria* Captain, for God's love,‡ save poor wretchedness

From tyranny of lustful insolence! Enforce me in the deepest dungeon dwell, Rather than here, here round about is hell—O my dear'st Altofront! where'er thou breathe, Let my soul sink into the shades beneath, Before I stain thine honour! 'tis§ thou has't, And long as I can die, I will live chaste

*Mal* 'Gainst him that can enforce how vain is strife!

\* most] The second 4to "the most"

† raise] The first 4to "rouse"

‡ come] so yield to his wishes The second 4to has, by a misprint, "come," in consequence of which Doddsley and the other editors of this play read "come!"

§ heaven] The second 4to "heavens"

\* fools] Qy "souls"?

† Rosenclear or Donzel del Phoebo] "See *The Mirror of Knighthood*"—Steevens

‡ love] The second 4to "sake"

§ 'tis] The second 4to "this"

*María* She that can be enforc'd has no'er a knife

She that through force her limbs with lust emolls,  
Wants Cleopatra's asps and Portia's coals  
God amend you! [Exit with Captain]

*Mal* Now, the fear of the devil for ever go with thee!—Maquerello, I tell thee, I have found an honest woman—faith, I perceive, when all is done, there is of women, as of all other things, some good, most bad, some saints, some sinners for as now-a-days no comiter but has his mistress, no captain but has his cockatrice,\* no cuckold but has his horns, and no fool but has his feather, even so, no woman but has her weakness and feather too, no sex but has his—I can hunt the letter no farther—[Aside] O God, how loathsome this toying is to me! that a duke should be forced to fool it! well, *stultorum plena sunt omnia* † better pay the fool lord than be the fool lord—Now, where's your slights, Madam Mupercille?

*Maq* Why, are ye ignorant that 'tis such a squeamish affected niceness is natural to women, and that the excuse of their judding is only, forsooth, the difficult obtaining? You must put her to it—women use flax, and will fire in a moment

*Mal* Why, was [not] the flax put into thy mouth, and yet thou, thou set fire, thou inflame her!

*Maq* Muir, but I'll tell ye now, you were too hot

*Mal* The fitter to have inflamed the flax, woman

*Maq* You were too boisterous, spleeny, for, indeed—

*Mal* Go, go, thou art a weak pandress now I see,

Sooner earth's fire heaven itself shall waste,  
Thine all with heat can melt a mind that chaste  
Go thou the duke's lime twig! I'll make the duke turn thee out of thine office—what, not get one touch of hope, and had her at such advantage!

*Maq* Now, o my conscience, now I think in my discretion, we did not take her in the right sign, the blood was not in the true vein, sure [Exit]

"Enter BILIOSO

"*Bil* Make way there! the duke returns from the enthronement—Malevole,—

"*Mal* Ont, rogue!

"*Bil* Malevole,—

\* *cockatrice*] A cant name for a prostitute

† *stultorum plena*, &c.] Cicero,—*Epist. ad Fam.* ix. 22

"*Mal* Hence, ye gross jawed, peasantly—out, go!"

"*Bil* Nay, sweet Malevole, since my return I hear you are become the thing I always prophesied would be,—an advanced virtue, a worthily employed faithfulness, a man o' grace, dear friend Como, what? *Si quoties peccant homines*†—if as often as courtiers play the knives, honest men should be angry—why, look ye, we must colloque‡ sometimes, forswear sometimes

"*Mal* Be damned sometimes

"*Bil* Right *nemo omnibus horis sapit*, no man can be honest at all hours—necessity often depraves virtue

"*Mal* I will commend thee to the duke

"*Bil* Do let us be friends, man

"*Mal* And knives, man

"*Bil* Right let us prosper and purchase § our lordships shall live, and our knavery be forgotten

"*Mal* He that by any ways gets riches, his means never shames|| him

"*Bil* True

"*Mal* For impudency and faithlessness are the man stays to graces

"*Bil* By the Lord thou art a profound lad

"*Mal* By the Lord, thou art a perfect knife—out, ye ancient dunnit on!"

"*Bil* Peace, peace! in thou wilt not be a friend to me as I am a knave, be not a knave to me as I am thy friend, and disclose me "Peace! cornets" \*\*

Enter PREPASSO and FERRARO, two Pages with lights, CILSO and LEVATO, MENDOZA in duke's robes, and GUERRINO

*Men* On, on, leave us, leave us

[Friend all except MALVOLE and MENDOZA

Stay, where is the hermit!

\* *Hence &c.*] A repetition of what Bilioso had said to Malevole, see p. 339

† *Si quoties peccant homines*] "*Si quoties homines peccant*," &c. Ovid,—*Trist.* ii. 33

‡ *colloque*] "In cant language the word *colloque* means to chatter.—*Reid* "To colloque *adulator*, *inblandor*." Colles's *Dict.* It properly means I believe, to confer, converse together, for some unlawful or deceitful purpose

§ *purchase*] to acquire riches See note †, p. 74  
|| *means never shames*] *Hic* (as frequently in our old writers), means is the singular

¶ *ancient dunnit*] See note †, p. 220

\*\* *cornets*] I should have thought that this word belonged to the immediately following stage direction, had I not afterwards (p. 359) found,

"—so, cornets, cornets!"

Re-enter PREPASSO, &c.

*Mal* With Duke Pietro, with Duke Pietro

*Men* Is he dead? is he poisoned?

*Mal* Dead, as the duke is

*Men* Good, excellent he will not blab,  
secreteness lives in secrecy Come hither, come  
hither

*Mal* Thou hast a certain strong villanous  
scent about thee my nature cannot endure

*Men* Scent, man! What returns Maria, what  
answer to our suit?

*Mal* Cold, frosty, she is obstinate.

*Men* Then she's but dead, 'tis resolute, she dies  
Black deed only through black deed\* safely flies

*Mal* Pooh! *per scelera semper sceleribus tutum  
est iter*†

*Men* What, art a scholar? art a politician?  
sure, thou art an arrant knave

*Mal* Who, ‡ I? I ha been twice an under  
sheriff, man 'Well, I will go rail upon some  
"great man, that I may purchase the bastinado,  
"or else go marry some rich Genoan lady, and  
"instantly go travel

"*Men* Travel, when thou art married?

"*Mal* Ay, 'tis your young lord's fashion to do  
"so, though he was so lazy, being a bachelor,  
"that he would never travel so far as the  
"university yet when he married her, tales off,  
"and, Celso, § for England?

"*Men* And why for England?

"*Mal* Because there is no brothel houses there

"*Men* Nor courtezans?

"*Mal* Neither, your whore went down with  
"the stews, and your punk came up with your  
"punitan"

*Men* Canst thou empoison? canst thou em-  
poison?

*Mal* Excellently, no Jew, pothecary, or poli-  
tician better Look ye, here's a box whom  
wouldst thou empoison? here's a box [*Giving  
it*], which, opened and the fume t'en|| up in  
conduits¶ thorough which the brain purges

\* *deed*] The first 4to "deeds"

† *per scelera, &c*] Seneca, — *Agam* 115

‡ *Mal* Who, I, &c.] There is some confusion in the  
second 4to at this place, it reads

"*Mal* Who, I? I have bene twice an under sherife,  
man

*Enter* MALEVOLE and MENDOZA

*MEVD* Hast bin with Maria?

*MAL* As your scruener to your waurer I have delt  
about taking of this commoditie, but shes could frosty  
well, I will go raile," &c

*Mr* Collier conjectures that perhaps when it was  
wished to shorten the performance, the scene began here  
§ *Calso*] See note \*, p 331

|| *ta'en*] The second 4to "taken"

¶ *conduits*] The second 4to "comodites"

itself, doth instantly for twelve hours' space bind  
up all show of life in a deep senseless sleep  
here's another [*Giving it*], which, being opened  
under the sleeper's nose, chokes all the pores\* of  
life, kills him suddenly

*Men* I'll try experiments, 'tis good not to be  
deceived — So, so, catso!

[*Sings to poison* MALEVOLE who falls

Who would fear that may destroy?

Death hath no teeth nor† tongue,

And he that's great, to him are‡ slaves,

Shame, murder, fame, and wrong —

*Celso*!

*Enter* CELSO

*Celso* My honour'd lord?

*Men* The good Malevole, that plann tongu'd man,  
Alas, is dead ou sudden, wondrous strangely!

He held in our esteem good place *Celso*,

See him buried, see him buried

*Celso* I shall observe ye

*Men* And, Celso, pithes, let it be thy care  
to-night

To have some pretty show, to solemnize  
Our high instalment, some music, maskery

We'll give full entertain unto Maria,

The duchess to the banish'd Altouffont

Thou shalt conduct her from the citadel

Unto the palace Think on some maskery

*Celso* Of what shape, sweet lord?

*Men* What§ shape! why, any quick doudfiction,

As some brave spirits of the Genoan dukes,

To come out of Elysium, forsooth,

Led in by Mercury, to gratulate

Our happy fortune, some such anything,

Some far fet trick good for ladies, || some stale toy

Or other, no matter, so't be of our devising

Do thou prepare't, 'tis but for fashion ¶ sake,

Fear not, it shall be grac'd, man, it shall take

*Celso* All service

*Men* All thanks, our hand shall not be close  
to thee farewell

[*Aside*] Now is my treachery secure, nor can we  
fall

Mischief that prospers, men do virtue call

\* *pores*] The second 4to "power"

† *nor*] The second 4to "or" (but our early writers  
often preferred using the former where we should now  
use the latter)

‡ *are*] The first 4to "one"

§ *What*] Both 4tos "Why"

|| *Some far fet truck good for ladies*] — far fet, i.e. far-  
fetched. — An allusion to the proverb, "Far fet is good for  
ladies" So in Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels*, act iv sc. 1  
"Marry, and this may be good for us ladies for it seems  
'tis far fet by their stay"

¶ *fashion*] The second 4to "a fashion"

I'll trust no man he that by tricks gets wreaths  
Keeps them with steel, no man securely breathes  
Out of's deserved rank\*, the crowd will mutter,  
"fool"

Who cannot bear with spite, he cannot rule  
The chiefest secret for a man of state  
Is, to live senseless of a strengthless hate [Exit

Mal [starting up] Death of the damned thief!  
I'll make one to the mask, thou shalt ha' some  
brave spirits of the antique dukes.

Cel My lord, what strange delusion?

Mal Most happy, dear Celso, poisoned with an  
empty box I'll give thee all anon my lady  
comes to court, there is a whirl of fits comes  
tumbling on, the castle's captain stands for me,  
the people pray for me, and the great leader of  
the just stands for me then courage, Celso,  
For no disastrous chance can ever move him  
That leaveth nothing but a God above him

[Exeunt

### SCENE III †

Enter BILIOSO and FERRASSO two Pages before them  
MAQUERELLE, BIANCA and EMILIA

Bil Make room there, room for the ladies!  
why, gentlemen, will not ye suffer the ladies to  
be entered in the great chamber? why, gillants!  
and you, sir, to drop your torch where the  
beauties must sit too!

Pie And there's a great fellow plays the  
knave, why dost not strike him?

Bil Let him play the knave, o' God's name,  
thinkest thou I have no more wit than to strike  
a great fellow?—The music! more lights!  
revelling scaffolds! do you hear! Let there  
be oaths enow ready at the door, swear out the  
devil himself Let's leave the ladies, and go see  
if the lords be ready for them

[Exeunt BILIOSO, FERRASSO and Pages

Mag And, by my troth, beauties, why do you  
not put you into the fashion? thus is 't stale out,  
you must come in fashion look ye, you must be  
all felt, felt and feather, a felt upon your bare  
hair ‡ look ye, these tiring things are justly out  
of request now and, do ye hear! you must wear  
falling-bands, you must come into the falling  
fashion there is such a deal o' punning these  
ruffs, when the fine clean fall is worth all and

\* Out of's deserved rank] The first 4to "Out of destined  
ranks", the second 4to "Out of deserved ruffles"

† Scene III] The presence chamber

‡ bare hair] The first 4to "head"

again, if you should chance to take a nap in the  
afternoon, your falling band requires no potting-  
stick\* to recover his form believe me, no fashion  
to the falling,† I say

Bian And is not Signior St. Andrew‡ a gallant  
fellow now,

Mag By my maidenhead, la, honour and he  
agree as well together as a satin suit and woollen  
stockings

Emilia But is not Marshal Make room, my  
servant in reversion, a proper gentleman?

Mag Yes, in reversion, as he had his office,  
as, in truth, he hath all things in reversion he  
has his mistress in reversion, his clothes in  
reversion, his wit in reversion, and, indeed, is a  
sutor to me for my dog in reversion but, in  
good verity, la, he is as proper a gentleman in  
reversion as—and, indeed, as fine a man as may  
be, having a red beard and a pair of waip't legs

Bian But, i'faith, I am most monstrously in  
love with Count Quidlibet in-quodlibet is he not  
a pretty, dapper, umdle|| gallant?

Mag He is even one of the most busy fingered  
lords, he will put the beauties to the squeak  
most hideously.

Re-enter BILIOSO

Bil Room! make a lane there! the duke is  
entering stand handsomely for beauty's sake,  
take up the ladies there! So, comets, comets!

Pe enter FERRASSO joins to BILIOSO, then enter two Pages  
with lights, FERRASSO MENDOSA, at the other door, two  
Pages with lights and the Captain leading in MARIA,  
MENDOSA meets MARIA, and cloath with her the rest fall  
back

Men Madam, with gentle ear receive my suit,  
A kingdom's safety should o'er-weigh slight rites,  
Marriage is merely nature's policy  
Then, since unless our royal beds be join'd,  
Danger and civil tumult frights the state,  
Be wise as you are fair, give way to fate

Maria What wouldst thou, thou affliction to  
our house?

\* potting stick] Generally written *potting stick*—a piece  
of stick or iron, or bone, with which the points of ruffs  
were adjusted

† A boy armed with a potting stick

Will dare to challenge Cutting Dick's

Kempe's *Nine days wonder*, 1600

‡ falling] The first 4to "falling band"

§ St. Andrew] The first 4to "St. Andrew Jacques"

¶ scarp] The second 4to "scarp"

|| umdle] The first 4to "umdle" As Maquerele  
immediately after terms him "busy fingered," "umdle"  
seems the right reading

¶ o'er-weigh] i.e. over-weigh



Thou even devil, 'twas thou that banishedst  
My truly noble lord !

*Men* I !

*Maria* Ay, by thy plots, by thy black stratagems

Twelve moons have suffered change since I beheld  
The loved presence of my dearest lord  
O thou far worse than death ! he puts but soul  
From a weak body, but thou soul from soul  
Discoverst, that which God's own hand did knit,  
Thou scant of honour, full of devilish wit !

*Men* We'll check your too intemperate lavishness

I can, and will

*Maria* What earnest ?

*Men* Go to, in banishment thy husband dies

*Maria* He ever is at home that's ever wise

*Men* You sh<sup>d</sup>\* neer meet more reason should  
love control

*Maria* Not meet !

She that derv loves, her love's still in her soul

*Men* You are but a woman, lady, you must yield

*Maria* O, give me, thou invited bashfulness,  
Thou only ornament of woman's modesty !

*Men* Modesty ! death, I'll torment thee

*Maria* Do, unto all torments, all afflictions try,  
I'll die my lord's as long as I can die

*Men* Thou obstinate thou shalt die — Captain,  
that lady's life

Is forfeited to justice — we have examined her,  
And we do find she hath empoisoned

The reverend hermit, therefore we command  
Severest custody — Nay, if you'll do's no good,  
You'll do's no harm — a tyrant's peace is blood

*Maria* O, thou art merciful, O generous devil,  
Rather by much let me condemned be

For a seeming murder than be damn'd for thee !

I'll mourn no more, come, gird my brow with

flowers

Revel and dance, soul, now thy wish thou hast,

Die like a bride, poor heart, thou shalt die chaste

*Enter AURELIA in mourning habit*

Life is a frost of cold felicity, —

*Aur* And death the thaw of all our vanity  
Was not in honest priest that wrote so ?

*Men* Who let her in ?

*Bil* Forbear !

*Pie* Forbear !

*Aur* Alas, calamity is every where  
Sad misery, despite your double doors,  
Will enter even in court

*Bil* Peace !

*Aur* I ha' done \*

*Bil* One word, — take heed !

*Aur* I ha' done

*Enter Mercury with loud music*

*Mer* Cyllenus Mercury, the god of ghosts,  
From gloomy shades that spread the lower coasts,  
Calls four high fann'd Genoun † dukes to come,  
And make this presence then Elysium,  
To pass away this high triumphal night  
With song and dances, court's more soft delight

*Aur* Are you god of ghosts ! I have a suit  
depending in hell betwixt me and my conscience,  
I would fain have thee help me to advocate

*Bil* Mercury shall be your lawyer, lady

*Aur* Nay, faith, Mercury has too good a vice  
to be a right lawyer

*Pie* Peace, forbear ! Mercury presents the mask

*Enter the king to the court, which playing, the mask  
into, MALVOLIO, PIETRO, FERneze, and CELSO in  
white robes, with clocks' accents upon trowsers, and  
protuberant and shaggy sounds under their robes*

*Men* Celso, Celso, count ‡ Muri for our love —  
Lady, be generous, yet grace

*Maria* With me, sir ?

[MALVOLIO takes MARIA to dance]

*Mal* Yes, more loved than my breath,  
With you I'll dance

*Maria* Why, then, you dance with death  
But, come, sir, I was ne'er more apt for's mirth  
Death gives eternity a glorious birth  
O, to die honour'd, who would fain to die !

*Mal* They die in fear who live in will my

*Men* Yes, believe him, lady, and be ruled by  
him

*Pietro* Madam, with me

[PIETRO takes AURELIA to dance]

*Aur* Wouldst, then, be miserable ?

*Pietro* I need not wish

*Aur* O, yet forbear my hand ! away ! fly ! fly !  
O, seek not her that only seeks to die !

*Pietro* Poor lovèd soul !

*Aur* What, wouldst court misery ?

*Pietro* Yes

*Aur* Sho'll come too soon — O my griev'd  
heart !

\* *I ha' done, &c* ] The old eds have, —

"*Aur* I ha' done, one word, take heed, I ha' done "

† *Genoun*] The first 4to "*Genoa* "

‡ *count*] The second 4to "*count* "

§ *for*] The second 4to "*to* "

\* *You sh<sup>d</sup>* ] A contraction of *you must* — so *thou sh<sup>d</sup>* is put  
for *thou must*, p. 351

† *Life is a frost of cold felicity*] This line is given to  
Aurelia in the second 4to

*Pietro* Lady, ha' done, ha' done  
Come,\* let us dance, be once from sorrow free  
*Aur* Art a sad man?

*Pietro* Yes, sweet

*Aur* 'Thon wo'll agree

[*FERNANDO* tells *MAQUIFFRE*, and *CRISOBIANO* a  
then the cornets sound the measure, one change,  
and rest

*For* [to *BIANCA*] Believe it, lady, shall I  
swear? let me enjoy you in private, and I'll  
marry you, by my soul

*Bian* I had rather you would swear by your  
body I think that would prove the more regarded  
oath with you

*Fer* I'll swear by them both, to please you

*Bian* O, damn them not both to please me,  
for God's sake!

*Fer* I'uth, sweet creature, let me enjoy you  
to night, and I'll marry you to-morrow to night  
by my troth, ha

*Maq* On his troth, ha! believe him not, that  
kind of cony catching is as stale as *San Oliver*  
*Anchoy's* perfumed jerkin promise of rich  
money by a young gallant, to bring a virgin lady  
into a fool's paradise make her a great woman  
and then cast her off,--tis as common and natural  
to a courtier, as jealousy to a citizen, gluttony to  
a puritan, wisdom to an idle man, pride to a tinker  
or an empty hand basket! to one of these six  
penny damnations of his troth, ha! believe him  
not, traps to catch pole cats

*Mal* [to *MARIA*] Keep your face constant, let  
no sudden passion  
Speak in your eyes

*Maria* O my Altofront!

*Pietro* [to *ALTOFRONT*] A tyrant's jealousies  
Are very nimble you receive it ill!

*Aur* My heart, though not my knees, doth  
Low as the earth, to thee [humbly fall,

*Mal* § Peace! next change, no words

*Maria* Speech to such, ay, O, what wilt thou do  
[*Cornets sound the measure over again which  
dances it, they unmask*

*Men* Malevole!

[*They environ MENDOZA, binding their pistols on him*

*Mal* No

*Men* Altofront! Duke Pietro!|| *Fernero*! ha!

*All* Duke Altofront! Duke Altofront!

[*Cornets, a flourish -- They seize upon MENDOZA*

*Men* Are we surpris'd? what strange delusions  
mock

Our senses? do I dream? or have I dreamt  
This two days' space? where am I?

*Mal* Where an arch villain is

*Men* O, lend me breath till I am fit to die! \*  
For peace with heaven, for your own souls' sake,  
Vouchsafe me life!

*Putro* Ignoble villain! whom neither heaven  
nor hell,

Goodness of God or man, could once make good!

*Mal* Bise, treacherous wretch! what grace  
canst thou expect,

That hast grown impudent in gracelessness?

*Men* O, life!

*Mal* Slave, take thy life

Went thou defended, though blood and wounds,  
The sternest honor of a civil fight,

Would I achieve thee, but prostrate at my feet,  
I scorn to hurt thee 'tis the heart of slaves

That deigns to triumph over peasants' graves,

For such thou art, since birth doth ne'er enroll

A man 'mong monarchs, but a glorious soul

"O, I have seen strange accidents of state!"

"The flatterer, like the ivy, clings to the oak,

"And waste it to the heart, just so continu'd,

"That the black act of sin itself not shun'd

"To be term'd countship

"O, they that are as great as be their sins,

"Let them remember that th' inconstant people

"Love many princes, & merely for their faces

"And outward shows, and they do covet more

"To have a sight of these than of their virtues

"Yet thus much let the great ones still conceive, §

"When they observe not heaven's unpos'd condi-  
tions,

"They are no kings,|| but forfeit their commissions

"*Maq* O good my lord, I have lived in the

"court this twenty years they that have been old

"courtiers, and come to live in the city, they are

"spited at, and thrust to the walls like apriocks,

"good my lord

"*But* My lord, I did know your lordship in

"this disguise, you heard me ever say, if Altofront

"did return, I would stand for him besides, 'twas

"your lordship's pleasure to call me wittol and

"cuckold you must not think, but that I knew

"you, I would have put it up so patiently"

\* *til I am fit to die*] The first 4to "to live til I am fit  
to dy"

† *clips*] 1 o ombrace

‡ *prince*] So my copy of the second 4to, that in the  
Gurlick collection, "men"

§ *conceive*] The old ed "conceale"

|| *kings*] So my copy of the second 4to, that in the  
Gurlick collection, "men"

\* *Come*] The first 4to "Come downe"

† *and*] Both 4tos "as"

‡ *hand basket*] Not in the first 4to

§ *MAL*] Both 4tos "Pietro"

|| *Putro*] The first 4to "Lorenzo"

*Mal* You o'er joy'd \* spirits, wipe your long  
wet eyes [To PIETRO and AURELIA  
Hence with this man [Kicks out MENDOZA] an  
eagle takes not flies.  
You to your vows [To PIETRO and AURELIA] and  
thou unto the suburbs † [To MAQUINIFFE.

\* o'er joy'd] The first 4 to ' are joy'd  
† the suburbs] "Where in most countries the stews are  
situated"—*Reed*

You to my worst friend I would hardly give,  
Thou art a perfect old knave [To BILIOSO] all-  
pleas'd live  
You two unto my breast [To CELSO and the  
Captain] thou to my heart [To MARIA  
"The rest of idle actors idly part"  
And as for me, I here assume my night,  
To which I hope all's pleas'd to all good night  
[Cornelia, a flourish Exeunt

### "AN IMPERFECT ODE, BEING BUT ONE STAFF,

"SPOKEN BY THE PROLOGUE.

"To wrest each hurtless thought to private sense  
"Is the foul use of ill bred impudence  
"Immodest censure now grows wild,  
"All over running  
"Let innocence be ne'er so chaste,  
"Yet at the last  
"She is defil'd  
"With too mee brain'd cunning

"O you of fainer soul,  
"Control  
"With an Herculean arm  
"This harm,  
"And once teach all old freedom of a pen,  
"Which still must write of fools, whilst't writes  
"of men!"

### "EPILOGUS

"Your modest silence, full of heedful stillness,  
"Makes me thus speak a voluntary illness  
"Is merely senseless, but unwilling error,  
"Such as proceeds from too rash youthful fervour,  
"May well be call'd a fault, but not a sin  
"Rivers take names from founts where they begin  
"Then let not too severe an eye peruse  
"The slighter brakes of our reformed Muse,\*  
"Who could herself herself of faults detect,  
"But that she knows 'tis easy to correct,

\* The slighter brakes of our reformed Muse] "I suppose  
by this expression is meant the uncultivated parts of our  
performance, brakes (i.e. furrows) commonly grow in ground  
that is never tilled or broken up.—*Stevens* Here  
"brakes" seems to mean—flaws, breaks See Mr Halli-  
well's *Dict of Arch and Prov Words*, sub "Brake"

"Though some men's labour troth, to err is fit,  
"As long as wisdom's not profess'd, but wit  
"Then till another's happier Muse appears,\*  
"Till his Thalia feast your learned ears,  
"To whose desertful lamps pleas'd fates impart  
"Art above nature, judgment above art,  
"Receive this piece, which hope nor fear yet  
"daunteth  
"He that knows most knows most how much he  
"wanteth!"

\* Then till another's happier Muse appears, &c.] An  
allusion to Ben Jonson see Gifford's *Memoirs* of that  
poet, p lxxii

## MONUMENTS OF HONOUR.

*Monuments of Honor* Derived from remarkable antiquity, and celebrated in the Honorable City of London at the sole munificent charge and expence of the Right Worthy and Worshipfull Fraternity of the Fountaine Merchant Taylors. Directed in their most affectionate love at the Confirmation of their Right Worthy Brother John Gore in the High Office of his Majesties Lieutenant over this his Royall Chamber. Expressing in a Magnificent Tryumph, all the Pageants Characters of Glory, Temples of Honor, beales a specious and goodly new Tryumph, as well particularly to the honor of the City as generally to the glory of this our Kingdome. Invented and written by John Webster Merchant-Taylor. Non norant huc monumenta mori. Printed at London by Nicholas Okes 1624 4to

TO THE  
RIGHT WORTHY DESERVER OF THIS SO NOBLE A CEREMONY THIS DAY CONFERRED  
UPON HIM, JOHN GORE, LORD MAYOR AND CHANCELLOR OF THE  
RENOWNED CITY OF LONDON

My worthy lord,

These presentments, which were intended principally for your honour, and for illustrating the worth of that worthy corporation whereof you are a member, come now humbly to kiss your lordship's hands, and to present the inventor of them to that service which my ability expressed in this may call me to, under your lordship's favour, to do you \* honour, and the city service in the quality of a scholar, assuring your lordship I shall never either to your ear or table press unmannerly or impertinently. My endeavours this way have received grace and allowance from your worthy brothers that were supervisors of the cost of these Triumphs, and my hope is, that they shall stand no less respected in your eye, nor undervalued in your worthy judgment which favours done to one born free of your company, and your servant, shall ever be acknowledged by him stands interested

To your lordship in all duty,

JOHN WEBSTER

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\* to do you] The old id "to you, do you."

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## MONUMENTS OF HONOUR.

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I could in this my preface, by as great light of learning as any formerly employed in this service can attain to, deliver to you the original and cause of all Triumphs, then excessive cost in the time of the Romans, I could like wise with so noble amplification make a survey of the worth and glory of the Triumphs of the precedent times in this honourable city of London, that, were my work of a bigger bulk, they should remain to all posterity. But both my per and ability this way are confined in too narrow a circle, nor have I space enough in this so short a volume to express only with rough lines and a faint shadow, as the painters' phrase is, first, the great care and alacrity of the right worshipful the Master and Warden, and the rest of the selected and industrious committees, both for the curious and judging election of the subject for the present spectacles, and next that the working or mechanic part of it might be answerable to the invention. Leaving, therefore, these worthy gentlemen to the embraces and thanks of the right honourable and worthy Pretor,\* and myself under the shadow of their crest, which is a safe one, for 'tis the Holy Lamb in the Sunbeams, I do present to all modest and indifferent judges these my present endeavours.

I fashioned, for the more amplifying the show upon the water, two eminent spectacles in manner of a Sea triumph. The first furnished with four persons in the front Oceanus and Thetis, behind them, Thamesis and Medway, the two rivers on whom the Lord Mayor extends his power as far as from Staines to Rochester. The other show is of a fair Terrestrial Globe, arched about, in convenient seats, with seven of our most famous navigators, as Sir Francis Drake, Sir John Hawkins, Sir Martin Froisher, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, Captain Thomas Cavendish,

Captain Christopher Carlisle, and Captain John Davis. The conceit of this device to be, that, in regard the two rivers pay due tribute of waters to the seas, Oceanus in grateful recompense returns the memory of these seven worthy captains, who have made England so famous in remotest parts of the world. These two spectacles, at my Lord Mayor's taking water at the Three Cranes, approaching my Lord's barge, after a peal of sea thunder from the other side the water, these speeches between Oceanus and Thetis follow.

### OCEANUS AND THETIS

#### *Thetis*

What brave sea music bids us welcome, hark!  
Sne, thus is Venice, and the day Saint Mark  
In which the Duke and Senators their course hold  
To wed our empire with a ring of gold

#### *Oceanus*

No, Thetis, you're mistaken we are led  
With infinite delight from the land's head  
In ken of goodly shipping and yon barge  
Venice had ne'er the like survey that ridge  
Of stately buildings which the river hem,  
And grace the silver stream as the stream them  
That beauteous seat is London, so much fam'd  
Where any navigable sea is nam'd,  
And in that bottom eminent merchants plac'd,  
As rich and venturous as ever grac'd  
Venice or Europe these two rivers here,  
Our followers, may tell you where we are,  
Thus Thamesis, that Medway, who are sent  
To you\* most worthy Pretor, to present  
Acknowledgement of duty ne'er shall err  
From Staines unto the ancient Rochester  
And now to grace their Triumph, in respect  
These pay us tribute, we are pleas'd to select

\* Pretor] i. e. Lord Mayor

\* you] The old ed. "you."

Soven worthy navigators out by name,  
 Seated beneath this Globe, whose ample fame  
 In the remotest part o' the earth is found,  
 And some of them have circled the globe round  
 These, you observe, are living in your eye,  
 And so they ought, for worthy men ne'er die,  
 Drake, Hawkins, Frobisher, Gilbert, brave knights,  
 That brought home gold and honour from sea  
 fights,  
 Ca'ndish, Carlisle, and Davis, and to these  
 So many worthies I could add at seas  
 Of this bold nation, it would envy strike  
 I the rest o' the world who cannot show the like  
 'Tis action values honour, as the flint  
 Look[s] black and feels like ice, yet from within't  
 There are struck sparks which to the darkest  
 nights  
 Yield quick and piercing food for several lights

*Thetis*

You have quicken'd well my memory, and now  
 Of this your grateful Triumph I allow  
 Honour looks clear, and spreads her beams at  
 large  
 From the grave Senate seated in that barge —  
 Rich lading swell your bottoms! a blest gale  
 I'll follow your ventures, that they never fail!  
 And may you live successively to wear  
 The joy of this day, each man his whole year!

This show, having tendered this service to my  
 Lord upon the water, is after to be conveyed  
 ashore, and in convenient place employed for  
 adorning the rest of the Triumph. After my  
 Lord Mayor's landing, and coming past Paul's  
 Church, there first attends for his honour, in Paul's  
 Church yard, a beautiful spectacle called the  
 Temple of Honour, the pillars of which are  
 bound about with roses and other beautiful  
 flowers, which shoot up to the adorning of  
 the King's Majesty's Arms on the top of the  
 Temple

In the highest seat a person representing Troy-  
 novant or the City, enthroned, in rich habiliments  
 beneath her, as admiring her peace and felicity,  
 sit five eminent cities, as Antwerp, Paris, Rome,  
 Venice, and Constantinople under these sit five  
 famous scholars and poets of this our kingdom,  
 as Sir Geoffrey Chaucer, the learned Gower, the  
 excellent John Lydgate, the sharp witted Sir  
 Thomas More, and last, as worthy both soldier  
 and scholar, Sir Philip Sidney,—these being  
 celebrators of honour, and the preservers both of

the names of men and memories of cities above  
 to posterity

I present, riding afore this Temple, Henry de  
 Royal, the first pilgrim or gatherer of quartering  
 for this Company, and John of Yeacksley, King  
 Edward the Third's pavilion maker, who pur-  
 chased our Hall in the sixth year of the aforesaid  
 king's government. These lived in Edward the  
 First's time likewise; in the sixth of whose reign  
 this Company was confirmed a guild or corporation  
 by the name of Tailors and Linen armour[er]s,  
 with power to choose a Master and Wardens at  
 midsummer. These are decently habited and  
 hooded according to the ancient manner. My  
 Lord is here saluted with two speeches, first by  
 Troynovant in these lines following

THE SPEECH OF TROYNOVANT

History, Truth, and Virtue seek by name  
 To celebrate the Merchant Tailors' fame  
 That Henry do Royal, this we call  
 Worthy John Yeacksley purchas'd first this Hall  
 And thus from low beginnings thero oft springs  
 Societies claim brotherhoods of kings  
 I, Troynovant, plac'd eminent in the eye  
 Of these admire at my felicity,\*  
 Five cities, Antwerp, and the spacious Paris,  
 Rome, Venice, and the Turk's metropolis  
 Beneath these, five learn'd poets, worthy men,  
 Who do eternize brave acts by their pen,  
 Chaucer, Gower, Lydgate, More, and for our time  
 Sir Philip Sidney, glory of our clime  
 These beyond death a fame to monarchs give,  
 And these make cities and societies live

The next delivered by him represents Sir Philip  
 Sidney

To honour by our writings worthy men,  
 Flows as a duty from a judging pen,  
 And when we are employ'd in such sweet praise,  
 Bees swarm and leave their honey on our bays  
 Ever more musically verses run  
 When the loath'd vein of flattery they shun.  
 Survey, most noble Pretor, what succeeds,  
 Virtue low bred aspiring to high deeds.

These passing on, in the next place my Lord  
 is encountered with the person of Sir John Hawk-  
 wood, in complete armour, his plume, and feather  
 for his horse's chaffron,† of the Company's colours,

\* Of these admire at my felicity, &c.] i. e. of these which  
 admire at my felicity, namely, five cities, &c.  
 † chaffron] i. e. chamfron, a head piece with a project-  
 ing spike.—Old ed. "shefforne"

white and watchet\* This worthy knight did most worthy service, in the time of Edward the Third, in France, after, served as general divers princes of Italy, went to the Holy Land, and in his return back died at Florence, and there lies buried with a fair monument over him This worthy gentleman was free of our Company, and thus I prepare him to give my Lord entertainment

SIR JOHN HAWKWOOD'S SPEECH

My birth was mean, yet my deservings grew  
To eminence, and in France a high pitch flew  
From a poor common soldier I attain'd  
The style of captain, and then knighthood gain'd,  
Serv'd the Black Prince in France in all his wars,  
Then went to the Holy Land, thence brought my  
And wearied body which no danger fear'd, [scars,  
To Florence, where it nobly lies interr'd †  
There Sir John Hawkwood's memory doth live,  
And to the Merchant Tailors fame doth give

After him follows a Triumphant Chariot with the Arms of the Merchant Tailors coloured and gilt in several places of it, and over it there is supported, for a canopy, a rich and very spacious Pavilion coloured crimson, with a Lion Passant this is drawn with four horses, for porters would have made it move tottering and improperly In the Chariot I place for the honour of the Company, of which records remain in the Hall, eight famous kings of this land, that have been free of this worshipful Company

First, the victorious Edward the Third that first quartered the arms of France with England next, the munificent Richard the Second, that kept ten thousand daily in his court in check-roll by him, the grave and discreet Henry the Fourth in the next chairs, the scourge and terror of France, Henry the Fifth, and by him, his religious though unfortunate son, Henry the Sixth the two next chairs are supplied with the persons of the amorous and personable Edward the Fourth, for so Philip Commines and Sir Thomas More describe him, the other with the bad man but the good king, Richard the Third, for so the laws he made in his short government do illustrate him but lastly in the most eminent part of the Chariot I place the wise and politic Henry the Seventh, holding the charter by which the Company was improved from the title of Linen armourers into the name of Master and Wardens of Merchant-Tailors of Saint John

Baptist The chairs of these kings that were of the house of Lancaster are garnished with artificial red roses, the rest with white, but the uniter of the division and houses, Henry the Seventh, both with white and red, from whence his Royal Majesty now reigning took his motto for one piece of his coin, *Henricus rosas, regna Jacobus*

The speaker in this Pageant is Edward the Third the last line of his speech is repeated by all the rest in the Chariot

*Edward the Third*

View whence the Merchant Tailors' honour springs,—

From this most royal conventicle of kings  
Eight that successively wore England's crown,  
Held it a special honour and renown,  
(The Society was so worthy and so good,)  
To unite themselves into their Brotherhood  
Thus time and industry attain the prize,  
As seas from brooks, as brooks from hillocks rise  
Let all good men this sentence oft repeat,—  
By unity the smallest things grow great

*The Kings*

By unity the smallest things grow great

and this repetition was proper, for it is the Company's motto, *Concordia parva res crescunt*

After this pageant, rides Queen Anne, wife to Richard the Second, free likewise of this Company nor let it seem strange, for, besides her, there were two duchesses, five countesses, and two baronesses, free of this Society, seventeen princes and dukes, one archbishop, one and thirty earls, besides those made with noble Prince Henry, one viscount, twenty four bishops, sixty six barons, seven abbots, seven priors or sub prior[s], and with Prince Henry, in the year 1607,\* the Duke of Lennox, the Dukes of Nottingham, Suffolk, Arundel, Oxford, Worcester, Pembroke, Essex, Northampton, Salisbury, Montgomery, the Earl of Perth, Viscount Cranbourne, barons the Lord Eures, Hunsdon, Hayes,† Burleigh, Master Howard, Master Sheffield, Sir John Harington, Sir Thomas Chaloner, besides states‡ of the Low Countries, and Sir Neel Caroon their lieger§ ambassador

\* and with Prince Henry in the year 1607 &c.] The King and Prince Henry dined in Merchant Tailors' Hall, July 16th, 1607, on which occasion the Prince and the noblemen, &c. here mentioned, were made free of the Company See Nichols's *Progresses of King James, &c.* vol. ii. 140

† Jures Hayes, &c.] Properly "Eure Hay" &c.

‡ states] i.e. persons of high rank

§ lieger] i.e. resident

\* watchet] i.e. pale blue

† interr'd] So the old ed. for the sake of the rhyme



And in regard our Company are styled Brethren of the Fraternity of Saint John Baptist, and that the ancient Knights of Saint John of Jerusalem,—to which now demolished house in Saint John's Street our Company then using to go to offer, it is recorded Henry the Seventh, then accompanying them gave our Master the upper hand,—because these knights, I say, were instituted to secure the way for pilgrims in the desert, I present therefore two of the worthiest Brothers of this Society of Saint John Baptist I can find out in history the first, Amade le Grand, by whose aid Rhodes was recovered from the Turks, and the Order of Annuntiation or Sedulation instituted with that of four letters, *Firma signifying Fortitudo ejus Rhodum tenuit*, and the other, *Monsieur Jean Valet*, who defended Malta from the Turks invasion, and expelled them from that impregnable key of Christendom this styled Great Master of Malta, that Governor of Rhodes

Next I bring our two Sea triumphs, and after that, the Ship called the Holy Lamb, which brings hanging in her shrouds the Golden Fleece the conceit of this being that God is the guide and protector of all prosperous ventures

To second this, follow the two beasts the Lion and Camel, proper to the Arms of the Company on the Camel rides a Turk, such as used to travel with caravans, and on the Lion a Moor or wild Numidian

The fourth eminent Pageant I call the Monument of Charity and Learning this fashioned like a beautiful Garden with all kinds of flowers, at the four corners four artificial bridges with variety of birds in them, thus for the beauty of the flowers and melody of the birds to represent a spring in winter In the midst of the Garden, under an elm tree, sits the famous and worthy patriot, Sir Thomas White who had a dream that he should build a college where two bodies of an elm sprang from one root, and being inspired to it by God, first rode to Cambridge to see if he could find any such, failing of it there, went to Oxford and surveying all the grounds in and near the University, at last in Gloster-Hall garden he found one that somewhat resembled it, upon which he resolved to endow it with larger revenue and to increase the foundation having set men at work upon it, and riding one day out at the North Gate at Oxford, he spied

on his right hand the self same elm had been figured him in his dream, whereupon he gives o'er his former purpose of so amply enlarging Gloster Hall (yet not without a large exhibition to it), purchases the ground where the elm stood, and in the same place built the College of Saint John Baptist, and to this day the elm grows in the garden carefully preserved, as being, under God, a motive to their worthy foundation

This I have heard Fellows of the House, of approved credit and no way superstitiously given, affirm to have been delivered from man to man since the first building of it, and that Sir Thomas White, inviting the Abbot of Osney to dinner in the aforesaid Hall, in the Abbot's presence and the hearing of divers other grave persons, assumed, by God's inspiration in the former recited manner, he built and ended the College

This relation is somewhat with the largest, only to give you better light of the figure, the chief person in this is Sir Thomas White, sitting in his eminent habit of Lord Mayor on the one hand sits Charity with a pelican on her head, on the other, Learning with a book in one hand and a laurel wreath in the other behind him is the College of Saint John Baptist in Oxford exactly modelled two corners, which for more pleasure answer one and another interchangeably, and round about the Pageant sit twelve of the four-and-twenty Cities (for more would have overburdened it) to which this worthy gentleman hath been a charitable benefactor When my Lord approaches to the front of this piece, Learning humbles herself to him in these chiding verses

#### THE SIBB OF LEARNING

To express what happiness the country yields,  
The poets feign'd heaven in th' Elysian fields  
We figure here a Garden fresh and new,  
In which the chiefest of our blessings grow  
This worthy patriot here, Sir Thomas White,  
Whilst he was living had a dream one night  
He had built a college and given living to it,  
Where two elm bodies sprang up from one root  
And as he dream'd, most certain 'tis he found  
The elm near Oxford, and upon that ground  
Built Saint John's College Truth can testify  
His merit, whilst his Faith and Charity  
Was the true compass, measur'd every part,  
And took the latitude of his Christian heart,  
Faith kept the centre, Charity walk'd this round  
Until a true circumference was found

\* the other, *Monsieur*] The old "*the other of Monsieur*"

And may the impression of this figure strike  
Each worthy senator to do the like !

The last I call the Monument of Gratitude,  
which thus dilates itself

Upon an Artificial Rock, set with mother of pearl and such other precious stones as are found in quaries, are placed four curious Pyramids, charged with the Princes Arms, the Three Leathers, which by day yield a glorious show, and by night a more goodly, for they have lights in them, that, at such time as my Lord Mayor returns from Pauls, shall make certain ovals and squares resemble precious stones. The Rock expresses the richness of the kingdom Prince Henry was born heir to, the Pyramids, which are monuments for the dead, that he is deceased \*. On the top of this rests half a Celestial Globe, in the midst of this hangs the Holy Lamb in the Sunbeams, on either side of these an Angel. Upon a pedestal of gold stands the figure of Prince Henry with his coronet, george, and garter in his left hand he holds a cuelet of crimson velvet, charged with four Holy Lambs, such as our Company choose Masters with. In several cants † beneath sits, first, Magistracy, tending a Bee-hive, to express his gravity in youth and forward industry to have proved an absolute governor next, Liberality, by her a Dromedary, showing his speed and alacrity in gratifying his followers. Navigation with a Jacob's staff and Compass, expressing his ‡ desire that his reading that way might in time grow to the practice and building to that purpose one of the goodliest ships was ever launched in the river in the next, Unanimity with a Chaplet of Lilies, in her lap a Sheaf of Arrows, showing he loved nobility and commonalty with an entire heart next, Industry on a hill where Ants are hoarding up corn, expressing his forward inclination to all noble exercise next, Chastity, by her a Unicorn, showing it is guide to all other virtues, and clears the fountain head from all poison. Justice, with her properties then Obedience, by her an Elephant, the strongest beast, but most observant to man of any creature then Peace sleeping upon a Cannon, alluding to the eternal peace he now possesses. Fortitude, a Pillar in one hand, a Serpent wreathed about the other,

to express \* his height of mind and the expectation of an undaunted resolution. These twelve thus sent, I figure Loyalty, as well sworn servant to this City as to this Company, and at my Lord Mayor's coming from Pauls and going down Wood street, Amado lo Grand delivers this speech unto him.

#### THE SPEECH OF AMADO LO GRAND

Of all the Triumphs which your eye has view'd,  
This the fair Monument of Gratitude,  
This chiefly should your eye and ear employ,  
That was of all your Brotherhood the joy,  
Worthy Prince Henry, France's best president,  
Cull'd to a higher court of parliament  
In his full strength of youth and height of blood,  
And, which crown'd all, when he was truly good  
On virtue and on worth he still was throwing  
Most bounteous showers, where'er he found them  
growing,

He never did disguise his ways by art,  
But suited his intents unto his heart,  
And lov'd to do good more for goodness' sake  
Than any retribution man could make  
Such was this Prince such are the noble hearts  
Who, when they die, yet die not in all parts,  
But from the integrity of a brave mind  
Leave a most clear and eminent fame behind  
Thus hath this jewel not quite lost his ray,  
Only cas'd up 'gainst a more glorious day  
And be't rememb'rd that our Company  
Have not forgot him who ought ne'er to die  
Yet wherefore should our sorrow give him dead,  
When a new Phoenix † springs up in his stead,  
That, as he seconds him in every grace,  
My second him in brotherhood and place?

Good rest, my Lord ! Integrity, that keeps  
The safest watch and breeds the soundest sleeps,  
Make this last day of this your holding serene  
Joyful as this, or rather, more complete !

I could a more curious and elaborate way have expressed myself in these my endeavours, but to have been rather too tedious in my speeches, or too weighty, might have troubled my noble Lord and puzzled the understanding of the common people suffice it, I hope 'tis well, and if it please his Lordship and my worthy employers, I am amply satisfied.

\* deceased] See p. 371

† come] i. e. riches

‡ expressing his] The old ed. "expressing that his"

\* express] The old ed. "express"

† a new Phoenix] i. e. Prince Charles



## A MONUMENTAL COLUMN.

*A Monumental Column, Erected to the lasting Memory of the ever glorious Henry, late Prince of Wales. Virgil  
Osculent terræ hunc tantum satum. By John Webster. London Printed by N. V. for William Widdowes in Pauls  
Church-yard at the signe of the Swan 1613, forms a portion of a tract, the general title of which (in white letters  
on a black ground) runs thus*

*Three Tragicall Histories on the most lamentable Death of Prince Henry,*

<i>The first</i>	}	<i>written by</i>	{	<i>Charles Trenchard</i>
<i>The second</i>				<i>John Webster</i>
<i>The third</i>				<i>Thomas Heywood</i>

*London Printed for William Widdowes 1613 4to*

Prince Henry died, to the great grief of the whole nation, on the 6th of November, 1612, in his nine  
tenth year

TO THE  
 RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR ROBERT CARR, VISCOUNT ROCHESTER,\* KNIGHT OF THE  
 MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER, AND ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S  
 MOST HONOURABLE PRIVY COUNCIL

My right noble lord,

I present to your noblest leisure of survey these few sparks found out in our most glorious prince his ashes. I could not have thought this worthy your view, but that it aims at the preservation of his fame, than which I know not any thing (but the sacred lives of both their majesties and their sweet issue) that can be dearer unto you. Were my whole life turned into leisure, and that leisure accompanied with all the Muses, it were not able to draw a map large enough of him, for his praise is an high going sea that wants both shore and bottom. Neither do I, my noble lord, present you with this mortal piece to make his death bed still float in those compassionate rivers of your eyes. You have already, with much labour upon your heart, sounded both the sorrow royal and your own. O, that care should ever attain to so ambitious a title! Only, here though I dare not say you shall find him live, for that assurance were worth many kingdoms, yet you shall perceive him draw a little breath, such as gives us comfort his critical day is past, and the glow of a new life risen, neither subject to physical fortune. For my defects in this undertaking, my wish presents itself with that of Martial's,†

O utinam mores animarumque effugere possent!  
 Pulchrum in totis nulli tunc delicta torcet

Howsoever, your protection is able to give it noble lustre, and bind me by that honourable courtesy to be ever

Your honour's truly devoted servant,

JOHN WEBSTER

---

\* Sir Robert Carr, Viscount Rochester, &c.] The minion of a weak prince, created Earl of Somerset in the year during which the present tract was printed. He died in 1611. The connection of this infamous traitor with the still more infamous Countess of Essex, and the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, are circumstances too notorious to require repetition here.

† x. 22.—'Ars utinam mores animarumque effugere possent!' &c.

## A MONUMENTAL COLUMN.

### A FUNERAL ELEGY

The greatest of the kingly race is gone,  
Yet with so great a reputation  
Laid in the earth, we cannot say he's dead,  
But as a perfect diamond set in lead,  
Scorning our foil, his glories do break forth  
Worn by his maker, who best knew his worth  
Yet to our fleshy eyes there does belong  
That which we think helps grief, a passionate  
tongue  
Methinks I see men's hearts pant in their lips,  
We should not grieve at the bright sun's eclipse,  
But that we love his light so travellers stray,  
Wanting both guide and conduct of the day  
Nor let us strive to make this sorrow old,  
For wounds smart most when that the blood  
grows cold  
If princes think that ceremony meet,  
To have their corpse embalmed to keep them  
sweet,  
Much more they ought to have their fame express'd  
In Homer, though it want Divus' chest  
To adorn which in her deserved throne,  
I bring those colours which Truth calls her own  
Nor gain nor praise by my weak lines are sought  
Love that's born free cannot be hired nor bought  
Some great inquirers in nature say,  
Royal and generous forms sweetly display  
Much of the heavenly virtue, as proceeding  
From a pure essence and elected breeding  
Howe'er, truth for him thus much doth importune,  
His form and virtue both deserv'd his fortune,  
For 'tis a question not decided yet,  
Whether his mind or fortune were more great  
Methought I saw him in his right hand wield  
A caduceus, in th' other Pallas' shield  
His mind quite void of ostentation,  
His high erected thoughts look'd down upon

The smiling valley of his fruitful heart  
Honour and courtesy in every part  
Proclaim'd him, and grew lovely in each limb  
How well became those virtues which grac'd him  
How spread his bounty with a provident hand,  
And not like those that sow the ingrateful seed  
His rewards follow'd at noon, ne'er were plac'd  
For ostentation, and to make them last,  
He was not like the mad and thistleless vine  
That spendeth all her blushes at one time,  
But like the orange-tree his fruits he bore,—  
Some gather'd, he had given, and blossoms store  
We hop'd much of him, till death made hope air  
We stood as in some spacious theatre,  
Musing what would become of him, his flight  
Reach'd such a noble pitch above our sight,  
Whilst he discreetly wise this rule had won,  
Not to let fame know his intents till done  
Men came to his court as to bright academies  
Of virtue and of valour all the eyes,  
That feasted at his princely exercise,  
Thought that by day Mars held his lance, by night  
Minerva bore a torch to give him light  
As once on Rhodes, Pindar reports, of old  
Soldiers expected 't would have rain'd down gold,  
Old husbandmen in the country gain to plant  
Laurel instead of elm, and made their want  
Their sons and daughters should such trophies  
wear  
When the prince return'd a conqueror  
From foreign nations, for men thought his star  
Had mark'd him for a just and glorious war  
And, sure, his thoughts were ours—he could not  
read  
Edward the Black Prince's life but it must breed  
A virtuous emulation to have his name  
So lag behind him both in time and fame,

He that like lightning did his force advance,  
And shook to th' centre the whole realm of France,  
That of warm blood open'd so many sluices  
To gather and bring thence six flower-de-luces,  
Who ne'er saw fear but in his enemies' flight,  
Who found weak numbers conquer, arm'd with  
right,

Who knew his humble shadow spread no more  
After a victory than it did before,  
Who had his breast insatiate with the choice  
Of virtues, though they made no ambitious noise  
Whose resolution was so fiery still

It seem'd he knew better to die than kill,  
And yet drew Fortune, as the adamant steel,  
Seeming t' have fix'd a stay upon her wheel,  
Who justlingly would say, it was his trade  
To fashion death beds, and hath often made  
Horror look lovely, when the fields thick lay  
Arms and legs so distracted, one would say  
That the dead bodies had no bodies left,  
He that of working pulse sick France bereft,  
Who knew that battle, not the gaudy show  
Of ceremonies, do on kings bestow  
Best theatres, t' whom naught so tedious as court  
sport,

That thought all fims and ventrils of the court  
Ridiculous and loathsome to the shade  
Which, in a much, his waving ensign made  
Him did he strive to imitate, and was sorry  
He did not live before him, that his glory  
Might have been his example to these ends,  
Those men that follow'd him were not by fakes  
Or letters prefer'd to him, he made choice  
In action, not in complimentary voice  
And as Marcellus did two temples rear  
To Honour and to Virtue, plac'd so near  
They kiss'd, yet none to Honour's got access  
But they that pass'd through Virtue's, so, to express  
His worthiness, none got his countenance  
But those whom actual merit did advance  
Yet, alas, all his goodness lies full low

O greatness, what shall we compare thee to?  
To giants, beasts, or towers fram'd out of snow,  
Or like wax gilded tapers, more for show  
Than durand? thy foundation doth betray  
Thy frailty, being builded on such clay  
This shows the all controlling power of fate,  
That all our sceptres and our chairs of state  
Are but glass metal, that we are full of spots,  
And that, like new-writ copies, t' avoid blots,  
Dust must be thrown upon us, for in him  
Our comfort sunk and drown'd, learning to swim  
And though he died so late, he's no more near  
To us than they that died three thousand year

Before him, only memory doth keep  
Then fume as fresh as his from doath or sleep  
Why should the stag or riven live so long,  
And that their age rather should not belong  
Unto a righteous prince, whose lengthen'd years  
Might assist men's necessities and fears?  
Let beasts live long, and wild, and still in fear,  
The turtle dove never outlives nine year  
Both life and death have equally express'd,  
Of all the shortest madness is the best  
We ought not think that his great triumphs need  
Our wither'd hands \* Can our weak praise feed  
His memory, which worthily contemns  
Marble, and gold, and oriental gems?  
His merits pass our dull invention  
And now methinks, I see him smile upon  
Our fruitless tears, bids us disperse these show'rs,  
And says his thoughts are far refin'd from ours  
As Rome of her belov'd Titus said,  
That from the body the bright soul was fled  
For his own good and their affliction  
On such a broken column we lean on,  
And for ourselves, not him, let us lament,  
Whose happiness is grown our punishment  
But surely, God gave this as an allay  
To the blest union of that nuptial day  
We hop'd, for fear of sinners, thought it meet  
To mitigate, since we swell with what is sweet  
And, for sad tales suit grief, 'tis not amiss,  
To keep us waking, I remember this  
Jupiter, on some business, once sent down  
Pleasure unto the world, that she might crown  
Mortals with her bright beams, but her long stay  
I exceeding far the limit of her day,—  
Such feasts and gifts were number'd to present her,  
That she forgot heaven and the god that sent her,—  
He calls her thence in thunder at whose line  
She spreads her wings, and to return more pure,  
Leaves her eye-seeded robe wherein she's smil'd,  
Fearing that mortal breath had it polluted  
Sorrow, that long had liv'd in banishment,  
Tugg'd at the oar in galley's, and had spent  
Both money and herself in court-delays,  
And sadly number'd many of her days  
By a prison-calendar, though once she bring'd  
She had been in great men's bosoms, now all ragg'd,  
Crawl'd with a tortoise pace, or somewhat slower,  
Nor found she any that desir'd to know her,  
Till by good chance, ill hap for us, she found  
Where Pleasure laid her garment from the ground  
She takes it, dons it, and, to add a grace  
To the deformity of her wrinkled face,

\* laurels] The old ed. "laurels"

An old court lady, out of mere compassion,  
Now paints it o'er, or puts it into fashion  
When strait from country, city, and from court,  
Both without wit or number, there resort  
Many to this impostor all adore  
Her haggish false hood, usurers from their store  
Supply her, and are cozen'd, citizens buy  
Her forged titles, not and ruin fly,  
Spreading their poison universally  
Not are the bosoms of great statesmen free  
From her intelligence, who lets them see  
Themselves and fortunes in false perspectives,  
Some I need hear consort her with their wives,  
Who, being a bawd, corrupts their all spent oils,  
They have entertain'd the devil in Pleasure's  
clothes

And since this wretched mask, which, to our cost,  
Lasts day and night, we have entirely lost  
Pleasure, who from heaven wills us be advis'd  
That our false Pleasure is but Care disguised  
Thus is our hope made frustrate, O sad mirth!  
Death lies in ambush for his glorious youth,  
And, finding him prepared, was sternly bent  
To change his love into fell resentment  
O cruel tyrant, how canst thou repay  
This ruin though hereafter thou shouldst spare  
All unkind, break thy dart and chide spide?  
Thou canst not cure this wound which thou  
hast made

Now view his death bed, and from thence let's meet,  
In his example, our own winding sheet  
There his humility, setting apart  
All titles, did retire into his heart  
O blessed solitariness, that brings  
The best content to merry men and to kings!  
Munna there falls\* from heaven the dove there flies  
With olive to the ark, a sacrifice  
Of God's appeasement, ravens in their beaks  
Bring food from heaven God's preservation  
speaks

Comfort to Daniel in the lions' den,  
Where contemplation leads us, happy men,  
To see God face to face and such sweet peace  
Did he enjoy amongst the various peace  
Of weeping visitants, it seem'd he lay  
As kings at revels sit, wish'd the crowd away,

\* *there falls*] The old ed. "their rates," which I should have supposed to be a misprint for "their tears," if "food from heaven" had not followed in the sentence. As to "rates" of the old copy,—the compositor seen here to have mistaken *t* for *r* as he did previously (see note p. 374) in the word "turbles"

† *peace*] The old ed. has "prease" but Webster doubtless wrote "peace," a form of the word common in his day

The tedious sports done, and himself asleep,  
And in such joy did all his senses steep,  
As great accountants, troubled much in mind,  
When they hear news of their quietus sign'd  
Never found prayers, since they convers'd with  
death,

A sweeter air to fly in than his breath \*  
They left in's eyes nothing but glory shining,  
And though that sickness with her over pining  
Look ghastly, yet in him it did not so,  
He knew the place to which he was to go  
Had larger titles, more triumphant wreaths  
To instate him with, and forth his soul he  
breathes,

Without a sigh, fixing his constant eye  
Upon his triumph, immortality  
He was run'd down to us out of heaven, and  
drew

Life to the spring, yet, like a little dew,  
Quickly down thence so many times miscellane  
A crystal glass, whilst that the workman views  
The shape of the funere, fix'd too much upon  
The curiousness of the proportion,  
Yet breaks it ere it be finish'd, and yet then  
Moulds it new, and blows it up again,  
Records his workmanship, and sends it thence  
To kiss the hand and lip of some great prince,  
Or like a dial, broke in wheel or screw,  
That's ta'en in pieces to be made go true  
So to eternity he now shall stand,  
New form'd and gloried by the all working hand  
Slander, which with a large and specious tongue,  
Far bigger than her mouth, to publish wrong,  
And yet doth utter't with so ill a grace,  
Whilst she's speaking no man sees her face,  
That like dogs lick foul ulcers, not to draw  
Infection from them, but to keep them raw,  
I though she oft scrape up earth from good men's  
graves,

And waste it in the standishes of slaves,  
To throw upon their ink, shall never dare  
To approach his tomb be she confin'd † as far  
From his sweet reliques as is heaven from hell!  
Not witchcraft shall instruct her how to spoil  
That barbarous language which shall sound him  
ill

Fame's lips shall bleed, yet ne'er her trumpet fill  
With breath enough, but not in such sick air  
As make waste elegies to his tomb repair,

\* *A sweeter air to fly in than his breath*] So in *The Devil's Law case*

"It could never have got  
*A sweeter air to fly in than your breath*"

See p. 109 and note there.

† *confin'd*] See note †, p. 179



With scraps of commendation more base  
Than are the rags they are writ on O disgrace  
To nobler poesy! this brings to light,  
Not that they can, but that they cannot write  
Better they had ne'er troubled his sweet trance,  
So silence should have hid their ignorance,  
For he's a reverend subject to be pennd  
Only by his sweet Homer and my friend \*  
Most savage nations should his death deplore,  
Wishing he had set his foot upon their shore,  
Only to have made them civil This black night  
Hath fall'n upon us by nature's oversight,  
Or while the fatal sister sought to twine  
His thread and keep it even, she drew it so fine  
It burst O all compos'd of excellent parts,  
Young, grave Mæneas of the noble arts,  
Whose beams shall break forth from thy hollow  
tomb,

Stun the time past, and light the time to come! ‡  
O thou that in thy own praise still wert mute,  
Resembling trees, the more they are taken with  
fruit,

The more they strive and bow to kiss the ground!  
Thou that in quest of man hast truly found,  
That while men rotten vapours do pursue,  
They could not be thy friends and flatterers too,  
That, despite all injustice, wouldst have prov'd  
So just a steward for this land, and lov'd  
Right for its own sake,—now, O woe the while,  
Fleet's † dead in tears, like to a moving isle!  
Time was when churches in the land were thought  
Rich jewel houses, and this age hath bought  
That time again think not I feign, go view  
Henry the Seventh's Chapel, and you'll find it  
true

The dust of a rich diamond's there inshin'd,  
To buy which thence would beggar the West Ind  
What a dark night piece of tempestuous weather  
Have the enraged clouds summon'd together!

\* *his sweet Homer and my friend* † c Chipman, who  
dedicated his translation of Homer to Prince Henry  
† by The old copy 'be

‡ *Stuns the time past, and light the time to come* So in  
*The Duchess of Malfi*

"She stains the time past, lights the time to come"

See p. 61

§ *Fleet's* † c Floatest,

As if our loftiest palaces should grow  
To ruin, since such highness fell so low,  
And angry Neptune makes his palace groan,  
That the deaf rocks may echo the land's moan  
Even senseless things seem to have lost their  
pride,

And look like that dead month wherein he died  
To clear which, soon arise that glorious day \*  
Which, in her sacred union, shall display  
Infinite blessings, that we all may see  
The like to that of Virgil's golden tree,  
A branch of which being split, there fleshly grew  
Another that did boast like form and line  
And for these worthless lines, let it be said,  
I hasten till I had this tribute paid  
Unto his grave so let the speed excuse  
The zealous error of my passionate Muse  
Yet, though his praise here be so short a wing,  
Thames hath more swans that will his praises sing  
In sweeter tones, be plucking his sad harvest  
And his three featherers, while men live or verse  
And by these signs of love let great men know,  
That sweet and generous favour they bestow  
Upon the Muses never can be lost,  
For they shall live by them, when all the cost  
Of gilded monuments shall fall to dust  
They give in metal that sustains no rust,  
Their wood yields honey and industrious bees,  
Kills spiders and their webs, like Irish trees †  
A poet's pen, like a bright sceptre, sways  
And keeps in awe dead men's dispute or praise  
Thus took he acquaintance of all worldly stuff  
The evening shows the day, and death crowns life

My impress to your lordship, A swan flying to  
a land for shelter, the motto, *Amor est in causa*

\* *To clear which, soon, &c* † An allusion to the marriage  
of the Princess Elizabeth to the Hector Plantine which  
took place in February 1613

† *Irish trees* See note \*, p. 16—In Shirley's *St. Patrick*  
*for Ireland* (1603: iv. 141) the saint, on banishing the  
serpents, &c, from that island, says,

"The very earth and wood shall have this blessing  
(Above what other Christian nations boast),  
Although transported where these serpents live  
And multiply, one touch shall soon destroy them"

‡ *motto* † c motto

## TO MY KIND FRIEND, MASTER ANTHONY MUNDAY.\*

THE sighs of ladies, and the spleen of knights,  
 The force of magic, and the map of fate,  
 Strange pigmy singleness in giant fights,  
 Thy true translation sweetly doth relate  
 Nor for the fiction is the work less fine,  
 Fables have pith and moral discipline

Now Palmerin in his own language sings,  
 That, till thy study, mask'd in unknown fashion,  
 Like a fantastic Ixion, and hence springs  
 The map of his fair life to his own nation  
 Translation is a traffic of high price,  
 It brings all learning in one paradise

## ODE †

TRIUMPHS were wont with sweat and blood be  
 crown'd

To every blow

They did allow

The living laurel, ‡ which beguiled round  
 Their rusty helmets, and had power to make  
 The soldier smile while mortal wound did ache

But our more civil passages of state

(Like happy feast

Of mirth and rest,

Which bells and woundless cannons did relate)  
 Stand high in joy, since warlike triumphs bring  
 Remembrance of our former sorrowing

The memory of these should quickly fade,

(For pleasure's stream

Is like a dream,

Passant and fleet as is a shade),

Unless thyself, which these fair models bred,

Had given them a new life when they were dead

Take, then, good countryman and friend, that

Which folly lends, [merit,

Not judgment sends,

To foreign shores for strangers to inherit

Perfection must be bold with front upright,

Though Envy gnash her teeth whilst she would  
 bite

JOHN WEBSTER

\* To my kind friend, &c.] Prefixed to the Third Part of  
 Munday's translation of Palmerin of England, 1602, 1to

† Ode] Prefixed to *The Archa of Triumph*, printed in  
 honour of the high and mighty prince James, the first of  
 that name King of England and the Scot of Scotland, at his  
 illustrious entrance and passage through his Honorable City

and Chamber of London, upon the 15th Day of March 1603.  
 Invented and published by Stephen Harrison Joyner and  
 Architect, and given by William Kip 1604 folio  
 ‡ laurel] 11 So Chaucer in *The Marchantes Tale*

"As laurel thurgh the yere is for to send"

## TO HIS BELOVED FRIEND, MASTER THOMAS HEYWOOD\*

*Sane superbam quæritam meritis †*

I CAN'OT, though you write in your own cause,  
 Say you deal partially, but must confess  
 (What most men will) you merit due applause,  
 So worthily your work becomes the press

And well our actors may approve your pains,  
 For you give them authority to play,  
 Even whilst the hottest plagues of envy reign,  
 Not for this want will they deny pay

What a full state of poets have you cited  
 To judge your cause † and to our equal view  
 Our monumental theatres recited,  
 Whose ruins had been ruin'd but for you †

Such men who can in tune both rail and sing,  
 Shall, viewing this, either confess 'tis good,  
 Or let their ignorance condemn the spring,  
 Because 'tis merry and renews our blood

Be therefore your own judgment your defence,  
 Which shall approve you better than my praise,  
 Whilst I, in sight of sacred innocence,  
 Durst o'er each gilded tomb this known truth  
 raise,—

Who dead would not be acted by their will,  
 It seems such men have acted then lives ill

By your friend,

JOHN WEBSTER

## TO HIS INDUSTRIOUS FRIEND, MASTER HENRY COCKGRAM‡

To over praise thy book in a smooth line,  
 (If any error's met) would make it mine  
 Only, while words for payment pass at court,  
 And whilst loud talk and wrangling make resort,

If the term, to Westminster, I do not dwell  
 Thy leaves shall scape the scumber, and be read,  
 And I will add this is thy friend, no poet,—  
 Thou hast toil'd to purpose, and the event will  
 show it

JOHN WEBSTER

\* To his beloved friend, &c.] Printed to Heywoods  
*Apology for Actors*, 1612

† Same, &c.] Horace,—*Carmin* lib. 30

‡ To his industrious friend, &c.] Printed to The English  
*Dictionarie, or, an Interpret of hard English words*, by  
 H. C., 1625

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